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CANTERBURY TALES.

VOLUME THE THIRD.


BRITISH MUSEUM
18
33
OCT

CANTERBURY TALES.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

BY SOPHIA AND HARRIET LEE.

—— Fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circle, and is still at home.

COWPER.

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THE

OFFICER's TALE.

WILLIAM CAVENDISH.

He, who with tender delicacy bred,
Was nurſed in luxury, on dainties fed;
And, when ſtill evening ſummon'd him to reſt,
Sunk in ſoft down upon his mother's breaſt,
Muſt——Ah, what muſt he not?——

POPE's HOMER.

"AND ſhall I wear my new clothes? And ſhall I have a watch that will go? And ſhall I keep it myſelf all day? And hang it at my bed's head at night? And wont the big boys pinch me, and beat me, and take it from me?"

Such were the interrogations that burſt from the heart of little William Cavendiſh, as his maid was undreſſing him on the eve of that day which was to form an æra in the hiſtory of his life.

"Fye, Maſter William," ſaid Mary, "I thought you had been more of a man than to cry thus. You know your papa will have you go to ſchool, and there you will be made good."

"But I'll be good without going, Mary. Emma is not good; Emma cries: and yet they don't ſend her away."

"Gracious me! Maſter Cavendiſh, your mamma would break her heart if Miſs Emma were to be ſent away!—Well now, go to ſleep, there's my precious! 'tis but a little while between this and Chriſtmas; and then you'll come home, and have treats and feaſts,

feaſts, and ſee your pretty mamma again, and play cards with Miſs Emma, and forget all about the naſty ſchool." With this wiſe and comfortable exhortation, Mary tucked up her little charge and departed. The poor babe's heart was full: it bounded againſt the bed-clothes: but that balmy goddeſs who delights to repoſe on the roſy cheek of infancy ſoon cloſed his eyelids, even while the bright dewdrop that moiſtened them ſtill quivered on the laſh. Morning, however, waked little William, as it did many bigger Williams, once more to ſorrow. As Mr. Cavendiſh had announced his intention of ſetting off early, the whole houſehold were actually in motion before ten o'clock; and Mary, electrified by the ſound of her lady's bell at ſo unuſual an hour, haſtened to prepare her little charge for his parting viſit in his mother's dreſſing-room. Ah! how deeply did the recollection of that viſit ſink into the heart of the

ſweet boy! Long years had rolled over his head when he ſtill remembered the ſoft ſcent of the plants and exotics with which the apartment was perfumed from the ante-chamber: he could have drawn the plan of both: have deſcribed the exact ſituation of the doors; the drapery of the windows; and the very corner where the little Emma, his ſiſter, raiſed on cuſhions, ſat cutting paper while nurſe waited behind. In the bloom of manhood, when ſorrow had ſtruck her fangs into his heart, it ſtill remembered the fond beatings of that moment.

A lovely young woman, whoſe maid was braiding her hair as it flowed over a white wrapper, ſtarted from her ſeat at his entrance, and folding him in her arms, poured over her darling thoſe tears a mother only ſheds. Sympathy or complaiſance, however, ſoon produced a moſt audible accompaniment: and while even the manly

heart

heart of William vented itſelf in ſobs on the boſom of his pretty mamma, while Emma, ſcreaming aloud, clung about them both, and nurſe and Mary diſplayed their eloquence in a moſt pathetic ſtrain of lamentation, the whole group was ſuddenly ſilenced by the entrance of a gentleman in a riding coat, and ready booted for a journey. Mr. Cavendiſh, for it was he himſelf, was in the prime of life, and had the reputation of being handſome,

"But care
Sat on his faded cheek: yet under brows
Of dauntleſs courage and conſiderate pride."

He pauſed for a moment at the door; then, paſſing ſilently acroſs the room, continued for ſome time to gaze earneſtly on his children and his wife. Little William involuntarily ſhrunk from the examination; and when, in a ſober but determined tone, Mr. Cavendiſh inquired if he was ready, a

brighter glow kindled in his cheek, and a faint affirmative dropt from his lips: while his *pretty mamma*, for ſo he had been accuſtomed to call her, and well indeed ſhe deſerved the epithet, again in an agony of fondneſs caught him to her boſom. Neither the memory nor the underſtanding of a boy of five years old was equal to the retaining all the ſcene that followed: the image of his mother, clinging to him and bathing him with her tears, was the laſt that dwelt upon his eye; the ſtern voice of his father, as in an authoritative tone he commanded nurſe to take away the little Emma, whoſe grief became too noiſy, ſtill rang upon his ear; and the carriage had driven rapidly through ſeveral ſtreets of the metropolis, before William deigned to look around him and inquire, in a half timid, half angry tone, "If his little horſe ſhould be of the ſame colour with that the groom rode?"

I don't

"I don't think you will want a horſe, William," ſaid his father, gravely; "had I not better buy you a doll?" William's heart kindled at this inſult, which he perfectly comprehended.

"I have ſeen *you* cry," replied he, ſullenly.

"Indeed!"

"Aye; not like Emma, nor mamma; but your eyes were wet." Mr. Cavendiſh turned them on his ſon: there was probably ſomewhat in their expreſſion that the latter underſtood; it is even poſſible that they were not then dry.

"You are now going, my dear William," ſaid his father, after a pauſe, "to know the value of time: it is proper, therefore, I ſhould give you your watch: exa-

mine it; does it pleaſe you?"—Enchanted at the ſight William had at firſt no voice for thanks.

"The watch is very beautiful, but I don't like the ſeal papa," ſaid he, after a quarter of an hour's rapture had left him leiſure to diſcover the faults of his new acquiſition.

"And why ſo my dear?"

"It has no coat of arms."

"And who taught *you* to know that?"

"Mamma. Mamma gave Emma one."

"I have none to give my dear boy," ſaid Mr. Cavendiſh, who had his reaſons for the omiſſion. "You muſt learn to deſerve one: in the mean time I will ſtrive to give

give you ſomething better: you ſhall have a head and a heart."

"I'd rather have a coat of arms," ſaid the boy.

The ſeminary to which Mr. Cavendiſh conducted his ſon could not properly be termed a ſchool: ſituated in the boſom of a rich and lovely country, at the diſtance of ſeventy miles from London, on the edge of the new foreſt, it had every advantage that an expenſive eſtabliſhment could afford; and it had one which all expenſive eſtabliſhments do not afford; a preceptor who knew how to blend ſoftneſs and indulgence with the calm authority that prunes, without blighting, the exuberant bloſſoms of youth. Of twelve boys little Cavendiſh was by much the youngeſt: his tender years ſeemed to privilege thoſe ſtipulations his father made in his favour, and he was received by his

ſchool-

ſchoolfellows rather as their plaything than theircom panion. Inheriting from his mother a delicate beauty, he was, indeed, upon the point of becoming a plaything to the whole family. But William had not lived in his own without learning to be troubleſome. Buſy, active, aſſuming; always ready to juſtify the baby-wrongs he dared to commit, he quickly ceaſed to be mamma's moppet: and, as his abilities were ſtrong, and his obſervation uncommon, he ſoon ranked with boys conſiderably older than himſelf.

Chriſtmas is come, and paſt Mary, but William does not go home! on the contrary he hears little, or nothing, from thence. Overwhelmed by a calamity of which he was an unconſcious ſharer, the loſs of the little Emma, his ſiſter, whom a fever ſuddenly carried off, both father and mother ſeem to have forgotten they had a ſon.

The

The former has indeed once, or twice, printed him a letter; and the latter has ſent him cakes, and ſweetmeats, and playthings; and he has a pretty horſe to ride, and goes into the parlour, and runs about the garden as much as he likes: but the garden and the parlour are not his home; and his little heart ſometimes ſwells with an infantine preſentiment of approaching ſorrow. Alas! it fell upon him in its moſt grievous form; for what ſhall ſupply the place of a mother? William loſt his, ere the gloſs was faded from the ſables he wore for his ſiſter. The news, communicated with a tenderneſs that mother herſelf could ſcarcely have exceeded, yet burſt like a clap of thunder. To him all the little wants and pleaſures of babyhood had been hitherto compriſed in that ſweet and endearing name he firſt had learnt to liſp. Of all his yet unformed, and floating ideas, his pretty mamma had been the central-point. On her boſom he had

often

often reſted his ſick head; to her boſom, in all his little ſorrows, had confided his ſick heart. Sacred tie! inviolable cement! whoſe affecting influence, if duly cheriſhed, conſecrates affection by the moſt holy and moſt pure of unions! "Poor mamma! poor Emma!" would William repeat at intervals, long after he had loſt them; "Death, grave," would he then add, though in other terms, "I underſtand not the meaning of the words!"—Ah, William, thou art yet to learn what years may roll over thy head, and leave them ſtill a myſtery!

The ſenſibility of the child, more deep than could have been expected at his age, ſeemed to take a conſtitutional, rather than a mental effect; for though it was not long before he recurred to his uſual ſports, and even appeared to purſue them with his uſual activity, yet were his ſlumbers often interrupted

rupted by ſtarts: and night preſenting to his imagination her viſionary world, the names of his mother, or his ſiſter, would break in imperfect accents from his lips. The gentleman to whoſe care he was confided, ſenſible of the delicacy and importance of the charge, now urged Mr. Cavendiſh, if not to take him wholly, at leaſt to indulge him, for a time, with that for which he ſo paſſionately longed: and it was at length announced to William that he ſhould return *home*. But the little boy of five years old was now ſix; and reaſon was beginning to dawn upon the firſt impreſſions of nature. To the ſenſe of reſtraint his father's preſence had formerly inſpired, a vague and indiſtinct fear of him now ſucceeded. A ſtern brow, an authoritative tone, an air of abſtraction that childhood comprehends not, and all the accidental variations a ſuffering mind impreſſes on the features, were magnified, through the medium of the boy's ima-

imagination, into ſomething ſo terrific, that his cheek loſt its colour, and his heart ſeemed to endure a ſudden compreſſion, when, on a fine morning in October, he was ſummoned from the play-ground to attend his father in the parlour. In the hall he was ſtopped by a faithful ſuperintending domeſtic, who haſtily waſhed his little hands and face; for he had been labouring, with no ſmall diligence, at his own parterre, and conducted him, now again roſy with exerciſe and trepidation, to the parlour door. William laid his hand on the lock, but ventured not quite to turn it: the gentle motion he occaſioned, however, cauſed it to be opened on the other ſide, and he ſuddenly found himſelf in the preſence of two gentlemen. With a beating heart he ran towards the neareſt: he was of the middle ſize, fair complexioned, and ſomewhat *embonpoint*. The child ſtopt, gazed earneſtly—it was not his father: but at a diſtance,

with

with his back towards him, leaning his head upon his folded arms againſt the chimney-piece, ſtood another perſon.

"Cavendiſh," ſaid the ſtranger, after having ſhook hands with his young acquaintance, and ſaluted him with the title of "little man; Cavendiſh will you not ſpeak to your ſon?"

Mr. Cavendiſh looked not around, but, with a repulſive motion, waved the child from him.

"Take hold of your papa's hand, my dear," ſaid the ſtranger. William obeyed: the little preſſure was irreſiſtible: Mr. Cavendiſh raiſed his head, caſt a momentary glance on the boy, and then, to the utter aſtoniſhment and terror of the latter, ſnatched him to his boſom, and guſhed into an agony of tears. The joy, the trepidation,

tion, and all the various emotions of William's heart quickly blended in a ſimilar flow: at intervals, however, he lifted up his head, to look with ſurpriſe and curioſity on his father; while the other as often turned aſide the boy's curls, and gazing earneſtly, ſeemed in every little feature to peruſe ſome ſad memorial. Sir Arthur Montague, ſo the ſtranger was named, now interpoſed; and, after ſpeaking to Mr. Cavendiſh in a language the child underſtood not, began to queſtion the latter upon ſuch topics as were likely to intereſt him. With the tears of his father had evaporated the terrors of William: holding him, therefore, faſt by the hand, while his eyes ſparkled, and his cheek glowed, he began—no leſs a hiſtory than that of his own life; a hiſtory which, though according to all appearance it might have been compriſed in a very ſmall compaſs, yet, by the force of gay ſpirits, and a lively imagination, he contrived,

ed, very innocently, to embelliſh with enough of the marvellous to make even his father ſmile; while Sir Arthur, whoſe countenance denoted all the ſweetneſs and vivacity of his character, was enchanted with the child.

"Montague," ſaid Mr. Cavendiſh, "do you recollect the deſcription of the interview that paſt between Charles the Firſt and his children, on the eve of his execution? Methinks that before us puts me in mind of it:—not but my head will probably be in its uſual place to-morrow—but what will become of my heart?"

"You continue then reſolved?"

"Abſolutely.—Yet this boy"—

"Shall henceforward then be mine," ſaid Sir Arthur.

"No, no," cried William, impatiently, "I will be my own papa's! You are very good-natured, but I love him beſt!"

"Darling of my heart," cried his father, "cheriſh this love! Ah! William, when I am far away—when I have no other tie upon theethan the affecting remembrance of this hour—liſten to me, my ſon," ſaid he, taking him on his knee;—"I am going a long, long journey:—there will be a great deal of water between you and me—and a great many people—and there will be nobody to bleſs you for me, but God Almighty, and under him Sir Arthur Montague: and you muſt be good, my dear William, to deſerve the bleſſing of God; and he will watch over you, and will by his power convey to my heart, in ſpite of the diſtance between us, a knowledge of all the little wants and wiſhes of yours. Even, my William, though you do not ſpeak them,

them, he will teach me how to know them; and, if I can, I will make you rich—in return you muſt endeavour to make me happy: Sir Arthur Montague will teach you how: follow his advice; look upon him as a father: forſake not his counſel as you value my bleſſing. And when you are older—when the cruel world begins to aſſert its influence—learn early to command your paſſions—to regulate your underſtanding—to weigh what is due to others, and to feel the ſacredneſs of ſuch obligations as involve the happineſs of thoſe around you. I ſpeak to him, dear Montague," he added, turning to the latter, "a language he cannot underſtand: be you, at a future period, my interpreter. Above all, teach him to love one who, in every circumſtance, and under every climate, will exiſt only for him."

The converſation that enſued between the two friends was prolonged to a very late

hour, at a ſmall inn in the neighbourhood. Mr. Cavendiſh, on retiring, took his boy, who had been aſleep for ſome time, to his boſom; and the next morning put him into a plain carriage and four with Sir Arthur; after which, ſtepping into a hack chaiſe himſelf, he was in a few days on his paſſage for India.

On this ſecond parting, ſo unexpected and ſo ſudden, William was even more vehemently affected than at firſt. No novelty of ſcene, no rapidity of motion, could, for ſome time, awaken his naturally gay ſpirits, or expel from his heart the image of his parents. To the moſt extreme depreſſion and tears, at length ſucceeded queſtions innumerable: and had Sir Arthur not poſſeſſed an indulgence and tenderneſs of temper that defied provocation, he muſt infallibly have been wearied out ere they were half way on their journey into

Cum-

Cumberland. But of all men living he was beſt calculated to conciliate the tempers of children. Full of a ſportive vivacity, more fitted to the meridian of their faculties, than to thoſe of a maturer age; complying to all their whims, fond of their prattle, ſkilful in their little ſports, he wanted only to be known to be adored: and though William's heart was far from being very flexible, and certainly more inclined to retain deep impreſſions, than to receive ſuperficial ones, yet was there ſo winning a ſweetneſs in Sir Arthur as ſubdued even him. Again, the latter engaged the boy to recount the hiſtory of his hair-breadth 'ſcapes; amidſt which, that from a troop of gipſies, who had fixed their haunt in the neighbouring foreſt, was by far the moſt intereſting; and one to which Sir Arthur liſtened with the more attention, ſince the circumſtance had really been of conſequence enough to be communicated, with all its particulars, to Mr.

Cavendiſh, as an argument for removing the child. William, after telling of the deep and tangled hollow in which they ſat, deſcribed, with no ſmall vehemence, though not in language thus elegantly poetical, the countenance and appearance of their leader:

" Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er,
" The drowſy brood that on her back ſhe bore;
" Imps, in the barn, with mouſing owlet bred,
" From rifled roofs at nightly revel fed;
" Whoſe dark eyes flaſh'd thro' locks of blackeſt ſhade,
" When in the breeze the diſtant watch-dog bay'd."

Laviſh and tempting had been her promiſes of carrying him to his papa, or rather, what in his eſtimation was ſtill better, had it been poſſible, to his mamma. Narrowly had he, in fact, eſcaped the ſnare, and that only by the vigilance of thoſe appointed to watch over him, from whom a fearleſs heart and a buſy curioſity had induced him to ſtray. Of theſe qualities, however, he had

had ample cauſe to repent, when he found the troop preparing to execute by force, what they could not accompliſh by perſuaſion; and he was now pretty well convinced that this identical kettle, more wonderful in his deſcription than that of Medea, was actually intended to boil, ſtew, or demoliſh him, in ſome way or the other.

"I am conſidering, my dear William," ſaid Sir Arthur, after a thoughtful pauſe, when the latter had finiſhed his ſtory, "that if theſe wicked people ever meet with you again, they will find you out by your name; and then who can tell what may happen? Now you remember you were chriſtened William Montague Cavendiſh. To prevent miſchief, therefore, we will call you, for the future, Maſter Montague, and that, you know, will make all ſafe." William's memory was, of courſe, not quite as retentive as Sir Arthur had choſen to ſuppoſe. Had it

been ſo, he would have known probably that he received no ſuch name at the font: but he was well enough amuſed with the change, when he found that he ſhould gain by it ſeveral nominal brothers in the perſons of Sir Arthur's children, to whom he was, in fact, very diſtantly related; and ſo early was he habituated to their name, that it did not afterwards occur to him to doubt whether he had a right to it.

With a heart that ſtill reverted towards England, Mr. Cavendiſh, mean time, prepared to encounter the glowing ſuns of India. Difficulties, ſickneſs, ſorrows, beſieged him on all ſides; nevertheleſs, he was incited by a mighty hope — a hope of ſuch brilliance and magnitude, that hardly dared he unveil it to himſelf, much leſs did he venture to confide it to another. In placing his ſon under the protection of Sir Arthur Montague, he had done all that it was poſ-

ſible

ſible for him then to do in life. The general worthineſs of his friend's character he well knew: he alſo knew that he had the art of being happy; an art, to which Mr. Cavendiſh, inſtructed by ſad experience, would ſometimes fantaſtically give a higher name: nor was he, perhaps, wholly wrong. Unblemiſhed rectitude, moderate deſires, well regulated affections, and a train of the minor virtues, are at leaſt neceſſary towards attaining it: nouriſhed by them, it aſſumes their colouring, and ſeems itſelf almoſt a virtue.

But though the outlines of Sir Arthur's hiſtory were known to his friend, the turbulent ſtream of life, hurrying them far apart in ſociety, had left him no opportunity to obſerve thoſe minuter traits of character ſociety itſelf creates. To be ſeen familiarly leaning on the arm of Mr. Montague, the only ſon of a baronet, heir to four thouſand a year, *et, pour comble de bonheur*, a captain

tain in the Guards, had been at a very early period of life (for he was conſiderably the younger of the two) a dazzling diſtinction to Mr. Cavendiſh. Montague was then about eight-and-twenty, and his perſon was among the admired of the day. To ſtroll through St. James's-ſtreet, or Pall-Mall, in order to diſplay this fine perſon, adorned with the glittering inſignia of ſaſh and gorget; to lounge at the fruit-ſhop, or bet at the billiard table, were the chief employments of his life. Of theſe, and other pleaſures, Mr. Cavendiſh had ſometimes been the ſharer; and a friendſhip thus founded, ſeemed ill calculated for duration: but that ſmile which the remembrance of his own boyiſh fopperies extorted from Cavendiſh, was always blended with indulgence for thoſe of his aſſociate. He recollected in him diſſipation rather than vice, idleneſs rather than folly; and, even in his gayeſt moments, a certain kindneſs of heart, which

which thoſe who have been the object of rarely forget. The career of Mr. Cavendiſh's diſſipation had been cut ſhort by a prudent father; but Sir Willoughby, who knew of no poſſible employment his ſon could have in life but pleaſure, was very far from inſpecting either his conduct or feelings; yet from the latter he had, perhaps, ſomewhat to apprehend; for an enemy had crept into the heart of young Montague, from which his modes of living ſeemed calculated completely to ſhield him.

The family of Sir Willoughby conſiſted, beſides his ſon, of three daughters, the eldeſt of whom was one and twenty, and had, to uſe the faſhionable phraſe, been brought out: the two younger, tall girls, yet confined to the domeſtic circle, were aſſiſted in their ſtudies by Ellen Fitzherbert, a young woman, not old enough to be their governeſs, too old to be their friend; but who,

who, under the title of companion, ſuperintended their muſic, directed their taſte in reading and elegant works, corrected their French and Italian, occaſionally made their millinery, and performed ſuch other offices, important or unimportant, in the family, as the judgment of the elder Miſs Montague deemed neceſſary. In the features of Miſs Fitzherbert there was nothing particularly captivating; but ſhe had grace, manner, a ſweet-toned voice, an exquiſite taſte in, and knowledge of muſic; a ſecret conſciouſneſs of acquirements, that veiled itſelf under the moſt delicate modeſty, and the ſort of countenance that beſpeaks a heart which, already acquainted with misfortune, has cloſed its account with life ere that has well begun. Over the many-coloured ſcenes to which ſhe had been a witneſs during her reſidence in the family of Sir Willoughby, his ſon alone had thrown a bright tint. His perſon, it has been before obſerved,

ſerved, was handſome; his very fopperies were not of a diſguſting kind, for he was always good-natured, always complaiſant: the ſociety he mingled in afforded him topics of converſation ſuperior to that of a dull and libertine father, or frivolous ſiſters. The latter — at leaſt the two younger ones — were charmed whenever they could get ſo faſhionable a young man as their brother to retail the news of the day; and he had ſtretched his legs before the ſtudy fire many a long winter's evening, before it occurred to him to aſk himſelf the queſtion, of what attracted him there. For a time, he found his imagination ſufficiently provided with an anſwer. "Dancing was a bore — he loſt his money at cards — he had over-rode, or over-walked himſelf." — Any thing, every thing, by turns, ſupplied an excuſe, till that hour at length arrived when the reſtleſs ſentiment that had been inſidiouſly gaining ground could no longer be miſtaken; and

to his own aſtoniſhment, Mr. Montague diſcovered that he was in love. A thouſand queſtions now rapidly ſucceed each other. "What ſort of a miſtreſs would Ellen Fitzherbert make? Was it in his power to perſuade her to become ſuch at all? And, the power ſuppoſed, had he the reſolution?"—To the moſt material of theſe, that unequivocal conſciouſneſs a truly correct and chaſte woman involuntarily impreſſes on the mind of her lover, at once replied No.

Yet Montague had not become maſter of his own ſecret, but through the medium of ſome of thoſe reſponſive touches the heart alone underſtands: and in direct oppoſition to every poſſible ſymptom that his knowledge of the world, and of women, had hitherto taught him to call love, he had an intuitive conviction that he was the object of it to Miſs Fitzherbert. A warfare that laſted ſome time, now ſucceeded in the heart

heart of Mr. Montague. Without ſufficient confidence abſolutely to affront the object of his paſſion, or vigour of mind enough to withdraw, he waited only for a ſpecies of encouragement that ſhould enable him to dare the firſt, or a return of the habitual inconſtancy which would make the latter eaſy; but he waited in vain. And now came forward a formidable queſtion indeed—Should he marry her?—A decided negative was the anſwer.—"Then I have nothing for it but a campaign in America."

To quit the dear delights of St. James's; the faſhionable phalanx that, arm in arm, ſaunter through the Mall; to march over ice, inſtead of ſwallowing it in cream; to lie hard and live poorly, was a miſerable alternative; but it was better than a ridiculous match. Exchanging his commiſſion, therefore, with a brother officer, to Ameri-

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ca he went; with no other emotion on the part of Sir Willoughby, than a ſecret ſurpriſe that ſo fine a young man as his ſon ſhould be baffled by a woman, (for it never entered his head to doubt whether he had explained himſelf to her), and a ſurpriſe ſtill more lively, that, being baffled, he ſhould think it worth his while to fly. Yet at the very ſeaſon that Mr. Montague was croſſing the Atlantic to riſque a life apparently ſo little valued; when his family were giving fine ſuppers in fine rooms, and his fine friends were aſſembled in fine clothes to eat them; while the beaux in St. James's-ſtreet never miſſed, and the belles at the opera forgot him; in a ſolitary apartment of the houſe he had voluntarily quitted, ſat a young woman, anxiouſly peruſing at three o'clock in the morning, the fragment of an old newſpaper, only to catch the ſight of a name dear to her eyes, and which, conveyed from thence to her heart, might ſtill its beat-

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ings, or enable her to close the lids in slumber. The hitherto prosperous Montague had been taught by the world to estimate every blessing it could bestow, save affection: he was soon to learn the full value of that.

An expedition of hazard was undertaken by a commander whose name and misfortunes are upon record. Morasses were to be traversed, woods to be penetrated: in one of these lay ambushed a body of Indians, who announced themselves by a sudden and unexpected discharge: the greater part of the advanced guard fell before it; and, first of these unfortunate men, trampled on by his companions, and buried in a mass of dry leaves and underwood, lay Mr. Montague.

Returning life was announced only by exquisite pain: and what a life! Under the thick shade of woods that seemed to ex-

clude human tread, and to be almoſt impervious to ſun or ſtar-light, the bloody hand of man had ſtrewed carnage and deſolation. To the hum of ſocial multitudes had ſucceeded that profound ſtillneſs under which the ſtretched ſenſes ſeem to ache; and the gaze he threw around preſenting to him only the ghaſtly countenances of his fellow-ſufferers, as they lay motionleſs and bleeding, induced him to cloſe his eyes in ſilent and nameleſs agony. Nevertheleſs, bodily pain again collected ſenſe to ſelf; and on once more ſurveying his ſituation, he perceived that from the nature of the ground on which he fell he had been overlooked by the ſavages, whoſe horrible devaſtations were too viſible in the perſons of his miſerable companions. It became now neceſſary that he ſhould take advantage of the little day-light that remained, in order to diſcover, if poſſible, on what ſide the ſurviving Europeans had retreated. But the

effort

effort his ſafety obliged him to make, his weakneſs rendered ineffectual: and after advancing a few ſteps, again he fainted, and again revived. Not, however, as before, did he find himſelf the ſole exiſting being: a face cold, hideous, ſcarred, and of a deep copper-colour, lay cloſe to his own; and as the ſlow and convulſive reſpiration ſtruck upon his cheek, occaſioned a ſtartling emotion that ſeemed once more to recal the tide of life. Again the ſenſe of pain ſuperſeded every other. The Indian, though not dead, was probably dying: *which* was to Montague hardly any longer a matter either of hope or fear; ſince the weakneſs occaſioned by his own loſs of blood would, he had reaſon to apprehend, ſoon prove as mortal as a more deſperate wound. By a violent exertion of what little ſtrength remained, he now tore his handkerchief and linen, and with a ſort of pledget and bandage, attempted to ſtop the flow. Near the Indian lay a

wicker bottle filled with ſpirits, of which he taſted, and once more began to breathe freely.—So too did his copper-coloured neighbour: who, opening a pair of wild and ferocious eyes, rolled them upon him with a ſtare of aſtoniſhment, and a convulſive ſort of grin, that ſeemed the reſult of mingled pain and apprehenſion. From a companion whoſe complexion denoted him hoſtile, Montague, however, ſoon diſcerned that he had nothing to fear. One of his arms had been broken by a muſket-ſhot, the other had received a deep wound from a hanger, and both ſeemed almoſt uſeleſs. Silently and watchfully, therefore, the two ſtrange aſſociates continued to gaze on each other. The Indian was unarmed, but Montague ſtill retained his ſword; and the former appeared perfectly ſenſible of his own defenceleſs ſituation, as well as of the ſort of forbearance he obſerved in the countenance of his adverſary; of whom, by ſupplicating looks,

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and ſome inarticulate phraſes, he at length implored mercy and aſſiſtance. The kindneſs of heart which was ever a part of the character of Mr. Montague now reminded him that this ſavage, uncouth indeed and hoſtile, was yet a human being; evidently very young, perhaps not mercileſs himſelf. Tearing, therefore, a farther portion of his linen, he made a feeble effort to bind up the arm of his fellow-ſufferer: but while yet employed in this humane exertion, his head once more became giddy, his ſight failed; and the ſame hideous yell that had declared the approach of the ſavages, and which now ſeemed to burſt from ſome ſpot cloſely adjoining, was the laſt idea that impreſſed itſelf on his receding ſenſes.

The knell of death, which this horrible war-whoop had appeared to ſound, he perceived with aſtoniſhment, on his revival, to have proved the ſignal of deliverance. A

faint conſciouſneſs of having attempted ſome kindneſs, and of having probably received ſome, paſt acroſs his mind; and the grim countenance of his former companion who, ſtretched on ſkins, lay not far diſtant, at length aſcertained his uncertain recollections. The young ſavage, to whom he indeed owed his life, now attempted again to make himſelf underſtood, in a jargon which Montague with difficulty diſcovered to be French: of this, indeed, a few broken words alone were intelligible; but they were words of amity and protection; and the heir of Sir Willoughby, the gay, the gallant, the luxurious Arthur Montague, ſtretched on the ground in the boſom of a deſert, barely ſhielded from the inclemency of the weather, now owned with gratitude the mercy of a ſavage; and ſecretly lifted up his heart to that Being who, in the moſt ferocious ſtate of ſociety, yet binds man to man by the ſacred ſenſe of obligation.

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The hiſtory of five ſucceeding years was ſimply that which is common to every European priſoner whom, for whatever reaſon, the ſemi-barbarous tribes of Indians that frequent the back ſettlements, agree to ſpare. To liberate him was not within the power of Wiſſekaw, ſo his young protector was called: and an attempt to eſcape, as they ſoon removed into the interior of the country, would infallibly have thrown him into the power of ſome other ſavage nation, or have expoſed him to the moſt mercileſs revenge from thoſe with whom he reſided. Thus ſituated, "his final hope ſeemed flat deſpair." Yet while the gratitude of the young Indian, that ſentiment which, to the diſgrace of civiliſation, is often found moſt forcible in ſavage boſoms, held out a glimmering ray, Montague continued to ſuffer. Inured to hardſhips, and with a ſkin little fairer than that of his companions, he ſaw himſelf daily dragged further and further

from ſocial intercourſe, and plunged into thoſe receſſes where nature ſeems to delight in ſolitude. Yet it is not, perhaps, in the boſom of ſociety that man learns moſt truly to appreciate himſelf. When his eye ſeems to wander over immenſity—when his imagination catches viſionary images of the ſublime—when he looks above, around, beneath him, and ſeeing that all is great, yet feels within that intellectual principle which is greater ſtill; it is then, that in direct oppoſition to the influence of the world, he inſtinctively becomes ſenſible of the inſignificance of his frame, and of the grandeur of his mind. That of Montague was not calculated for lofty flights; yet did it ſometimes ſoar a pitch beyond its native vigour; till the more active principle that ever lived in his heart, would ſuddenly bring forward the image of diſtant England, and of Ellen Fitzherbert, and tempt him to renounce a being that ſeemed prolonged

only

only to ſuffer. It was on theſe occaſions Wiſſekaw gave him leſſons of a fortitude Europeans comparatively ſo little underſtand. Wiſſekaw had more ſprightlineſs and ſpirit of inquiry than falls commonly to the ſhare of North-American ſavages.—Having frequently accompanied his father to the French forts adjacent, the traffic there carried on had given him ſome vague ideas of European manners; and though curioſity rarely forms any part of the character of theſe wandering tribes, the want of it ſprings probably more from their total ignorance of the firſt rudiments of what they ſee and hear, than from a natural defect. Man ſeldom deſires to know that of which he does not already indiſtinctly comprehend a little; and comprehending a little, perhaps as ſeldom ſtops there. The uncouth language in which Montague and his protector converſed, became, in courſe of time, perfectly intelligible to both. Kind-

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neſs inſenſibly produced familiarity, and familiarity led to confidence. Wiſſekaw was not without his mortifications; and he the more readily entered into thoſe of his aſſociate, as they were of the ſame nature with his own; for he was himſelf at that very time in moſt grievous want of a wife. Not indeed ſuch a wife as Ellen Fitzherbert; but one that would carry his dinner when he hunted, and afterwards cook it; make his fire, and prepare his bed of ſkins: all which, with various other laborious and humiliating offices, he, with indignation, had been hitherto obliged to execute for himſelf; not having yet performed any military achievement that, in the opinion of his tribe, entitled him to ſuch a relief.

The coarſeneſs of Wiſſekaw's ideas, however, extremely offended the more delicate ones of Montague; and, as he could by no means plead that it was his intention to

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employ his wife in ſuch ſervile offices, he ſtrove, with great addreſs, and with ſomewhat more credit to his imagination than his memory, to make his aſſociate underſtand thoſe delicate principles by which, he aſſured him, love was rendered, in poliſhed countries, a ſentiment of ſuch ſuperior vigour and importance. Kindling, like other theoriſts, with the fire of his own eloquence, he uſed every term their ſcanty ſtock of words would afford, to paint that tender union of hearts, to which the common and vulgar concerns of life are ſo ſubordinate. He deſcribed in glowing language that delicate ſex whom it is *ever* the ſupreme delight of man to adviſe and protect. He ſpoke of them as lovely in their dependence, intereſting through their weakneſs, and moſt entitled to adoration when with bluſhes they beſtow the grateful and undivided preference which conſtitutes the charm of love. He ſpoke, in ſhort, as

hundreds

hundreds have ſpoken, and daily ſpeak; till Wiſſekaw, who always underſtood moſt literally what came at all within the ſphere of his comprehenſion, was ſo impreſſed, ſo affected with the ardour of his manner, and the fire of his eyes, that he inſiſted on their ſtopping to interchange upon the ſpot freſh tokens of eternal amity; and took an oath, according to the moſt ſacred forms of his country, to effect the eſcape of his priſoner on the very firſt poſſible opportunity.

An engagement thus voluntary, and which certainly incurred a riſque to him who tendered it, ſince Wiſſekaw was far from poſſeſſing authority enough to ſhelter himſelf from the reſentment of his father, extremely affected Montague, and a conſiderable time elapſed ere the ardours of a firſt emotion ſubſided in either boſom.

"I ſhall ſee my country then again," ſaid

ſaid the young Engliſhman, fixing his eyes, though their ſenſe was loſt in abſtraction, upon the blue mountains that bounded the horizon, and the extended "contiguity of ſhade" that intervened.—"Yet when returned to England, what am I to do there?"—This ſentence was ſo ſhort that Wiſſekaw believed he perfectly underſtood it, and the anſwer was painted moſt expreſſively upon his face. Montague, ſtill loſt in reverie, only ſmiled at the ſimplicity of the ſavage, and ſhook his head.

"I am very rich," ſaid he, after a pauſe, "and ſhe has nothing."

"Ah ke bonheur!" exclaimed Wiſſekaw in his uncouth dialect.

"She is friendleſs, and I am the ſon of a great chief."

"Ah

"Ah ke bonheur!" again repeated the Indian.

Montague gently repreſented to him that he had miſtaken the word, which, it was evident, ought to have been malheur.

"No underſtand," ſaid Wiſſekaw, very gravely; then rolling his eyes with profound earneſtneſs, as if to ſum up all he could recollect of the preceding diſcourſe; "white man," he added, in broken French, "love de woman to make happy. Stranger no care for her, he make friend:—ſhe poor—he much glad—he make rich—he make de happy himſelf—Wiſſekaw much glad too."

Montague felt peeviſh and embarraſſed. It was, indeed, no eaſy matter to deſcend from the ſublime theory of paſſion and generoſity to thoſe qualifying clauſes which make practice appear, in the caſe of the individu-

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al, often ſo utterly improper. And though Wiſſekaw had a very acute underſtanding, and even ſome idea of the power of the affections and the pleaſure of obliging, yet theſe notions being ſo crude as to attach themſelves almoſt wholly to actions, inſtead of words, Montague plunged deeper and deeper into the neceſſary diſtinction between them, partly for the pleaſure of developing his own ſyſtem, and partly for that of enlightening the ſavage, of whom he was fully reſolved to make a proſelyte. In this project he would moſt probably have ſucceeded, but for an accident that happened in the interim; which was ſimply that of his becoming a proſelyte himſelf;—in other words, he grew convinced that nothing in life could be ſo deſirable as to live for Miſs Fitzherbert. From the moment this idea acquired a decided influence, ſleep fled from his night, and quiet from his day. The food which toil before had rendered ſweet,

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grew tasteless: one form alone floated before his imagination, and one only view engrossed his heart. It was not disappointed. Accident carried them not long after to that part of the banks of the Ohio where the Indians are accustomed to traffic: the opportunity was favourable; Wissekaw proved faithful to his promise; and Montague, after rewarding the kindness of the generous savage, at length turned his eyes around, and once more, with wonder and delight, saw himself encircled by Europeans. Anxious, and even painful, was the joy that took possession of his heart, when, after a short passage across the Atlantic, a stage-coach, into which, as it travelled all night, he had thrown himself on his arrival in England, set him down, at eight o'clock in the morning, in the centre of that immense metropolis, which for nearly six long years he had not beheld. A December fog, dense, yellow, heavy, hung

over

over it; while the rays of a joyleſs ſun penetrated far enough to gild the tops of the chimneys, but without power to warm the ſhivering beings that crept along the ſtreets: ſome of them in colour not unlike his friend Wiſſekaw; but they were leſs fortunate, for they were not born in the wilds of America.

From Alderſgate Street to May Fair would once have been no inconſiderable walk for a St. James's ſtreet beau: this, however, was effected: but to effect an immediate entrance into the magnificent manſion of Sir Willoughby Montague ſeemed an enterpriſe infinitely more difficult: for the porter, not at all impreſſed with the complexion, dreſs, or addreſs of his viſitor, would have ſhut the door in his face, had not a houſe-maid, who was ſallying forth with a pail, nearly fallen flat upon hers, with aſtoniſhment and terror, at what

ſhe ſuſpected to be the young captain's ghoſt. Yet was it chiefly by his voice that ſhe recogniſed him; for his once handſome perſon had undergone a ſufficient alteration during his reſidence with his copper-coloured friends, to excite mirth, and even a momentary incredulity, in the minds of his Engliſh ones.

In the family of Sir Willoughby ſome conſiderable changes had taken place. His eldeſt daughter was dead, the ſecond was married, the third lived with her ſiſter in Cavendiſh Square, and Ellen Fitzherbert lived, as it appeared, no where: for of her not the leaſt mention was made by Sir Willoughby; who himſelf a cripple with the gout, and provided with a ſuperintendant for his houſehold, that rendered daughters ſuperfluous, ſeemed to think, that while he, his manſion, and his equipages, remained above ground, all that was ma-

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terial in life might be ſaid to be *in ſtatu quo*. So thought not his ſon, however. Turning with diſguſt from thoſe ſplendid apartments which neither health, virtue, nor the affections illumined, he ſtaid only long enough with his father to ſhew that reſpect the character demanded; and, having announced his approach by a haſty meſſage, eagerly repaired to Cavendiſh Square. His foot was almoſt on the ſteps when a ſplendid footman bruſhed haſtily by him, with a moſt formidable rap; he was followed by two females, in one of whom Montague had ſcarcely diſcovered his youngeſt ſiſter, altered, and grown tall, when by her ſide, pale, trembling, and ready to ſink at ſight of him, his heart, after a moment's pauſe, recogniſed Miſs Fitzherbert. Hers had not been ſo dilatory: dreſs, diſtance, the lapſe of time, the impreſſion of ſuffering, all that changes man to the eye of man, yet obliterates

him not from the memory of fond and faithful woman. Forgetful of decorum, Montague ſnatched her to his boſom; and the embrace mutually exchanged gave them as decidedly to each other as though a thouſand vows had paſſed between them: thoſe that paſſed ſoon after were irrevocable.

The match, however, was proſperous only in affection: it was in the power of Sir Willoughby to bequeath almoſt the whole of his eſtate from his ſon; and, by the exertion of that power, the latter found himſelf, not many years after, a baronet, whoſe whole riches conſiſted in a tender wife and three fine children; an income of about four hundred per annum in the "green ſolitudes" of Cumberland; a houſe little better than a farm; with the uſual appendages of pigs, poultry, paddocks, and cows. The world was not ſparing in its comments, either on the conduct, or fate

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of Sir Arthur. The higher ranks cenſured his folly; the lower bewailed his misfortunes: the one conſidered him as deſerting his duties; the other as robbed of his enjoyments: they were, perhaps, equally erroneous in their judgments; for neither claſs remembered that the man who is active in a narrow ſphere, does more, in all reſpects, both for himſelf and others, than he who ſlumbers in an extenſive one: and that the obſcure Sir Arthur Montague, adored by his wife, honoured by his children, cheriſhed by his acquaintance; the beſt maſter, the beſt magiſtrate, the beſt man within his circle, might juſtly claim, not merely a higher, but a happier rank in ſociety, than had ever been enjoyed by the profligate father, the hard landlord, the corrupt ſenator, the long debilitated, and always narrow-minded baronet, then lying in ſtate in May Fair.

It was at this period of Sir Arthur's life that chance brought Mr. Cavendiſh, who was making the tour of the lakes on horſe-back, once again within his neighbourhood. Mr. Cavendiſh had himſelf been then married ſomewhat more than a twelve-month, had a very young and exquiſitely beautiful wife, a ſplendid eſtabliſhment, and enough of the world in his character to look with ſurpriſe and concern upon the lot of his friend: four years after he entruſted to the protection of that friend his only and darling child.

Ellen, for ſhe was ſtill Ellen in heart and conduct, though the courteſy of the world called her my lady, received the boy with a tender ſigh to think that he ſhould at ſo early an age want protection; and little Montague, for by that name he was now known, ſoon found himſelf perfectly at home among his young aſſociates. Sir Arthur, who with

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an affectionate heart, had both from nature and education a bounded mind, preſided over their ſports, and was, in fact, only the overgrown boy of the group. He delighted to ramble with them round the borders of the beautiful lake near which his houſe ſtood, to paddle with them on the water, to climb through the adjoining conſe to the rude brow that overlooked the valley,

"And catch the fragrance of the mountain breeze."

The care of inſtruction was conſigned to the curate of the village, a man well fitted to the taſk both in learning and merit; while Sir Arthur, after a day ſpent either in the purſuits of benevolence, or the gaiety of childhood, ſat down, well pleaſed of an evening, to look in the eyes of a wife who lived but in his; happy through the mere expanſion of his own heart, and the pleaſure of making happy. It is not

with impunity, however, that man procraſtinates either in his purſuits or his morals. The years that Sir Arthur had ſpent in an irreſolution but too well underſtood by its object, had neither turned the head, nor broken the heart of the woman he loved; but they had ſecretly ſnapt thoſe finer ſprings of the conſtitution which neither heart nor head can wholly repair. The well regulated mind of Ellen Fitzherbert had taught her to ſtruggle with an ill-judged paſſion: it would have taught her to conquer it, had her lover's mind been equally vigorous; but the ſickly hope his conduct was ever calculated to cheriſh had tainted her ſtronger faculties, and happineſs itſelf came too late. A conſumptive tendency, not natural to her conſtitution, yet ſeemed hereditary to her children, and at the moment of giving them life, death ſprang forth with it hand in hand. The malady at length ſeized upon herſelf. She ſuddenly grew

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far more beautiful than ſhe had ever yet been; her complexion cleared; her eyes aſſumed a ſparkling luſtre they had not before known; her frame waſted into delicacy; her voice ſoftened into languor; and a ſhort cough, accompanied with a bright pink upon her cheek, announced the foe within: not approaching in darkneſs and terrors, but cruelly borrowing the bright colours of youth, of health, and lovelineſs. Sir Arthur took the alarm; air, diet, exerciſe, and perfect peace were at once preſcribed: but neither air, exerciſe, nor diet prevailed; the peace, indeed, was perfected.

"Let me look at her again," ſaid her weeping *protégé*, the little Montague; "let me look at her again! I never ſaw my own mamma when ſhe was dead; but I dreamt of her often; and when I waked I prayed: and I am ſure God heard me more then than

than he has ever done ſince, for I felt him in my heart."—The boy ſpoke truth! ſacred ſurely are the firſt tears we ſhed over thoſe we fondly love. "They turn thought inward," and woe to them who rob mortality of its earlieſt purifying tribute!

With his wife vaniſhed all that was bright or marking in the life of Sir Arthur; her underſtanding had directed, her activity had given ſpring to the goodneſs of his heart. Her acquirements, her ſprightlineſs, her affection, had inviſibly preſided over all his hours: the heavineſs of character, often either incidental or natural to man, verges, in declining years, either to ſtagnation or vice; it is then that active and well-informed woman ſo happily fills the chaſm of life, and without being obtruſively any thing, becomes, in fact, almoſt every thing to her houſehold. Sir Arthur felt acutely a loſs he juſtly deemed irrepa-

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rable: but time, that meliorates all griefs, inſenſibly ſubdued his; and his agricultural purſuits, which had long filled up his leiſure, became enlarged by an acceſſion of fortune bequeathed him through his youngeſt ſiſter. With the other he kept up no intercourſe from the time of his own marriage: a degradation which, as ſhe hoped her ſon would be heir to Sir Willoughby, ſhe had choſen to unite with the latter in reſenting. That ſon, indeed, lived not to enjoy his advantages; but the lady, who conſidered her brother as a cipher in her world, was ſo indignant at the diſpoſition of her younger ſiſter's property, that the breach, before ſufficiently wide, became inſurmountable, and each ſeemed willing to obliterate all recollection of the other. It is, perhaps, not unworthy of notice in the eventful hiſtory of human life, that this ſame woman, on becoming a widow ſome few years after, married a

man as ſcantily endowed as Ellen Fitzherbert with the gifts of fortune, and far beneath her in thoſe of nature.

Time, ſo rapid in its flight, is nevertheleſs often ſo uniform in its pace, that the accumulation of years alone tells us they are paſt. Montague was a young man, and Sir Arthur an old one, before he was quite prepared for either circumſtance; yet even that indolence which daily grafted itſelf more and more on his character, did not prevent his caſting many a long and anxious look towards India. The continued reſidence of young Montague in his family matured a growing evil, which, though he had penetration enough indiſtinctly to foreſee the extent of, he wanted judgment, and almoſt power, to obviate. The child had been irreſiſtible, the boy was captivating, but the young man was already proud, impaſſioned; highly gifted

by

by nature with every grace of perſon, and every promiſe of mind.

Sir Arthur knew the peculiar circumſtances that attended his *protégé*: he ſaw that the elder Mr. Cavendiſh, whatever were his plans, had ſet his fortune, his life, nay, even the future fate of his ſon upon a caſt; and that the latter was either to be great, or nothing. The career of his father had not, at firſt, been proſperous. In going to India he had reſted his hopes upon a relation, whoſe rank and views rendered every thing poſſible to him: that he had once been tenderly beloved by that relation he well knew; but he forgot to calculate the immenſe change that had ſince taken place in himſelf. When Mr. Cavendiſh was firſt noticed by Lord Montreſor, he was young, gay, happy; full of promiſing talents, of high expectations, of never-failing ſpirits; inheriting from his father a

great

great commercial concern, and a property almoſt immenſe, there was ſcarcely any thing his friends did not hope from him, perhaps nothing he did not hope for himſelf. He carried to India a broken fortune, a proud ſpirit, an embittered heart; no health, no gaiety, no happineſs. Under theſe circumſtances it was not wonderful that Lord Montreſor found it difficult to recogniſe the young man he had formerly diſtinguiſhed. He received him, however, with kindneſs, and would have employed him in a line that was likely one day to raiſe him to all he could deſire; but the vigour of Mr. Cavendiſh's mind was, for a time, abſorbed; and the governor-general ſoon diſcovered that he was not to be employed. Unable to judge whether he had made his fate, or his fate had made him, Lord Montreſor, nevertheleſs, did not forget he was unfortunate and eſtimable; he continued, therefore, to retain him near his

perſon,

perſon, and to amuſe him with hopes for ſeveral years. Thoſe years were almoſt a fearful blank in the life of Cavendiſh. Sometime, ſtarting from his day-dream, he would indulge the ſecret fever of his mind in long and wild letters to his ſon: then, recollecting that ſon was yet a child, he would again ſtart to think that he muſt ſoon become a man: ſoon wake to all the ſtrong and turbulent influence of contending paſſions: wake to feel

"The proud man's ſcorn, th' oppreſſor's contumely,
"The pangs of deſpiſed love."——

He would then daſh away the pen—climb, in deſpite of a tropical ſun, to ſome point whence he might view the white ſails of the veſſel that conveyed the diſpatches, and, as they leſſened before him, breathe upon his child a bleſſing too heart-breaking to be faſhioned into words.

Of

Of letters thus written, a very few consequently ever reached Sir Arthur; nor had he discrimination enough to discern in those that did, the effusions of a perturbed recollection from a sober and rational injunction. The energy with which Mr. Cavendish ever dwelt on one important secret, and the wild solicitude with which he enforced the necessity of its concealment from his son, rested, therefore, habitually and forcibly on the mind of his friend; and Montague himself was now become so tenderly endeared to the latter, that hardly could the beating heart of the father have claimed a fonder interest in his future fate. That formidable future, already, therefore, prest hard and close upon Sir Arthur, when a lingering but dangerous malady, with which he was attacked, by seeming to close the account to himself, brought to his imagination, with agonising earnestness, the evils it might produce to his *elève*. Of the baronet's landed property,

perty, only that ſmall part was alienable which he had himſelf by purchaſes added to the eſtate, and of perſonal fortune he could hardly be ſaid to have accumulated any. Not that he was wholly devoid of the wiſh to do ſo, or believed himſelf without the proſpect. But Sir Arthur was among that unlucky claſs of gentlemen farmers to whom every ſeaſon is conſtantly adverſe: whoſe crops are always ſpoilt by too much ſun, or too much rain; too obſtinate an adherence to an old plan, or the too zealous purſuit of a new one. He was beſides generous and indulgent to a fault; conſequently ſo often plundered, that no man had more reaſon to congratulate himſelf that there was a place in another world in which to garner his treaſure, where "moths do not corrupt, nor thieves break in and ſteal," for none ſuch did he ever find in this. But as it is the property of ſome natures to ſweeten every thing with which they come in contact, ſo

even diſhoneſty or idleneſs, in paſſing through the guileleſs medium of his imagination, ſeemed to loſe ſomewhat of their groſſneſs, and preſented themſelves to his judgment in qualifying and gentler forms. But that calm ſunſhine with which the latter years of his life had been gilded was now upon the point of being wholly cloſed. Life itſelf hung by a frail and uncertain tenure; and he reflected, with poignant anxiety, that in quitting it, he left there a young man of high paſſions and a cultivated mind, without a purſuit and without a friend.

Among the few things Sir Arthur had really underſtood, as, indeed, it was the only one he ever ſtudied, was his own profeſſion. The military art he had both theoretically and practically had opportunity to acquire, and, as he now believed, moſt fortunately, to impart. When Montague was a boy he had delighted to play the ſoldier,

and when riſing to maturity, Sir Arthur had found ſome difficulty to ſubdue in him that paſſion for, and ſtudy of arms his own diſcourſe firſt inſtilled. Often did the young man tread in imagination the deſerts of America, or the burning ſands of India, glowing with the enthuſiaſm incidental to an inexperienced and generous heart; impatient to ſpread the bleſſings of civiliſation and humanity, without being aware how often the means defeat the end, and how little that end has been even propoſed by the poliſhed ſavages who claim the title of conquerors. The inclination Sir Arthur had ſtudiouſly endeavoured to ſuppreſs, he now, with no leſs zeal, endeavoured to revive.—Montague, indeed, conceded to a plan againſt which he could not reaſonably remonſtrate, but he conceded only. His character was of that mixed kind in which the paſſions and the follies by turns prevail: for the one he had already found an object;

the other was a lurking poiſon in his blood Sir Arthur poſſeſſed not diſcernment enough to reſtrain. Alas! in the delicate office of educating the heart, ſo many nicer feelings are a neceſſary ſupplement to underſtanding, that few indeed are the minds adequate to the taſk!

It was not, however, the fate of Montague only, that ſtrewed the pillow of Sir Arthur with thorns. Amid the various changes in his family occaſioned by the death of his wife, had been the removal of a young creature entruſted, almoſt from the moment of her birth, to the protection of the latter. Miſs Rochford, though even nobly allied, had, by the folly and diſſipation of her father, been born under circumſtances of ſuch peculiar diſtreſs, as rendered her the object of attention to the friend, though the humble one, of her mother. She was an orphan; and even in childhood bleſt or curſt,

as

as fortune ſhould decide, with that inimitable beauty which ſo often dazzles judgment, and confounds even wiſdom. To educate the little Clara as a wife for one of her ſons, had been among the very few romantic projects Lady Montague ever cheriſhed: and the overwhelming ſucceſſion of calamities that ſwept both mother and children to one common grave, left to Sir Arthur the painful taſk of returning Clara to thoſe who were called her natural friends. In the houſe of her aunt, Lady Selina, the ſweet babe "learnt to ſigh ere ſhe could know to ſin;" and, after a ſhort reſidence, was once more thrown back upon her nominal guardian, with an earneſt requeſt that he would place her, for a ſmall ſtipend, under ſome humble, but reſpectable protection in the country; a ſort of thing which her ladyſhip proteſted, with more truth than ſhe was aware of, "it was utterly impoſſible for a perſon of her ſtyle in life to diſcover."

Sir Arthur, pained and embarraſſed, attempted, with the indeciſion common to bounded minds, to find a medium where diſcretion ſhould have told him there could be none: and ſatisfied with removing her to ſome little diſtance from his own roof, encouraged the hope that time and chance, if not the return of Mr. Cavendiſh, for which he ardently longed, would wholly ſeparate her and Montague. Time fled indeed with rapid wing; but brought with it only a painful and increaſing ſurmiſe, that it was no longer in the power of chance to ſeparate two hearts thus early aſſociated. Mutual misfortunes, perſonal charms, and habits of intimacy, had, in fact, all united to cheriſh a paſſionate love; and while each hovered over the ſick-bed of Sir Arthur, his anxious eyes, quickened by apprehenſion, became but too well appriſed of the ſecret. Nothing could be more perverſe, more unfortunate. Clara, though not wholly dow-

erleſs,

erleſs, as the ſmall ſettlement made on her mother had not been diſſipated, was ill able to form the fortune of him ſhe loved.—Young too as ſhe was, ſhe was reſponſible to the very family that had neglected her for that conduct they condeſcended not to regulate, that fate in which they would perhaps never ſympathiſe. Montague was even more delicately circumſtanced; yet was it only by awakening his pride that the formidable paſſion prevailing in his heart could be counteracted. Dear, however, as Clara was to him, he ſhrunk from the idea of marking his own outſet in life by appropriating her little fortune: while ſhe, guileleſs of heart and pure in principle, accuſtomed implicitly to believe that ſhe ſhould ever find her pleaſures in the circle of her duties and affections, had yet no eye nor ear for the allurements of life. The houſe of Lady Selina, to which ſhe was of neceſſity about to return, was hateful to her

imagination. Gentle, natural, attached to her benefactor, to her lover, to ſimple and domeſtic enjoyments, ſhe neither ſought nor deſired any thing beyond them. Pure and unadulterated heart! ſhould there be found one of either ſex cruel enough to corrupt thee, how deep would be the ſin, how dire ought to be the ſelf-condemnation!

Sir Arthur reaſoned ill, but he always felt rightly; and it was only neceſſary that any ſubject ſhould become a queſtion of the heart, and not of the head, to make him view it in a true light. Little as had been his knowledge of the world, his obſervation ſtill leſs, he was yet too well informed in it to indulge thoſe chimeras the ardent imagination of a young man delighted to paint. He was aware that promotion was far from being the conſequence of merit in a military life; and was not quite ſure, though inclined to believe it, that love con-

continued the *inſeparable* attendant on matrimony. Thus circumſtanced, his negative was deciſive: yet even in refuſing, the lovers obſerved with pleaſure that he ſympathiſed in their hopes, ſhared in their anxieties; and that heaven would continue to them the tender and indulgent friend it had ſo providentially beſtowed upon their infancy, was a prayer that always followed, nay almoſt preceded, that they mutually offered up for each other. The negative of Sir Arthur had been deciſive, however, only as it reſpected himſelf. "By what right, my children," would he ſay, "can *I* ſanction a tie thus important? How ſhall I rob a parent of his firſt and deareſt prerogative, and fix the fate of that ſon for whom his father is content to become an exile and a wanderer? Write, my dear William, to yours: your worldly, as well as moral proſperity, muſt, and ought to depend on him. My little fortune and my

little

little intereſt ſhall in the interim be employed for your ſervice: and my ſweet Clara will keep for her lover a heart he will every day learn better to deſerve.' That of Montague beat with emotion as he obeyed the injunction of Sir Arthur: and the firſt genuine and frank communication of mind from a ſon to a father was compounded of all thoſe various and intereſting ſhades their relative ſituations could not but create. Impelled by the influence of a ſtrong and powerful love, he, at one moment, demanded its object, as calculated to ſuperſede every claim and every duty. Thoſe claims and duties then took their turn in his heart; and the recollection of the diſtant, and perhaps ſuffering being, to whom he was addreſſing himſelf, ſuffuſed his eyes with tears. He then ſaw nothing but his father, heard nothing but his father: when, at the very moment of filial emotion, the image of a deſpot cruſhing his hopes, and annihilating

his

his right of choice, awakened that pride which ever formed a decided trait in his character, gave a new colour to his ſtyle, and breathed over it eſtrangement and coldneſs. "I throw myſelf on your tenderneſs, on your juſtice," concluded he at length. "I implore my happineſs at your hands, as the firſt and richeſt gift you can beſtow. Imperfectly as I am informed of the views that detain you from your country and your ſon, and painful as is the alienation thus impoſed on me, I pledge myſelf ſo to fill up life that my father ſhall never regret he gave mine a charm, nor ever bluſh ſhould it be in his power to give it a diſtinction. If your ſon," continued he, with a proud but generous enthuſiaſm, "prove not honourable in this, *renounce him!*"

Of the full import of a letter thus written, Montague was hardly ſenſible till too late. He then remembered, with uſeleſs

regret,

regret, that to the ſtrength of a natural tie, he had now added a voluntary appeal; that months muſt paſs away before the packet could reach its deſtination; more than months ere the anſwer could arrive; and that whether Sir Arthur lived or died in the interim, conceded or was inflexible, the fiat was lodged beyond his juriſdiction. Nor did this now eſcape the notice of Sir Arthur himſelf; who ſaw with pleaſure the additional obligation of delay thus impoſed on the lovers. Yet as fineſſe formed no part of his character, the idea was far from having occurred to him when he dictated the addreſs; and the letters of Montague were even accompanied by others from himſelf, more fully explanatory of the temper, the connections, and the heart of Miſs Rochford. The regrets of the young man were doubtleſs quickened by the approaching departure of Clara; who was torn from the ſick-bed of her guardian in the heart of

winter,

winter, merely becauſe it did not ſuit her relations to ſend a proper travelling companion for her at any other ſeaſon. The parting between the lovers was tender, and the tears they mutually ſhed ſeemed to them ominous.

Sir Arthur's mind, thus relieved from the apprehenſion of a haſty and indiſcreet union, now dwelt with ſweet complacency on the hope of a future one: and had his conſtitution ſeconded the vigorous efforts he made to ſhake off languor and debility, his health would probably have undergone a rapid amendment. As it was, however, he did not grow worſe; and the faculty began even to perſuade themſelves, that, ſhould his ſtrength enable him to go through the winter, ſpring would do more in his favour than they had yet ventured to hope. But there was a malady over which neither ſpring nor ſummer ſeemed likely

to

to have a happy influence; and which daily grew more insupportable from the neceſſity of concealment. Money had never yet been at any period of Sir Arthur's life an object of conſideration to him: too affluent at one time to want, and at another too moderate to ſpend it, he now only diſcovered its importance. For Montague he was proud, delicate, nay, he would have been even profuſe; and to be obliged to ſend him into the world with the narrow ſtipend annexed to a commiſſion, was a chagrin that would very much have aſſiſted to haſten his kind friend out of it. Yet to raiſe a ſum that ſhould ſet him above this, was, in the ſtate of Sir Arthur's health and fortune, a matter of difficulty. Delay followed delay, and ſpring was already far advanced ere the buſineſs was likely to be completed. With ſpring, however, returned thoſe genial breezes which ſeem to communicate their vivifying power to the heart. "Our

friend

friend will live, my dear Clara," wrote Montague: "he has to-day been rolled out in his eaſy chair to enjoy the balm of the ſunſhine. How bright to me would have been the beam had my Clara partaken it! yet in ſeeing the returning glow that kindled on the cheek of Sir Arthur, I think I felt a pleaſure hardly ſecond to that with which I have beheld it mantle over her own. The purchaſe money is now laid down. I believe he has had ſome difficulties in raiſing it; but his attentive kindneſs has hitherto concealed them from me. Poverty, however, is not an evil confined to your lover, my dear Clara. By a whimſical miſtake, the agent whom Sir Arthur employs, miſdirected a letter deſigned, doubtleſs, by its contents, for ſome unfortunate fellow like myſelf, and which fell into my hands. I felt a moſt diſagreeable ſenſation as I returned it. It was civil, nevertheleſs: but ſtill it was the language of refuſal.

fuſal. 'Money was ſo ſcarce—his exigencies were ſo frequent; then he had friends who were ſo liberal—and a mother who could deny him nothing.'—Ah Clara! he is there more fortunate than myſelf, for I have no mother!"

The anſwer to this conveyed the firſt blow that had ever yet wounded the heart of Montague. Miſs Rochford, ſtill tender, ſtill faithful, and only too timid, confeſſed that ſhe had not courage to endure the cenſure or the raillery of her aunt; who, having noticed their correſpondence, had very indignantly reprobated it; arraigned the conduct of Sir Arthur in permitting her to form an engagement ſo little likely to prove advantageous to either of the parties concerned, and abſolutely forbid all future intercourſe between them. Clara concluded with obſerving, that though neither her heart nor her judgment accorded

with

with Lady Selina, who, ſhe conceived, had a far leſs right to direct her conduct than Sir Arthur himſelf, ſhe yet requeſted that the letters intended for her might be directed under cover to a third perſon, who was, in fact, no other than her own maid. Not all the qualifying or gentle terms in which this information was conveyed, could conceal from the jealous pride and penetration of Montague, that Lady Selina had endeavoured to throw him at that haughty diſtance in the mind of Clara, at which his own revolted. Anger, diſdain, bitterneſs of ſoul, at once ſeized upon him. The very letter Lady Selina had read was preciſely that which avowed his poverty, his inſignificance. Ah! what letter could he, probably, ever write that would *not* avow it? How afflicting is that moment when the illuſions of early youth begin to evaporate! when the cares, the anxieties, from which many a wary head and affectionate

heart have been cautiouſly ſhielding us, ſuddenly preſs near, and cloſe upon our own! Under the roof of Sir Arthur, cheriſhed by his fortune, and ſanctioned by his name, Montague had appropriated that rank in ſociety to which the ingenuous and deſerving heart believes it has a natural claim. What was his ſurpriſe to find that he had in fact none there! Excluded, as he was informed by Sir Arthur, through the misfortunes of his family, from connections and friends, whoſe ingratitude had ſtamped them as aliens, there were moments in which a fearful ſurmiſe preſented itſelf, which he knew not in what manner either to anſwer or avow. Yet, engaged as his father had been in great commercial ſpeculations, it was poſſible that he had been worſe than *unfortunate*. "Ah, if ſo," ſighed the indignant young man, "grievous is the lot of that child whom his parents rob of the firſt and deareſt claim of

his

his birth—an untainted acceptation in ſociety!'

The amended ſtate of Sir Arthur's health was fully neceſſary to enable him to endure a ſtroke upon his nerves for which they were ill prepared. To part with Montague for the mere marches and counter-marches of a home and bloodleſs ſervice, was a ſacrifice he had neceſſarily reſolved upon; when he was ſuddenly ſhocked with the intelligence of an approaching war, which, as in its opening it threatened Gibraltar, had cauſed the regiment in which the young man was entered, to be immediately draughted there. Glory, promotion, active life, and all the chimeras attendant on a bold and aſpiring mind at once ſparkled before that of Montague; hard ſervice, an obſcure and ſtationary rank, poſſibly a premature fate, preſented themſelves to the more experienced judgment of the baronet.

He had ſtill enough of the ſoldier, however, in him, to know that no other arrangement could now be thought of, but that which circumſtances preſcribed: and he was ſomewhat comforted on being aſſured by thoſe who were more converſant than himſelf with the affairs of the world, that the movements on both ſides rather announced a political manœuvre than any real danger. The painful ſeparation was, therefore, at length accompliſhed, and Montague, having the ſatisfaction of leaving his friend's health re-eſtabliſhed, found himſelf in London. It was there a ſeparation awaited him — ah, how much more exquiſitely painful! every ſtep, as it brought him nearer to the ſpot where Miſs Rochford reſided, added to the throbbings of his heart. Announced as his approach had been, though but by a haſty letter, he formed wild expectations of hearing from, of even ſeeing her, he hardly knew where,

or

or how: and when the firſt inquiry at the hotel where he alighted produced him neither letter, nor notice of any kind, all the furies of jealouſy and reſentment took poſſeſſion of his ſoul. Miſs Rochford, however, could not notice a letter ſhe had never received; and the information he collected at Lady Selina's door, though not calculated to ſooth his impatience, quickly ſubdued his reſentment: for he learnt that both ſhe and Clara had been out of town on a viſit for more than ten days; that their return was uncertain, and that the ſervants left in the houſe had no commiſſion to forward any letters: none, probably, were expected by one party, nor were the expectations or wiſhes of the other ſuch as ſhe dared openly avow. Occupation, the moſt ſovereign of all remedies for an unquiet mind, fortunately intervened to ſpare that of Montague the daily painful expectations that would otherwiſe have preyed upon it;

and the novelty of the ſcenes before him, together with the neceſſity for exertion, at once awakened his powers. Sir Arthur's tenderneſs had furniſhed him with letters of introduction to ſome of thoſe who had formerly been his own intimates, and from whom, though long ſeparated by time and circumſtances, he conceived he had a claim to attention: but ſummer was now faſt approaching, and the town was thin. Of the perſons to whom the letters were addreſſed, ſeveral were abſent, and others dead. Among thoſe to whom they were delivered, a great number had ſuch ſhort memories, that they could with difficulty recollect their old friend Sir Arthur; and others, on the contrary, ſuch long ones, that they were not able to forget he had been diſinherited. A few, indeed, did more credit both to him and themſelves; but as they were not men of brilliant abilities, and far advanced in life, the civilities they proffered

fered were conſequently of a cold and phlegmatic kind. Montague, therefore, ſoon conceiving himſelf neglected, becauſe he was not courted, marked them down in his imagination as ſuperannuated and dull, and readily ſuffered them to eſcape from his memory. Such are the deciſions of youth! He had in the event but too much reaſon to aſſure himſelf that the perſons thus neglected were exactly thoſe whoſe knowledge of characters and of life would, probably, had their acquaintance been duly cheriſhed, have ſpared him the moſt bitter and well-founded regret.

Money, the grand ſpring of action every where, Montague ſoon found to be particularly neceſſary in London: he, therefore, haſtened to wait on Mr. Colvil, the gentleman through whoſe aſſiſtance Sir Arthur had raiſed it; and as he called at an hour when men of buſineſs are rarely from

home, he was immediately admitted. Mr. Colvil was a middle-aged man, of a genteel appearance, whoſe ſervices were extremely uſeful to a certain deſcription of people, and whoſe connections in the military line rendered his houſe, which was a very handſome one, particularly the reſort of gentlemen in the army. Montague found him in converſation with a young man, who withdrew, on the entrance of a third perſon, to a window not far diſtant, againſt which he continued to lean, with that ſort of ſerious and abſtracted air which proved that though his eyes were fixed on the paſſengers in the ſtreet, their ſenſe was collected inward. As Sir Arthur's name had a better recommendation to Mr. Colvil, than to ſome of thoſe to whom it had been lately announced, he received Montague with extreme civility; apologiſed for not having called on him on his arrival in town; and, after a few inquiries, and common-place

compliments

compliments concerning his old friend the baronet, to whom he made no doubt Montague was nearly related, informed the latter, that though, not being aware of his viſit, he was unprovided with the money, it ſhould certainly be at his command, even, if neceſſary, in a very few hours.

"You will think of what *I* have been ſaying, Mr. Colvil," ſaid the ſtranger, abruptly, and as if rouſed by the mention of money from a very uneaſy contemplation.

"I really wiſh it was in my power, Sir, to think to any good purpoſe," anſwered Mr. Colvil, with a civil ſmile.

"Rather ſay, in your will," replied the other, relapſing into thought. Montague fixed his eyes upon him, as he ſpoke, with a blended emotion of intereſt and curioſity,

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which he found it the leſs indelicate to indulge, as it by no means ſeemed to embarraſs its object, who was perfectly engaged with his own contemplations. He appeared about ſix or ſeven and twenty, extremely handſome, and of an eaſy and graceful deportment, that announced him above the common rank. In his dreſs there was nothing remarkable; but he was very pale, and an air of languor and fatigue added to the expreſſion of chagrin that marked his countenance.

"My father," he continued in the ſame abrupt and impatient tone as before, "is, as I have told you, ſtill at Windſor—my mother, on whom you know I could rely, is out of town, and the occaſion is ſo preſſing——"

At the mention of his mother, Montague, ſtruck ſuddenly with the idea that this

this ſtranger was no other than the very perſon into the ſecret of whoſe diſtreſſes he had before inadvertently obtruded through the accident of the letter, and for whoſe diſappointment he had then breathed a commiſerating ſigh, looked at him with redoubled intereſt.

"I am extremely ſorry," returned Mr. Colvil, heſitating, as if ſomewhat embarraſſed on finding himſelf between two parties, for whom ſuch oppoſite anſwers were intended, "quite concerned—had you allowed me any time—but, you ſee, my word is pledged elſewhere, Sir: and againſt the evening it is impoſſible—totally impoſſible, I aſſure you," repeated he emphatically.

Montague, from motives of delicacy, had riſen to take his leave, when the impreſ-

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ſion of the laſt words ſtruck upon his heart as if directed to himſelf.

"If," ſaid he, turning to Mr. Colvil, from an irreſiſtible impulſe of ſympathy, "if a ſhort delay on my part will enable you, Sir, to accommodate this gentleman, I ſhall hold the trifling inconvenience as a matter of no conſequence."

An electric ſtroke could hardly have produced a more ſudden effect on both his hearers than theſe few words. The young ſtranger, indeed, lifted up his haughty eye with ſomething like diſdain: as it glanced over the perſon of Montague, however, its expreſſion totally changed. The latter was finely formed, had from nature an air of diſtinction, and beſides being ſtrikingly handſome, had an intelligence of countenance, that

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at once denoted the character of his mind.

"I have not the honour of knowing *you*, Sir," ſaid the ſtranger, in a tone that proved he thought *himſelf* known, "but I feel particularly obliged by your offer.—Colvil, introduce us to each other." The aſtoniſhed Mr. Colvil complied: but his ſurpriſe was much inferior to that of Montague, when he underſtood that this impoveriſhed young man, whoſe pecuniary diſtreſſes he, in the plenitude of his wealth and power, had condeſcended to relieve, was no leſs a perſon than the ſon of Colonel Mordaunt: the very officer under whom he was to ſerve; whoſe fortune was even above his rank, and whoſe pleaſure he had vainly waited for two whole hours that very morning at the war-office. Mordaunt, who, as his manner evinced, had not doubted his being known to the ſtranger who had thus volunteered ſo ex-

extraordinary a kindneſs, was, if not the moſt ſurpriſed, certainly the beſt pleaſed of the three, at the cloſe of a converſation which ſecured him the command of a ſum far exceeding any calculation that had been made by him who offered it. The circumſtances of Mr. Mordaunt's ſituation, however, ſeemed to enſure his reſponſibility; and while he, in high good-humour, drove off in an open carriage with which his groom waited at the door, Montague, who declined the offer of being ſet down, walked thoughtfully home to his hotel; not quite convinced that his head could be acquitted of folly upon the partial teſtimony of his heart.

"You have played a young man's trick my good Sir," ſaid Mr. Colvil, by way of conſoling him, as he took his leave; "but Charles Mordaunt is an honourable fine fellow, I aſſure you: if he is lucky, he will probably replace the ſum ſoon; if otherwiſe,

wife, the trifling delay can be, as you obſerve, a matter of no conſequence." This hint was not loſt on the perſon to whom it was addreſſed; and it afforded him a melancholy conviction that whatever inconveniences might ariſe from the ſtep he had juſt taken, Mr. Colvil would not be likely to prove himſelf a young man. Beyond the calculation of, perhaps, any of the parties concerned, the gay equipage of Mr. Mordaunt ſet him down at Montague's door at no very late hour the next morning; when gracefully ſettling every obligation but that of kindneſs to his new acquaintance, he invited him to dine with a party of his brother officers at an hotel in St. James's Street. An introduction like this was in itſelf diſtinction, and Montague immediately found it ſo. For what poſſible purpoſe Mr. Mordaunt could want ſo large a ſum for ſo ſhort a time, and why he ſhould be ſo extremely communicative of his private

diſtreſſes

diſtreſſes before a ſtranger, nevertheleſs conſiderably puzzled the former: but he was not long in diſcovering that the young man lived in too faſhionable a circle to make any ſecret either of his pleaſures or his neceſſities. The love of play, in all its various forms, was evidently a vice that reigned throughout the family of the Mordaunts; and though it was, perhaps, more cautiouſly veiled, or ſpoken of with more reſerve, where the Colonel was concerned, the pharo table and Mrs. Mordaunt formed but one idea in the mind of the young man. Enabled, for ſhe was the Colonel's ſecond wife, by a ſplendid and independent fortune to ſupply both her own extravagances and thoſe of her ſon-in-law, of whom ſhe appeared paſſionately fond, the cheriſhed vice had taken ſo deep a root in the mind of the latter, as almoſt to expel from it every other purſuit or pleaſure. As if the folly of half the night was inſufficient, the whole of it

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was frequently ſpent with gay parties at his mother's villa, in the neighbourhood of Windſor, from whence he ſometimes returned with a high flow of ſpirits; at others raging with vexation, pale, languid, and exactly the being he had ſhewn himſelf at Mr. Colvil's. Yet, this one vice excepted, Mordaunt wanted neither underſtanding, heart, nor ſpirit. His manners were ingratiating; he was much beloved by his brother officers; and the title of his friend, which he at once beſtowed on Montague, gave the latter a conſequence and a pleaſure likely to prove but too dangerous.

Engroſſed, as he could not fail to be, by a variety of concerns, Montague yet counted impatiently the days and hours of Miſs Rochford's abſence. The probability of leaving England without ſeeing her became a ſource of the moſt poignant anxiety. With the romance incidental to an impaſ-

ſioned mind, he began to impute to Lady Selina a thouſand chimerical plans, as much beyond her capacity of inventing, as her power of executing: to aſſure himſelf it was impoſſible ſo critical an abſence could be the effect of chance; and to diſcover in that which a farther knowledge of life would have ſhewn him to be a very common proceeding, a deep-laid ſcheme againſt his happineſs. Except in the winning of an odd trick, Lady Selina was, nevertheleſs, perfectly innocent of any ſcheme whatever. She had, indeed, wholly and poſitively diſapproved the attachment of her niece; but ſhe thought too little of the force of any attachment to believe it neceſſary ſhe ſhould do more than diſapprove; eſpecially a love affair, which it was ſo very obvious would never give her a title or a fortune. Lady Selina was, in fine, one of thoſe inſipid characters who, having neither a heart nor head, vitiate only by creating an atmoſphere in

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which the vital principle that ſhould cheriſh every faculty of either, is wholly wanting. As her income was narrow, and her expenſes great, it was her eſtabliſhed cuſtom to burthen her friends with her company, and diſburthen herſelf of her ſervants, during the ſummer months. Her ſtay was every where uncertain, as it was regulated by the civilities of her hoſteſs: and her acquaintance were exactly of that dangerous claſs who loving the pleaſures of the world ſufficiently to ſacrifice to them every thing but a certain degree of acceptation there, find in the world that with which it ſo frequently

——— "Its votaries rewards;
"A youth of folly, and old age of cards!
"Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end;
"Young without lovers, old without a friend.
"A fop their paſſion, but their prize a ſot;
"Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot."

One of these poor prizes in the lottery of life Lady Selina had, indeed, drawn: who after having shewn just spirit enough to squander a good fortune, judiciously took leave of society exactly at the period when it would otherwise have taken leave of him. But what was Lady Selina to Montague? He thought not of, cared not for her, except as the relation of Clara: and amidst the various evils with which he bewildered and tortured his imagination, that which was by far the most obvious and dangerous, a frivolous connection, was the last that occurred to him.

To Colonel Mordaunt, who had been almost constantly at Windsor, Montague had not yet had the opportunity of being presented; but the kindness of his son, and the flattering reception that kindness had secured him in the regiment, already prepared him to expect and to give, far more

than a common ſhare of attention both to the commander and the duties of the ſervice. Profeſſional buſineſs at length, however, obliged the Colonel to quit his attendance on the higher powers, and be in town. Young Mordaunt, who was zealous to preſent his favourite to his father, volunteered in his turn, and brought the latter a moſt gracious invitation to breakfaſt with the Colonel at a coffee-houſe, to which it was his cuſtom to reſort whenever the preſſure of affairs, or the abſence of his houſehold, made it inconvenient to him to be at home. Punctuality, however, was not among the virtues of young Mordaunt: for though he well remembered to bring the invitation, he totally forgot that he was a party concerned in it: and Montague, after vainly expecting him beyond the appointed hour, thought it more adviſable to introduce himſelf, than to appear wanting in reſpect on an occaſion where he could hardly ſhew too

much. His reception from Colonel Mordaunt at once convinced him he was right. To a military air and a dignified countenance, Colonel Mordaunt united the polished manners of a court. He was much handsomer than his son, though far past the meridian of life. There was a marked penetration in his eye; and his fine features, when composed, had something of harshness, and even of austerity; but his smile was affability itself; and the variable tone of his voice proved that he had equally studied to please and to command. Nothing, in fine, could more completely fill up Montague's idea of an officer and a gentleman than Colonel Mordaunt. If on one side the impression was thus favourable, it was obviously not less so on the other. To the Colonel, who was a strict disciplinarian, and valued himself on commanding, even in the ranks, some of the finest men in the service, the tall, graceful, and manly figure of

Montague

Montague proved, as his ſon well knew it would do, an immediate recommendation: and had he wanted a contraſt, a meagre and yellow enſign, who ſtood near, would have ſupplied one. The latter, however, was diſmiſſed: and, from the manner of his diſmiſſion, Montague felt that Colonel Mordaunt could certainly be proud. To the young man, however, he was, throughout the breakfaſt hour, courteous in the extreme. He even ſeemed deſirous to form an eſtimate of his talents and his capacity: and though a certain delicacy of mind withheld Montague from drawing concluſions too raſhly in his own favour, he yet perſuaded himſelf that the Colonel's obſervations were advantageous to him.

"My ſon," ſaid the latter, towards the cloſe of this deſultory converſation, "has recommended you very warmly to me. I do not aſk," he added with a ſignificant

smile, if where, or how, your acquaintance commenced: Charles, however, in spite of his foibles, has good qualities, and, as you are a young soldier, you will do well, in the duties of your profession, to make him your model. Sir Arthur Montague served himself, I recollect, though we were not on the same duty. — Are you nearly related to him?"

"Very distantly, I believe," replied Montague, in a respectful tone; adding, after the pause and consideration of a moment, "I bear his name chiefly as a testimony of his kindness, and as one of three to which I have a claim: that of my family is Cavendish."

"Indeed!" said Colonel Mordaunt, with tokens of surprise.

"Personal misfortunes," added Montague,

gue, colouring and proudly caſting down his eyes as he ſpoke, "induce my father, who is at preſent in India, to bury his own name in obſcurity: it will probably never be reſumed till he can give it that conſideration in life to which he believes it entitled."

"I am then to have the honour of commanding—Mr. *Cavendiſh!*" ſaid the Colonel, emphatically, and after a pauſe.—"Is Sir Arthur appriſed of your intentions?"

"It was his judgment that determined me."

"Wiſely, no doubt," returned Colonel Mordaunt, after again pauſing: then added, with a gracious ſmile, "I think you cannot do better than retain his name; it is known in the military world, and will be a recommendation." The converſation afterwards relapſed into its former train, till the Colonel

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at length rang the bell, and ordered that ſome perſons who had waited upon buſineſs ſhould be admitted. Montague made his bows, and reſpectfully departed. But he departed not as he had entered. A ſtrange and petrifying damp had ſtruck upon his heart, and extinguiſhed all that ardour and ſelf-poſſeſſion with which he had met Colonel Mordaunt. Yet in the countenance or words of the latter there had been nothing decidedly to alarm or offend him.—The change, if any there was, had fallen in gradations ſo nice, that though the whole colour of the picture was different, he knew not how to define the alteration. A jealous pride bade him, indeed, trace it to the name of his father; a ſuſpicious delicacy taught him to fear that Colonel Mordaunt might, in ſome tranſaction with that father, have been a ſufferer. But ſo complicated was the feeling, ſo perplexed the recollection, that he could not at laſt aſcertain whether

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it did not arise from a fastidious habit of mind, rather than a rational impression. The mortifying surmises that had before presented themselves, nevertheless occurred afresh to his imagination; and he deeply regretted the not having extorted from Sir Arthur a more exact detail of the misfortunes or indiscretion that had ruined his father. Whatever might be the propriety of his feelings, one determination, however, fully resulted from them: never again to mention his family name, till he was absolutely sure he could confer honour upon, or receive honour from it. Reflections of this nature engrossed him some time, during a long and harassing walk into the city, where a succession of petty concerns detained him to a late hour. But chagrin and fatigue were at once put to flight, when, on his return, the letter, the long-expected letter, from Miss Rochford, was put into his hands. Eagerly opening it, he saw at once all that

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his heart desired—the pure and ingenuous language of unaltered tenderness. Both the hand and the style announced it to have been written in haste, and probably at the moment after his had been presented to her. She congratulated herself on the fortunate chance that had brought her, though for a short time, to London, when her aunt had torn her from it, without allowing her leisure to make those secret arrangements which would have ensured the receipt of his letters. She painted, in the most natural and tender terms, all the anxiety she had experienced during their separation, and that more poignant regret which his sudden and unexpected departure from England was calculated to inspire. Doubting, as she did, how far circumstances might allow either of them to command a single day, she hastened to say that it was her intention to see him at seven o'clock that very evening; an hour when the whole family were

assembled at the dinner table, from which, under colour of indisposition, she meant to absent herself. "It was not thus by stealth, my dear friend," she added, "that you and I were accustomed to meet: but I am fettered by circumstances, and must bend to them."

The impatient lover hardly read the letter ere he looked at his watch. *Seven* o'clock! the hour was almost come, almost gone in his imagination, or would be so, before he could reach his appointment: he was not long in doing so, however. As the number of the house was particularised in the date of the letter (for it was not that of Lady Selina), he had no difficulty in finding it, though the mortification of discovering that, late as he supposed himself, he was, in fact, too early. A very magnificent dining parlour was indeed lighted up; but as the curtains were not dropt, on account of the heat,

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and the lower ſhutters ill cloſed, it was eaſy to diſcern that the ſervants were ſtill buſy in preparation. Montague waited long enough to aſcertain that a gay group of both ſexes had been for ſome minutes ſeated round the table, when ringing the bell, Miſs Rochford's maid, to whom he had been in the habit of incloſing his letters, immediately appeared, and conducted him up ſtairs. Every thing throughout the houſe announced ſplendour and profuſion; and the noiſy mirth that reſounded from one part of it, formed a ſtriking and ſingular contraſt to the profound ſtillneſs of the ſpacious apartments above. Miſs Rochford was herſelf too much embarraſſed by the myſtery ſhe had been obliged to obſerve, to receive him with an unmixed pleaſure; but by ſtationing her maid in the ante-room, as if to guard againſt intruſion, ſhe ſeemed willing to ſanction, or at leaſt to qualify to herſelf, the indecorum ſhe felt guilty of.

He had never ſeen her more lovely; yet was ſhe rather paler than when they parted; and an air of faſhion, and even ſomething of affectation, had a little changed the expreſſion of her countenance and manner. Even the ingenuous ſweetneſs of her language betrayed that alteration the circle ſhe lived in was exactly calculated to produce; and throughout the courſe of an interview ſo often anticipated, and fondly reſted upon, as that which was to give the colour of happineſs to many a long and painful day of ſeparation, Montague thought he perceived but too clearly, that, though the heart of Clara was ſtill his, part, at leaſt, of thoſe ſimple and rational ideas, which, under the circumſtances he ſtood in, could alone ſecure it from alienation, had already evaporated: the ſuppoſition was an almoſt inſupportable wound to his own. Yet to whom could he apply for conſolation? of

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what even could he complain? the poiſon, it was evident, exiſted in the very air ſhe breathed, the ſociety ſhe lived in: no virtue was yet wanting in her character: no affection was blighted in her boſom. They ſeemed, alas, only withering there!

Montague loved too paſſionately to venture the language of reproach; but a profound and exquiſite preſentiment of ſorrow ſeized upon his heart. His converſation grew ſuddenly common, unintereſting; and an air of languor, almoſt approaching to deſpondency, diffuſed itſelf over his features. No longer able to ſay what he felt, he ſeemed unwilling to ſay any thing; when his attention was ſuddenly awakened by the name of Mordaunt. He had himſelf told Miſs Rochford by letter that it was in Colonel Mordaunt's regiment he had entered; and he now, rather from the wiſh of replying,

ing than for any gratification to his curiosity, inquired whether she knew him.

"Undoubtedly I do," replied Clara, adding, with a tone of surprise, "do you not know that we are at this moment in his house?"

"Most assuredly I did not," returned Montague, while his heart sprang to his lips, and suddenly suffused his cheek with crimson: for it had not escaped him in the conversation of the morning, that, though the Colonel, at its commencement, had spoken largely of seeing him often, at parting, he had cautiously, and even decidedly, avoided repeating the invitation. Yet *his* was the very house into which, ere evening closed, Montague had entered like an intruder and a menial. The sense of humiliation attached to this idea lost nothing of its poignancy, when, by the ill fortune of

ſtaying with Miſs Rochford, in ſpite of her repeated admonitions, juſt five minutes too long, he met the female party, from the dining parlour, on the ſtairs. His ſituation was much too embarraſſing to admit of his obſerving any one individually; but a ſlight and haughty bow from the laſt, informed him he paſt Mrs. Mordaunt. The recollections that had occurred while Clara was preſent were painful; but thoſe he had now leiſure to make were diſtracting. It was clearly, at Mrs. Mordaunt's villa that ſhe had hitherto reſided with her aunt during their abſence from town: and with Mrs. Mordaunt, by the approbation of Lady Selina, he found ſhe was, for ſome time, likely to remain: he ſaw her, therefore, at once emboſomed in an arrogant, profuſe, and diſſipated family; the manners of which, according to the report of one whoſe authority could not be doubted, ſince it was Charles Mordaunt himſelf, united every

thing dangerous and alluring. Nor did jealouſy fail to take its turn in his mind, when he remembered the long and frequent abſences of the latter from town—remembered that Mordaunt might feaſt

—On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

while he himſelf had been diſtant, and perhaps almoſt forgotten. Of this paroxyſm, however, he ſoon had leiſure to ſee the folly; in proportion as more cloſe obſervation convinced him, that the heart of a man who loves gaming is rarely vulnerable to any ſofter paſſion.

If the ſituation of Montague's mind was painful, that of Miſs Rochford was not to be envied. The fluttered letter ſhe had written was in fact rather the conſequence of embarraſſment, than even of thoſe ſentiments to which love had given birth. She

was paſſionately devoted to Mrs. Mordaunt; who was one among the few of her aunt's intimates whoſe manners and modes of living had ſomething in them peculiarly attractive to a youthful mind: while the latter, having found in Miſs Rochford an exquiſite beauty, and a grace that adorned even faſhion, took pleaſure in forming her on her own model. But Mrs. Mordaunt lived for the world, and in its gayeſt circles: ſo that Clara, who rather felt than acknowledged this, even to herſelf, was well aware that the avowal of an obſcure and ruſtic attachment would degrade, if not render her ridiculous in the eyes of her friend. Yet loving Montague moſt truly, ſhe had not given him up, even apparently, without an effort; but it was the effort of a feeble mind againſt a ſtrong and decided one; and had conſequently the effect that might be expected from it. Without courage to be further explicit upon a ſubject which ſhe more

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than half ſuſpected Mrs. Mordaunt was re-*ſolved* not to underſtand, ſhe next directed her hopes to Colonel Mordaunt; and hinted that ſhe ſhould be extremely happy to ſee the relation of her guardian during his ſtay in town. The Colonel coolly replied, "that it was not his cuſtom to receive the ſubaltern officers at his houſe." So total an excluſion, though it grieved and aſtoniſhed Clara, was yet capable of producing reflections little favourable to her lover; and had given that ſlight, and almoſt imperceptible tinge to her manners, which he had felt, without being able either to complain of, or deſcribe. Senſible, on her part, that the myſterious mode of their meeting had been a reſource, not a choice, and was in its nature a flattering proof of her tenderneſs, it had never occurred to her to doubt whether he knew Colonel Mordaunt's houſe, or to calculate the kind of feeling

which might naturally follow such an introduction into it.

In supposing Mrs. Mordaunt was resolved not to understand her, Clara, however, had not erred. The former had nevertheless too much knowledge of life not to be aware, when she met Montague on the stairs, to whom his visit must have been directed: but she had address and presence of mind enough to veil this truth from the female circle, by a cursory observation that he came on business to the Colonel. A glance over the features of the young man had shewn her he was handsome; but his long and fatiguing walk, his dress, which he had never changed since the morning, the chagrin that clouded his features, and the embarrassed air attendant on his situation, had robbed even grace itself of its charm; nor was it possible to have seen him

to leſs advantage. Mrs. Mordaunt, therefore, concluded that he had no faſhion—no manner—no importance. Whether he had virtues or claims ſhe pauſed not to inquire. She had already formed her own hopes with regard to the future eſtabliſhment of Clara; and well aſſured that nothing cheriſhes a firſt and girliſh love like habits of confidence, ſhe reſolved, without ſhewing ſhe ſuſpected the ſentiment, ſlowly and ſilently to extirpate it.

The hour that was to tranſport Montague to new ſcenes, and a new ſphere of action, at length arrived. He embarked in the ſame veſſel with young Mordaunt; ſilently followed by every gentler wiſh of Miſs Rochford's heart, overwhelmed with the kindneſs, the benedictions, the prayers of the affectionate Sir Arthur. Ah! could his eye reſt on the wide world of waters without recollecting that its billows rolled between

him, and one, whose wishes more deep, more fervent than those of either, though blended with the winds, and dispersed in the immensity of space, yet found a path through both to hover over his head. It is, however, the peculiar disadvantage of certain societies to be bound too closely to each other: and, consequently, to give to either the good or bad habits that prevail in the body at large a treble power of acting over the individual. Soft and refined feelings were ill suited to the situation of a young man who was surrounded with the gay, the dissipated, and the uninformed: and Montague was more particularly exposed to danger, as the warmth of his character gave him a strong flow of animal spirits, and a talent for conversation always embellished them. The associates to whom his taste, however, chiefly directed him, were, happily, neither profligate nor corrupt; and even among the rest, some had good qualities,

litles, and ſome had underſtanding. But the majority of thoſe around were a common claſs of characters, whoſe whole merit conſiſted in a due diſcharge of the buſineſs of the day, and who, neither deſiring, nor deſerving, any higher praiſe than that of being good ſoldiers, were nearly as mechanical in their ideas as in their military manœuvres. Of this praiſe, however, Montague ſoon acquired even more than his ſhare. An exceſſive ardour in every purſuit, increaſed by the influence of a powerful and exquiſitely ſuſceptible pride, had been, indeed, at a very early period the marking characteriſtic of his mind, and was likely to prove, throughout life, according as it was worthily, or unworthily directed, his merit, his misfortune, or his ſcourge. The zeal with which he now attended both to the ſtudy and duties of his profeſſion, preſently excited the aſtoniſhment of thoſe who were accuſtomed to conſider every exertion

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as a matter of habit or neceſſity. By the more enlightened and active he was, however, ſoon diſtinguiſhed as a young man of the moſt promiſing talents; and all agreed that the application of them would infallibly place him very high in the favour and opinion of Colonel Mordaunt. Charles Mordaunt even, whoſe partiality towards Montague was greatly increaſed by the diſcovery he daily made of his abilities, and the delight he took in his ſociety, frequently rallied the latter on the diſtinction he would acquire over himſelf: and in the ſecret exultation their united applauſe was calculated to inſpire, the hours flew rapidly and lightly away.

Thoſe motives which had induced the two nations to wear a hoſtile appearance, became at length ſufficiently gueſſed at to perſuade the chief military men on both ſides that no actual ſervice was likely to en-

ſue. The troops, however, ſtill kept ſtrictly within garriſon, and cheriſhed that ardour and diſcipline by which, ſhould occaſion call them forth, they hoped to acquire ſuperior reputation. Colonel Mordaunt, who had been too much in the circle of the court not to know, from the beginning, all that was neceſſary, or expected from him, had been hitherto engaged in England by a variety of circumſtances that equally concerned him in his public and private capacity. His preſence was now hourly expected; and every officer was doubly ambitious to ſhew, by his individual exertions, how ſolicitous he had been to keep up the honour of a corps of which they well knew their ſuperior was ſo jealous. Among the hearts that moſt proudly looked forward to the event of the Colonel's arrival was that of Montague. He had felt himſelf rapidly riſing in general eſtimation. Even thoſe who, from envious motives, did not perſon-

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ally like, yet joined to applaud him; and he already anticipated, in imagination, the moſt exquiſite of all pleaſures; that of triumphing, by the mere force of merit, over the arrogance, or the accidental prejudice, of one, who, whatever might be his failings, he yet believed to poſſeſs judgment and military ardour enough to applaud deſert.

From all theſe towering hopes, theſe high-raiſed expectations, he fell at once: a glance, a word of Colonel Mordaunt's annihilated them. "Every officer in my regiment, I preſume, does his duty," ſaid the Colonel, coldly turning his back on the parade both to Montague and his own ſon, as the latter, perceiving a marked neglect or inattention in his father, ſomewhat too officiouſly interfered. The ſpeech, the manner, and the circumſtances that accompanied, or ſucceeded both, though not immediately obvious in their effect, were nevertheleſs deciſive.

ſive. All who hoped, all who feared, all who, without opinion or judgment of their own, follow that of the majority, gradually ſhrunk from the intimacy of a young man who, whatever his merit, was guilty of the crime of not pleaſing. Such, however, were the habits of ſubordination, or the effects of conſciouſneſs, that what each man obſerved, no one commented upon, leſt its operation upon his own conduct ſhould become remarkable to his hearer. Montague, therefore, condemned without being arraigned, and ſhunned without having tranſgreſſed, had, in a very few weeks, but too much opportunity to obſerve that

"Our genuine virtues do more ſweet and clear
"In fortune's graceful dreſs appear;"

ſince the gallant ſpirit that had lately extorted praiſe, and the application that ſeemed to inſure eſteem, were by turns ſneered at

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as quixotism or pedantry, when the favouring smile was no longer likely to gild them.

The feelings of an enthusiastic and aspiring young man, who saw himself enthralled in a bondage it was useless to complain of, and hopeless soon to escape, may much more easily be imagined than described. Injury he might have atoned—error he might have corrected—nay, even prejudice, as man to man, he might have boldly stept forward to contradict, or rectify: but his oppressor was, from the circumstances of situation, armed with weapons he could encounter on no equal terms either of reason or of force; and though the iron daily eat into his very soul, he was obliged to smooth his brow, and form his lip into a smile in the presence of him who forged the chain.

A succession of petty mortifications and silent insults, though of all grievances, perhaps,

haps, moſt intolerably oppreſſive, nevertheleſs ſoon fades from the obſervation of the many. Yet among thoſe to whom the conduct of the Colonel long continued a ſubject of ſecret ſurpriſe and indignation, was his own ſon. Deſpiſing a prejudice for which he knew not how to account, and had too much levity to inveſtigate, Mordaunt attached himſelf to the perſon he conceived injured by it with a ſpirit that defied controul. In the characters of the two young men, though there was much that was diſſimilar, there were alſo many ſtrong points of union. But the advantage had hitherto lain all on the ſide of Montague; who, with equal good qualities, had eſtabliſhed them on a firmer baſis than his friend. Theſe were now in danger of being ſhaken through the medium of every thing moſt generous in either nature: and by a cruel fatality, the injuſtice of the father ſeemed

likely

likely to prove a far leſs misfortune than the kindneſs of the ſon.

Charles Mordaunt, though poſſeſſed of rectitude and feeling in his own perſon, yet aſſociated, through the influence of a ſingle vice, with the moſt dangerous and diſſipated part of the military world; men who, ſecretly indulging an extravagant paſſion for play, ſtaked, but too often, their fortunes, their characters, nay, eventually, their very lives on the hazard of a die. Montague had naturally little or no propenſity to an error ſo fatal: but he had an ardent and impetuous character, eagerly diſpoſed to graſp at every thing that bore but the ſemblance of a purſuit. While engaged in that profeſſional one which he flattered himſelf was to render his career in life both proſperous and diſtinguiſhed, he had reſiſted, with invincible fortitude, every allure-

allurement to diſſipation; but his enthuſiaſm was now violently impelled from its natural bias: all, therefore, that was taken from the ſcale of honour, was gradually thrown into that of indiſcretion, and it was in danger of ſinking low indeed beneath the weight. Yet the rectitude of his mind, rather yielding to circumſtances than to temptation, failed not at intervals to aſſert itſelf: but its efforts were daily more feeble, as the effects of diſappointment were more intenſe. No longer able to find pleaſure in his duties—uncheriſhed by general ſociety, and, from the nature of his ſituation, devoid of amuſement for ſolitude, he learnt by degrees to indulge that as a taſte, which too ſoon, habitually, became an occupation: and, from the very difficulties in which it involved him, ſuch is the weakneſs of our nature! blended ſo intimately with his feelings as almoſt to become a paſſion.

Sir Arthur's reſources had been bounded; and it was thoſe only that had bounded his liberality. When in the army himſelf, however, he had been in habits of extravagance, which, if not approved by his reaſon, were fully juſtified by his hopes; nor did the demands of his young friend, therefore, at firſt either ſtartle or alarm him. But it was not always that Montague could prevail on himſelf to make his exigencies known to one whoſe kindneſs was in itſelf a reproach. Without the ſame reſources as young Mordaunt, he conſequently became plunged in far greater inconvenience: yet was it thoſe very reſources that threatened finally to undo them both.

When the Colonel took his ſtation at Gibraltar, Mrs. Mordaunt had accompanied him thither. A very delicate and uncertain ſtate of health, rendered worſe by the diſſipation in which ſhe had lived, though it united

united with pride to seclude her from general society, yet withdrew her not from the select one she affected to hold. Montague, to whom the sound of her name was odious, and who only rejoiced at her absence from England, as it released Miss Rochford from her protection, had never desired to mingle in these parties; the less, as he had reason to fear that her report of him, even if just, might not gratify the heart of Clara, and, through the means of the latter, might awaken the anxiety of Sir Arthur. Young Mordaunt, however, who, though he possessed very small influence with his father, had yet a most unbounded one over his mother, sometimes painted her in colours so flattering, that his friend felt disposed to recede from a prejudice hastily taken up. As all prospect of war had ceased soon after the arrival of the Colonel, several families, whose relations were in garrison, had quitted the town for a more romantic residence in the

village of St. Roque. The fine ruins ſcattered near, and the ſingular beauty of the ſpot, which was ſituated upon a full and winding river, afforded a more healthy and pleaſant retreat than could be found within the narrow limits of the walls. The houſe in which Mrs. Mordaunt reſided, embelliſhed by her taſte and habits of living, ſoon became the central point of extravagance and folly. The ſpecies of amuſement to which ſhe was ſo paſſionately devoted, ſhe there indulged at full, within the circle of her family and gueſts: and, far from correcting in her ſon-in-law habits her own example had either implanted or juſtified, ſhe furniſhed him liberally with pecuniary aſſiſtance whenever his father was inflexible: nor was it ſeldom that the money thus laviſhed was, in turn, fatally applied by him to foſter the indiſcretion, or, as circumſtances demanded, to redeem the honour of his friend.

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The deep ſenſe of injuſtice which ever indignantly preyed upon the mind of Montague, irritated by temporary provocations, ſometimes urged him, againſt his better judgment, to ſhew Colonel Mordaunt a perſonal and haughty indifference. Among the temptations to this which he had hitherto reſiſted, was that inadvertently held out by young Mordaunt himſelf; who, without weighing the delicacies of ſituation, or the poſſible ill conſequence to all parties, had frequently offered to preſent his friend to his mother. The indifference, not to ſay diſguſt, that ſubſiſted between her and her huſband, as well as the bold independence with which ſhe aſſerted her own rights, and modes of living, Montague had had ſufficient opportunity indirectly to underſtand; and he ſometimes figured to himſelf a ſort of indignant gratification in the idea of mingling, without the invitation or concurrence of the man who oppreſſed him, in a

circle where he well knew many, who were only his equals, had been received with kindneſs and diſtinguiſhed by intimacy. To this raſh project occaſion was at length favourable: for young Mordaunt had been for ſome days ſlightly indiſpoſed, during which time he had reſided at St. Roque: and the frequent meſſages he had ſent from thence, ſufficiently authoriſed the meditated viſit. The weather was extremely ſultry; and Montague, who, after the duties of the morning, and a long walk, had no great inclination to ſtand in the ſun in the garden, where he found his friend talking upon buſineſs with a ſoldier, paſſed on, at the invitation of the former, into the houſe. It was a low, though ſpacious building, latticed after the Spaniſh faſhion, and commanding a ſweep of the river exactly at that point where it was moſt beautifully ſhaded. The entrance was through a hall, conſtructed upon a Mooriſh pavement, curiouſly wrought,

wrought, and filled with orange trees in flower, the exquiſite odour of which diffuſed itſelf deliciouſly around. The hall opened to a circular pavillion, elegantly fitted up with cuſhions and ſopha ſeats, and where both light and heat were ſubdued by green ſhades. On one ſide ſtood a ſmall work-table, whence ſomebody appeared lately to have riſen; on the other a ſort of deſk, at which a young woman was ſeated. Montague, who had been deſired to enter, and conſequently had not apprehended he ſhould be guilty of any intruſion, ſtopped, and ſlightly apologiſing, would have retreated. A civil acknowledgment, however, negatived the motion: and, as the room was ſingular, and ornamented with great taſte, he continued to ſtand and look around him. Among the ornaments that chiefly engroſſed his attention, the living one was not the laſt. She had reſumed her occupation, which was writing muſic: and, as her dreſs

was extremely ſimple, and her manner diſtant, he was at ſome loſs to decide whether ſhe was gueſt, viſitor, or attendant on Mrs. Mordaunt. Whatever might be her rank, however, he thought he had rarely ſeen a face, the features of which were finiſhed with ſuch exquiſite regularity. The beauty of her lips, which, by an almoſt imperceptible movement, ſeemed from time to time to form, in imagination, the notes marked by her fingers, particularly ſtruck him; and even a ſoft and ſleepy air which her long laſhes, as they were caſt down, gave to her countenance, added to it a charm totally diſtinct from that of any other woman. While meditating how to break the ſilence, it was broken by young Mordaunt; who, ſlightly kiſſing the fair hand of the ſtranger as he entered, with a kind inquiry after her health, requeſted permiſſion to introduce Mr. Montague; announcing her at the ſame time to the latter as Mrs. Mordaunt. Accuſtomed

cuſtomed as Montague had been to annex the ideas of arrogance and affectation to that name, it was with ſome difficulty he concealed his ſurpriſe: nor was it leſſened by the ſoft and eaſy grace with which ſhe ſaluted him. In the beauty of her perſon, however, and the poliſh of her manners, he became immediately ſenſible of that charm which had inſured the partiality of all who approached her: yet her ſpirits or her health ſeemed delicate, for ſhe ſpoke little; only at intervals raiſing her eyes from her employment, and rather taking through them her part in the converſation; while Montague ſilently wondered how any face could be beautiful in which thoſe eyes were veiled, and where his had been when he met her on the ſtairs at her own houſe: forgetful that ſuch was then the embarraſſment of his ſituation, that Helen herſelf might probably have paſſed him without his diſcerning a ſingle feature.

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The dinner, to which he was invited to ſtay, was very elegantly ſerved, though the gueſts were few; and the romantic beauty of the ſpot, together with the converſation of Mrs. Mordaunt, which by an effort that ſeemed to coſt her an exertion of ſpirits, though not of underſtanding, was ſprightly and captivating, gave to common topics and characters a ſingular charm. Clearer daylight, more open dreſs, and a nearer examination, nevertheleſs diſcovered to Montague that the form he had admired, however lovely, was not altogether ſo perfect as he had at firſt believed. Mrs. Mordaunt was paſt the bloom of life; and her complexion, though delicate, evidently owed much to art: yet was ſhe ſo regularly and touchingly handſome, that neither the heart nor the eye could willingly acknowledge it wanted any charm ſhe did not poſſeſs. As evening began to cloſe they withdrew to the pavilion; the air of which was now

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embalmed with the ſcent of the orange flowers, and where Mrs. Mordaunt's harp was placed. It was then ſhe knew herſelf to be wholly irreſiſtible. The exquiſite line of beauty preſerved in her features; her form, over which every garment was drapery, and of which every motion was grace; her fine eyes thrown forward to heaven, as if muſic were rather inſpiration than ſcience; with the correſponding poſition of her white arms, ſeen through the chords of her harp; while her mouth, half open, emitted the moſt languiſhing ſounds; all united to form an image of celeſtial harmony and ſweetneſs.

But this angel of the moment ſunk almoſt as ſuddenly from her viſionary excellence. Anxiety, anger, ſpleen, every corroſive paſſion attendant on one cheriſhed and pernicious vice, in the courſe of a very few hours diſfigured her features. Charles Mordaunt,

daunt, in whom, as well as in herſelf, an inveterate habit ſo ſuperſeded every recollection that he neither felt nor weighed the loſſes of his friend, continued to urge the fortunes of both to a deep and ruinous exceſs: and when, after a chaos of hope, fear, and diſappointment, Montague quitted the ſpot, it was with a gloomy preſentiment that if his proſperity or peace were dear to him he ought never to viſit it again. But he had at length touched the fated circle: he was within the ſpell of the enchantreſs; and every better reſolution melted before it. Mrs. Mordaunt, independent of beauty, poſſeſſed manner, taſte, and cultivation, that powerfully captivated all who had either: Montague, therefore, found himſelf as ill able to reſiſt the pleaſure of her ſociety, as the influence of her example: but it was a pleaſure purchaſed with diſtinction. Accidental gains and accumulated loſſes ſoon inſpired that deſperate boldneſs which left him little

more

more to loſe but honour. He loſt to thoſe who were not enriched by his ruin, not happier for his miſery: to one who, while plunging him in an abyſs whence no time probably could reſcue him, only ſatisfied the importunate demands of a vacant mind, of an extravagant and ill-directed ſenſibility. Such was Mrs. Mordaunt. Money ſhe deſpiſed: cruelty ſhe abhorred: but ſhe had preſcribed to herſelf no duty, no tie, no rule in life; and thus wanting all that ſhould have filled up hers, became a blooming and peſtilential poiſon in ſociety.

Something of that lovely and perfect creature ſhe ought to have been, was, nevertheleſs, by ſtarts ſtill diſcernible. Depreſſion, even ſadneſs, a wild and wandering ſenſibility, would at times announce that her heart wanted a reſting-place: that, had ſhe been capable of regulating that heart, it might well have commanded the feelings

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of every one around. It was then her mind appeared not to have "loſt all its original brightneſs," and gave ſomewhat ſo perfect and ſo dazzling to her exterior, that ſhe ſeemed hardly

"Leſs than arch-angel ruin'd, and th' exceſs
"Of glory obſcured."

But theſe were indeed momentary ſtarts; illuſive images of a perfection at which ſhe aimed not: her ſpirits were often unequal from the delicate ſtate of her health; and it was obvious, even to a common obſerver, that her health as frequently ſuffered from the fluctuation of her ſpirits.

The indiſcretion of a few months ſometimes forms the hiſtory of a life. Moſt truly ſo: for in its effects it too often dyes the colour of that life; nor does any vice more frequently effect this, than that which

Montague

Montague now purſued. From the mind of the ill-fated young man thoſe finer particles which once conſtituted its eſſence and its charm were gradually mouldering away. Error, poverty, remorſe, all appearing to attach themſelves to the name of Mordaunt, by turns combined, through the medium of kindneſs, or perſecution, to undo him. His temper became haraſſed; his faculties bewildered: even the letters of Miſs Rochford, as if ſhe had been endued with ſupernatural intelligence, breathed a depreſſion which now ſeemed to incorporate with every thing that ſurrounded him: and thoſe of Sir Arthur, calling back the vaniſhed images of honour, emulation, happineſs and love, only deepened that heavy and inconceivable gloom with which his recollection was ſo often clouded. Could he, without a ſhame that covered his cheek with bluſhes, avow, even to himſelf, that thoſe letters were rendered chiefly acceptable from the remit-

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tances they contained? Abhorring the forbid idea, he a thouſand times ſwore to renounce the vice that could ſo debaſe him. Remonſtrances, too, now frequently accompanied the letters.—Ah! when the kind, the liberal, the indulgent Sir Arthur remonſtrated, with what pangs ought not that heart to be wrung that gave him the occaſion! Yet ſtill the occaſion preſented itſelf; and ſtill in Mrs. Mordaunt's ſociety, attracted by that peculiar charm, that powerful intereſt ſhe was ſo calculated to excite, Montague ever ſought either to ſooth, or to bury his cares.—The diſtant proſpect thus clouded, the near one was blacker ſtill. To his profeſſional duties he was but too ſenſible that he had been lately worſe than indifferent—neglectful: yet the eyes of Colonel Mordaunt, like thoſe of a ſecret inquiſitor, a malignant genius, ever ſilently upon him, watched his conduct, ſcrutiniſed his thoughts, and ſeemed only to wait ſome

gloomy

gloomy myſterious moment on which to decide his fate.

"It was dark December—wind and rain." Mrs. Mordaunt had been for ſome days confined to her apartment by indiſpoſition, and the two young men were returning one evening arm in arm from St. Roque to the town, when they ſuddenly encountered the Colonel. As they were both wrapt in military cloaks he challenged without knowing them; but, on recogniſing his ſon, ordered him, ſomewhat harſhly, to haſten onwards. Then turning abruptly to Montague, he haughtily, and even inſolently, demanded, "what carried *him* ſo often to St. Roque?"—It was one of thoſe luckleſs points of time when the mind of the latter was wrought up by internal chagrin, and what he at leaſt conceived to be accumulated provocations, to a pitch of irritability that ſhook his better reaſon, and thus rouſed,

at once defied it. His anſwer was more than abrupt—it was diſreſpectful. Affronted, both as an officer and a gentleman, the aſtoniſhed Colonel replied in terms little ſuited to either character; and, in the fever of the moment, Montague raſhly extended his arm to ſtrike him.

"Are you mad?" ſaid young Mordaunt, ſeizing hold of it. The blow fell ſhort; but the offence was given—the indignity was irremediable.

"You will take charge of that young man to his quarters," ſaid Colonel Mordaunt to his ſon, and coolly walked forwards. On arriving there, Montague was, as he expected, immediately put under arreſt.

Abandoned to ſolitude and ſilence, he might now, had the tumult of his blood

permitted, have found ample leiſure to review the paſt: but it was yet only a confuſed maſs of which he had no power to diſtinguiſh the features. While his head was beating, and his heart burſting with indignation, a packet of letters was delivered him from England. Two dear and well-known hands at once preſented themſelves to his eyes: he trembled at ſight of the third—it was his father's. A ſentiment of reverence, a tender conſciouſneſs that he neither deſerved nor could at that moment endure parental fondneſs, at once overcame him, and he put the letter aſide. Clara too!—No!—He could better bear Sir Arthur's; the language of the kind-hearted Sir Arthur, touching not ſo intimately the nicer ſprings of his ſoul, would probably relieve, conſole him. Alas! Montague knew not yet the bitterneſs of that pang which attends receiving unmerited kindneſs: a pang perhaps of all others *moſt* bitter, ſince it falls

upon us with its whole weight, only while we are alike new to error and to ſuffering. Sir Arthur's letter was frank and affectionate, like his character. It breathed no reproach; but the ſubject matter was reproach enough. He was in London:—he had exerted himſelf, he aſſured him, to the utmoſt, to obtain the money requeſted of him, "but he had not yet been *ſo fortunate* as to ſucceed. That no want of economy on his own part, however, might interfere to prevent him, he was, at the moment of writing, in lodgings rather ſtraitened and inconvenient, his infirmities conſidered.—Finally, that he every day hoped for the return of Mr. Cavendiſh, who, he had no reaſon to doubt, would rather expoſe himſelf to difficulties than ſuffer his ſon to encounter any."—There was ſomething in the ſimple detail that Montague found it impoſſible to go through with. Sullenly, therefore, repelling the bluſh from his cheek,

cheek, and the ſuffuſion from his eyes, he broke the ſeal of Miſs Rochford's letter.—It ſeemed ominouſly cold and reſtrained. 'If circumſtances,' ſaid ſhe, towards the concluſion of it, "ſhould finally divide us, as indeed there are moments when I believe they ought; remember, at leaſt, they have been chiefly of your creating. Sir Arthur's uneaſineſs, and my own ſurmiſes, have indeed for ſome months paſt told me that you had a purſuit dearer, probably, than that of love. Do not, however, cenſure Mrs. Mordaunt, even though it may be true, as you ſuſpect, that I gather ſome of my information from her.' At the name of Mordaunt, Montague cruſhed the paper in his hand, in ſullen and indignant ſilence.

Every nerve ſhook as he opened the third letter; a ſort of fatality ſeemed attached to it, over which his mind already myſteri-

ouſly and vaguely brooded. It was long, impaſſioned, and written, it appeared, on the very day when his own, the moſt intereſting one he had ever addreſſed to his father, had been received by him. "Sir Arthur's caution, my dear William," ſaid the latter, "has kept from you more of my concerns than at your time of life, and poſſeſſed of principles ſuch as my heart aſcribes to you, I ſhould have deemed it neceſſary, or even wiſe, to ſuppreſs. But the period is nearly arrived when all ſecrecy will be at an end. The veſſel in which I am preparing to embark with Lord Montreſor now lies in the river. It is hardly poſſible to imagine the emotion and intereſt with which I look at it, or the various ideas that paſs through my mind in long ſucceſſion, when I conſider whither it is to bear me. I already ſeem to claſp to my boſom a ſon whom my proud heart will fondly beat, even in its proudeſt moments, to acknowledge. He ſhall not

long *demand his happineſs at my hands*; I will myſelf beſtow on him that precious gift he ſo ardently deſires, and in the hope of which he is, I doubt not, realiſing every exalted and noble idea he has with ſo much energy deſcribed. Ah, William, let me not find this too an illuſion! let me indeed embrace one worthy of my long-cheriſhed love, my high-raiſed expectations! Rather may the grave eternally divide us than allow me to ſurvive the final diſappointment of my hopes! for too ſurely, if my ſon prove not honourable, I both muſt and will *renounce him.*"

"No, my father, it is he who muſt renounce you," ſaid Montague, as laying the letter on the table he took down his piſtols, and, with much apparent coolneſs, loaded them. Endued with a high-toned ſenſibility, and an extravagant pride; aſcribing to his actions a criminality beyond that which

a ſober review of the various follies of life would have taught him to aſſign them; deeply involved in debt, ſubject, through his own indiſcretion, to martial law, and in the toils of an enemy who would enforce its utmoſt rigour, Montague, in the phrenſy of his mind, believed he had nothing to do but to die. Well he remembered the circumſtances under which he had written to his father, and the terms of the letter. Where were now thoſe high-ſounding principles which in the preſumption of youth he had dared to aſſure himſelf would regulate his conduct? Of what nature would be that juſtice he then ſo arrogantly claimed? This ſon, who "pledged himſelf never to let his father regret that he had given his life a charm, nor to bluſh if he gave it a diſtinction," had been at his firſt outſet in it, the ſlave of his paſſions, and the victim of his pride.—The reflection was too bitter—the occaſion that preſented it too critical. After

a ſhort conſideration, therefore, he took pen, ink and paper, and laying the letters before him, began to anſwer them ſeparately. The taſk, however, was more than either his head or his heart were then equal to. Yet he felt that to live a little beyond the narrow period of exiſtence he had aſſigned to himſelf; to be remembered when he had "paſt that bourne from which no traveller returns" by a few tender and affectionate beings; to render the tears they would ſhed leſs bitter, and the recollection of his follies leſs odious, would be an extenuation of them in his own eyes. Morning, however, ſurpriſed him ere the taſk was finiſhed, and it had not long dawned before a haſty footſtep at the door warned him of ſome intruſion. Hardly had he time to throw his papers over the piſtols, when Charles Mordaunt entered. The wan and diſhevelled air of Montague ſufficiently indicated how he had paſſed the night. Mordaunt drew

drew a chair, and aware that he might offend the pride, if he attempted to ſooth the feelings of his friend, began to talk in a ſtrain that was neither gay nor grave. Montague heard without attending to him, till he mentioned with anxiety that his mother was much worſe. "Something," ſaid he, "diſturbed her, I am told, extremely laſt night.—I cannot think what the devil poſſeſſed us all—and my father in particular," added he, as if willing to introduce the name without excluſively referring to the circumſtances uppermoſt in the minds of both. Montague made no immediate anſwer.

"Do you fight duels with your own ſhadow?" continued Mordaunt, pointing to the piſtols, which, by a ſlight motion communicated to the table, were become viſible.

"They

"They were here by accident," replied Montague, ſullenly replacing the papers over them.—Mordaunt examined one.

"And *loaded* too by accident! Come come, my dear friend, I am not to learn to what exceſſes diſappointment and chagrin may lead a man. Yet, *prudentially* ſpeaking, ſuicide is, I believe, one of thoſe crimes a perſon rarely reſolves on till he has touched ſome criſis when common ſenſe, had he the uſe of it, would tell him his fate muſt mend of itſelf. You, at any rate, have debts, and cannot honourably go out of the world without diſcharging them. I do not mean by *that* argument, however, to detain you in it: ſo far otherwiſe," he added, taking out his pocket-book, "that I am going to give you the opportunity of deciding for yourſelf. Our acquaintance," he continued, more ſeriouſly, on ſeeing the repulſive motion of his friend, "began with a pecuniary

niary kindneſs on your part: are you reſolved to end the one, at the moment I would cancel the other?"

"You are talking at random."

"I hope I am.—This, however, is not the chief purport of my viſit. I ſaw my father late laſt night, and am entruſted with a meſſage from him to you. Do not miſtake me," he added with a ſeriouſneſs that almoſt amounted to ſolemnity, as he perceived by the riſing colour and animated eyes of his friend that he had taken up a very erroneous idea. "At your time of life, or at mine, my dear Montague, the ſummary proceeding which I ſee occurs to you would probably ſettle all differences. But Colonel Mordaunt, believe me, ſtands not in the predicament, either as an officer or a man, that ſhould render it neceſſary for him to prove a courage long ſince fully eſta-

bliſhed.

bliſhed.—I am commiſſioned to ſay that he means to ſee you this morning. Weigh well the manner in which you will receive him. Aware, as on reflection you are, or ought to be, of your relative duties and ſituations, it becomes you at leaſt to call up that ſobriety of mind which ſhall acquit you—to *yourſelf*."

The fine countenance of Mordaunt was lighted up as he ſpoke to a dignity Montague had never before ſeen it expreſs. But the occaſion was not that on which the cooler faculties of his own mind were yet capable of exerting themſelves. The mention of the Colonel's viſit had again awakened a croud of rebellious and indignant feelings; and he proudly aſſured his heart nothing ſhould eſcape his lips that could look like an apology to a man he deſpiſed. By that ſingular ſelf-command, however, of which a high-wrought ſpirit is capable, he

ſmoothed

ſmoothed his brow, ordered the table to be cleared, and perceiving his friend did not intend to quit the room, called for coffee. It was not late when Colonel Mordaunt was announced; and Montague, who in cold ſilence prepared to receive him, experienced at the firſt ſalute that internal ſurpriſe and revolution which ſeizes upon the mind, when we find we have, by a violent exertion, called up its powers to combat that which no longer appears hoſtile. Colonel Mordaunt entered with a ſingular grace and ſelf-poſſeſſion that ever attended him in his happier hours: avoiding the ſmalleſt tincture of arrogance in his manner, he motioned to his ſon and Montague to be ſeated; and pauſing for a ſhort time before he ſpoke, as if fully to conſider the ſubject, at length, with a calm and collected air, addreſſed himſelf to the latter. An hour before it would have been impoſſible to have perſuaded the young man that any thing could

could come from Colonel Mordaunt's lips which he could have liſtened to with tranquillity, or aſſented to with truth; but the latter, well appriſed of his own rights in life, of the claims of his ſituation, of the influence of his years, and of that ſuperiority which a calm and ſteady tone of mind ever poſſeſſes over a wild and extravagant one, now ſpoke a language that was totally unexpected: previouſly challenging, with a boldneſs that ſeemed to denote the juſtice of the appeal, the ſober judgment of his hearer, as an auxiliary in the cauſe againſt him.

Without condeſcending to dwell upon the indignity offered to himſelf, or its ill conſequences to the individual, Colonel Mordaunt took a review of the conduct of him who offered it, upon the great baſis of general good order and morality. He repreſented, in forcible language, the degradation to which a man of honour is ſubject in

his

his *own* eyes, when forgetting what is due to himſelf, he ſubverts the regulations of ſociety at large, and more eſpecially of that particular one which he is bound to ſupport. He even touched, with ſome ſenſibility, upon the folly of blighting, at an early period of life, thoſe proſpects and that eſtimation which give life all its zeſt to the poſſeſſor, and endear it to thoſe to whom *he* is dear. A rational father, in ſhort, ſpeaking to his ſon, would have ſpoken nearly in the ſame tone as Colonel Mordaunt did: and ſo well did he know how to addreſs himſelf to the feelings of an ingenuous and too ſuſceptible young man, by keeping in the back ground, with maſterly judgment, all that could irritate them, and diſplaying with eloquence the miſchiefs they produced, that by an enchantment Montague hardly knew how to account for, the whole weight of error ſeemed ſuddenly tranſferred to himſelf.

"Having

"Having ſaid thus much," continued the Colonel, who read in his countenance all the tranſitions of his mind, "I have little more to add: the nature of your offence," purſued he, while his voice a little changed and his colour heightened, "is known only to the three preſent. On my own part I demand ſimply the apology due to a gentleman.—It will be proper, however, for every reaſon, that you ſhould enter into another regiment: you have, therefore, my leave of abſence. Go to England: you will there have no difficulty in exchanging your commiſſion. I believe," continued he, after a moment's pauſe, "that, if you are diſpoſed for a remote ſtation, I could point out to you a very advantageous one:—but on that my ſon and you muſt confer."—As if he feared he had conceded too greatly, the Colonel ſtopped, and fixed his eyes earneſtly on Montague. But it was far otherwiſe: had he conceded leſs he had proba-

bly gained nothing. A generous heart will always give beyond what is demanded of it; and that of the young man, incapable of a medium, now at once dictated an apology the more ample becauſe unpremeditated, and which ſprang ſpontaneouſly to his lips, before either his pride or his judgment were called in as counſellors.

"How arrogant, how illiberal, how unjuſt have I been," ſaid he to Charles Mordaunt, when the Colonel was gone. "How has my narrow-minded jealouſy miſconſtrued the words and looks of your father at moments when his penetrating eye was doubtleſs diving into my character, and diſcovering all its latent faults!"

"My father," ſaid Mordaunt thoughtfully, and as if he was leſs ſtruck with the candour and generoſity of the former than his friend had been, "piques himſelf upon know-

knowledge of the world. It may poſſibly be ſometimes a uſeful ſcience, yet, on the whole, it is but a deſpicable one; and often produces in the hearts where it is too minutely cultivated, as many faults as it diſcovers in thoſe around. — What circumſtance, however, firſt gave you reaſon to imagine he was prejudiced againſt you?"

"A mere trifle; it was the mention of my father that awakened my obſervation. From the moment the name of Cavendiſh reached Colonel Mordaunt I ſuſpected myſelf to be odious to him."

"*Cavendiſh!* What Cavendiſh? —Is your father alive? —Where is he?"

"He has been almoſt fourteen years in India with Lord Montreſor."

"And can you poſſibly be ignorant that

Mrs. Mordaunt is the *divorced* wife of Mr. Cavendiſh!"

In thoſe few words how much was compriſed! An arrow through the heart of Montague could hardly have inflicted a pang more acute: while a crowd of tumultuous recollections ruſhing to his brain, at once confirmed the truth thus ſtrangely developed. *The divorced wife of Mr. Cavendiſh!* Gracious God! this then was the ſecret calamity, the long-hidden ſorrow that ſilently conſumed his father's heart: Mrs. Mordaunt was the fair creature ſo early loſt to her ſon, and found again only to wreck him: the charmer of the world, whoſe accompliſhments had dazzled all eyes in it, while the ſimple and domeſtic Lady Montague was fulfilling her duties! There was ſomething too bitter, too afflicting, in the long train of ideas that rapidly ſucceeded each other. It was then his own mother who had ſhed poiſon over

his

his nights, and poverty over his days. His mother, who, carelesly scattering the seeds of folly and corruption, had inadvertently nourished them in *his* bosom. It was she who had armed the hand of a military despot against him; she who had even armed his own! In alienating from him the first dues of nature, she seemed to have given him a cruel promise of the future. All hearts, through her influence, had combined to grieve or to oppress him; and even the tender, the ingenuous Clara, had become less ingenuous, less tender, from the alluring power of one worldly and dissipated woman! — Nor let the dissipated and worldly woman who has escaped the misery of destroying her own son, too rashly exult. — Mothers more worthy than herself daily weep over those of either sex her attraction has led to vice, or her example to folly.

All that had hitherto been inexplicable in

the conduct of Colonel Mordaunt was now clear as open day-light. Even that which had moſt worn the ſemblance of moderation and virtue ceaſed to be ſuch, when it became obvious to recollection that no public inquiry could have been inſtituted into the conduct of Montague, without neceſſarily bringing forward, even as a common theme, ſuch particulars of his name and connections as muſt not only have reached the ears of his mother, but have expoſed the Colonel to all the odium of being a perſecutor; ſince by mentioning that name, the young man had himſelf, at their very firſt interview, diſcovered to the latter the important ſecret which a moment's obſervation convinced him was unknown even to him who betrayed it.

Mrs. Mordaunt, a co-heireſs, affluent at the period that Cavendiſh was ruined, and ſhe herſelf divorced, became conſiderably more affluent by the deaths of thoſe who

ſhould

ſhould have ſhared her wealth. She had carried to Colonel Mordaunt a ſplendid fortune, of which the diſpoſal was veſted in herſelf. Could he with unconcern ſee her daily on the brink of diſcovering a ſon whoſe perſonal graces and good qualities were ſo calculated to endear him? She too, who having no children by her ſecond huſband, ſo paſſionately longed, ſo ardently ſighed, to ſee that very one who daily hovered round her without her knowing him! It was againſt this the unhappy Cavendiſh ſo carefully guarded. Leaving her to carry into that world ſhe loved, a then unbroken beauty, unwearying ſpirits, the pride of triumph, the rage of conqueſt, he had only been ſolicitous to preſerve from her ſnare, during his own abſence, a ſon whom he well knew ſhe would purchaſe at any price. All the fears of a proud and anxious father had been ſufficiently alarmed by the attempt made to carry off the child, even in infan-

cy. The ſeclusion with Sir Arthur, whoſe name had been a profound ſecret to all around at the time he took the boy away, Mr. Cavendiſh had imagined was ſufficient to guard him from his mother; and that mother herſelf had been ſo effectually deceived as always to ſuppoſe the child embarked with his father for India. Time elapſed before Mrs. Mordaunt recovered by her ſecond marriage, a part of the acceptation in ſociety ſhe had forfeited: but the period was ſpent in a foreign country, with a ſeducer who could not properly give her even the ſanction of his name, as he was already married; and it was many years after her return to England that ill-fortune united with the ill-conduct of her ſon to emboſom him in that very circle where the ſtory was never likely to reach his ears. It had reached them now; — ah, it had reached his heart! as young Mordaunt and he, by turns aſhamed, bewildered and confounded,

related

related to each other all that was yet new to either, of events in which both were ſo deeply intereſted. The Colonel had known his ſon too well to confide to him the ſecret a thouſand circumſtances might have led him to betray. But while to the levity and indiſcretion of youth Charles Mordaunt added a generoſity and pride his father could not truſt, he added alſo a penetration that father could not eſcape. A behaviour in the latter towards Montague at once ſo raſh and ſo cautious—a moderation ſo exceſſive—a pardon ſo indulgent—had all appeared in the eyes of the ſon, circumſtances equally new and extraordinary; and while pauſing over that which had already ſurpriſed him, he was yet more ſurpriſed at the ſingular propoſal of removing the young man ſtill further from England.—Such is, however, the dangerous nature of duplicity, and its tendency to overſhoot itſelf, that the very circumſtance which duped one

mind

mind, enlightened the other; and where the warm and agitated heart of Montague believed it ought to acknowledge a kindneſs, the more cool and collected judgment of Mordaunt diſcerned a ſnare.

It ſeemed to be the ſingular fate of the former, however, to endure within the courſe of a very few hours every revolution of which the human mind is capable. The tide of indignant ſhame which flowed through his heart, had hardly yet receded, when that of nature, breaking down every barrier, impetuouſly ruſhed in, as he learned that through the heart of his unfortunate mother it had indeed ruſhed with a vehemence that threatened rapidly to expel the vital principle. Mrs. Mordaunt had received long and explanatory letters from England by the ſame veſſel which brought thoſe to her ſon: and, by a myſterious ordination, the very hour when the paroxyſm

of

of contending paſſions had urged him to lift his hand againſt his own exiſtence, was exactly that when ſhe diſcovered where and how he exiſted at all. It was the tender and confidential communications of Miſs Rochford that plunged the dagger in the boſom of her friend: nor did ſhe even know the pang ſhe inflicted; for Mrs. Mordaunt's ſtory was no new tale of ſlander; and in the circle of Lady Selina her affluence and faſhion rendered her too acceptable to induce them to revive it. The innocent Clara, therefore, had heard inceſſantly of her beauty, her talents, her fortune, without ever being warned by the grey-haired votaries of the world of that ſpeck which dimmed them all.

In the habits of correſpondence, Miſs Rochford had not been able to forbear ſome inquiries concerning Montague that ſpoke her attachment to him to be more ſerious than

than Mrs. Mordaunt had expected. The accounts of the latter were, as he too well guessed, not favourable either to his morals or his conduct. Adhering to a plan which she had not only formed, but in some instances acted upon, Mrs. Mordaunt in her turn became more explicit; and represented to her young friend the superior advantages she would derive from a union with Charles Mordaunt. But Clara loved—tenderly, truly loved; and though she conceived resentment enough against Montague to write coldly to *him*, the same sentiment no longer actuated her when writing to her friend. Taking up, therefore, at full the history of her engagement, she at length recited with frankness and ardour all its attendant circumstances. What a picture to present to the recollection of Mrs. Mordaunt! To read again, and again, the long forgotten name of *Cavendish*. To hear described in the tender language of Clara that

untold,

untold, but overwhelming calamity, which had "fractured the heart of the father, and blightedthe fortu ne of the ſon." To reflect that ſhe had been laviſhing that wealth they both, it was plain, in turn, had wanted: that ſhe had been cheriſhing a vice which had ſtill more impoveriſhed her only child, and unconſciouſly ſtriving by every allurement to expel him from the heart in which he had garnered up his own:—to add to this the cruel poſſibility that in making herſelf known to him ſhe might incur indignity and ſcorn, were all circumſtances that in the feveriſh ſtate of her blood were calculated to deſtroy her. While yet plunged in a chaos of contrary feelings, the accidental tale of a domeſtic informed her, with many exaggerated particulars, that Montague lay under arreſt by the order of Colonel Mordaunt. The laſt blow fell with a force too ſudden and accumulated. Long habituated to the indulgence of every extravagant

travagant feeling—already a prey to the irritability of ſickneſs, and the tædium of life, hers at once became odious: the fever of her ſpirits mounted to her brain; and while Colonel Mordaunt was profoundly ſcheming, and the two young men as anxiouſly deliberating, an unexpected occurrence thus expoſed to her whole family, and through them to the world at large, that ſecret which four and twenty hours before had been unknown even to the parties moſt deeply intereſted in it.

But what was the world to Mrs. Mordaunt! Already it faded from her eyes—Its viſions, its vanities, its pleaſures!—Her long-laviſhed wealth, her flattered beauty,—all that had ſeduced, all that had betrayed her,—could neither reſtore connection to her ideas, nor coolneſs to her blood. That ſon whom ſhe wildly demanded, whoſe preſence ſhe continually implored—to whom ſhe declared

clared ſhe muſt conſide a ſecret of more importance than her exiſtence, vainly knelt whole nights by her bed-ſide; and receiving there the burning tears of anguiſh and remorſe, well remembered thoſe tender ones ſhe had ſhed upon his infant boſom. To exiſt without knowing him had been the guilt of her life, and to expire without recollecting him made the miſery of her death.

Of the various hearts thus acutely wrung, Colonel Mordaunt's, through the medium of his pride, was not perhaps the leaſt ſufferer. Yet ſince it could no longer create ſurpriſe that he ſhould deſire the abſence of a young man ſo peculiarly circumſtanced as Montague was now publicly known to be, he aſſiſted to haſten his departure; vainly endeavouring, in the interim, to bury in a profound and diſdainful ſilence all ſuſpicion of his previous knowledge of the paſt. By a will made ſoon after their marriage, the

Colonel

Colonel knew himſelf to be his wife's ſole heir. He had not, however, failed to keep a jealous eye upon her during her ſickneſs: but the circumſtances that attended it ſufficiently precluded all poſſibility of a new arrangement, whatever might have been her wiſhes. Strangers, therefore,—ſtrangers at leaſt in blood,—were to revel in Mrs. Mordaunt's ſplendid fortune, while nothing became the property of her unfortunate ſon, but a picture of her given him by Charles Mordaunt. Often, however, did he gaze on this, the melancholy companion of his approaching voyage. It repreſented her in the pride of youth and beauty, and to the perfect regularity of her own features added, at leaſt in his imagination, ſome of thoſe touching and ſimple graces that marked Miſs Rochford. She ſeemed to be about two or three and twenty: it had, therefore, probably been drawn at the very period when he was taken from her in her dreſſing-

room:

room; and, while her lovely outline played before his fancy, he ſtrove, "through the long perſpective of diſtant years," to aſcertain the ſhadowy recollection. It was a period, alas! too diſtinctly marked to his father, by jealouſy, by diſſenſion, by all the acute and ſoul-harrowing feelings which at length drove him to the extremity that ſeparated them for ever.

As the veſſel receded from thoſe luckleſs ſhores on which both his peace and his exiſtence had been ſo nearly wrecked, the feelings of Montague gradually harmoniſed. Of thoſe he left behind him Charles Mordaunt alone excited a laſting regret. In the boſom of that generous young man he had ſeen a noble ſpirit of honour and of rectitude, which he could not too deeply lament was ſullied with an almoſt incurable vice. Yet of the vice events had combined to cheriſh, events had alſo ſhewn him the

danger and the evil: nor did he want a mind to reflect upon, nor a heart to feel them. His purſe, while Montague continued abroad, was liberally open to the latter: and there was ſomething ſingularly affecting in the ſituation of two young men, the one of whom beſtowed what he did not think his own, while the other, from the preſſure of circumſtances, received what might juſtly be deemed ſo, as an obligation. In letters which, during a moment of phrenſy, had increaſed the fever of his mind, Montague now ſought its balm: for what is there, ſelf-reproach excepted, to which affection is not a balm? It is happily a property peculiar to that feeling only, to convert the heart's beſt nouriſhment into poiſon. Yet of the extent of his indiſcretions he was ſtill moſt painfully ſenſible, for it was they had induced him to receive from young Mordaunt teſtimonies of kindneſs he would have diſdained from any other human

manhood; and which, even to him, he burat to be acquitted of. But it is the nature of ſome errors, perhaps of all, to involve their puniſhment: and the proud heart that, diſdaining to bound its follies, arrogates too much independence, will almoſt always find in their conſequences that it has left itſelf too little. Sir Arthur's indulgence Montague had ſufficiently proved to rely on it, and he felt a tender confidence that Miſs Rochford would pardon faults deeply lamented, and grievouſly expiated. It was to his father he moſt anxiouſly looked forward. His letter ſeemed to announce that he would be in England as ſoon, or ſooner, than his ſon: but, as of the ſtate of his circumſtances he ſaid nothing, and even ſpoke of himſelf as returning in the train of Lord Montreſor, Montague, who had imbibed from Sir Arthur the perſuaſion that his father was rather an intereſting viſionary, than an active character, eaſily con-

sluded that they had not prospered according to his wishes. Such, however, is the influence of the gentler affections, when not expelled by selfish and tumultuous passions, that the same young man to whom, in the wild career of the former, an impoverished father could not have failed to become an object of regret, now felt that the tender tie which before bound them to each other, would be a thousand times more endeared should his son be all that was left to Mr. Cavendish.

By a sweet association of ideas, therefore, happiness and England became intimately blended in the imagination of Montague. The breezes that blew him thither seemed fraught with health; and, like sailors in a calenture, he felt persuaded that the verdure of his native woods and fields would expel alike from his frame and his heart every feverish or corrosive tendency that preyed

on

on either. He greeted at length the welcome shores; and though neither verdure nor sunshine enlivened them, that bright beam with which the eye gilds every object it loves, left nothing wanting in the seasons. That the vessel in which the governor-general was expected had been seen in the channel he learnt before he landed: and he now impatiently hastened to London, assured that his father would be there before him. In this expectation, however, he was disappointed. On stopping at the house whither his letters for Sir Arthur had been directed, he found that the latter had removed to a more eligible situation, and that no person of the name of Cavendish, nor any one in the household of Lord Montresor was yet arrived. There was a charm in Lady Selina's door that powerfully attracted him towards it. Yet, since to present himself there with so much abruptness might produce disagreeable consequences to

Miſs Rochford, and to neglect Sir Arthur might incur unpleaſant ones to himſelf, he reſiſted the temptation. A faint hope too ſtruggled in his boſom, though againſt all reaſonable probability, that as both were in daily expectation of his arrival, he might probably, by ſome fortunate chance, find them together. He had, indeed, written moſt fully the detail of events he ſhrunk from relating: not, perhaps, without a ſecret view of ſo bribing their hearts in his cauſe, as to leave little to the deciſion of their judgments.

A travelling carriage, followed by a chaiſe, and ſuitable attendants, drove by him as he was walking up the ſtreet to which he had been directed: but they attracted not his notice till he was ſuddenly ſtruck with ſeeing them ſtop, as he believed, at Sir Arthur's door.—Could he be deceived? The ſudden palpitation of his heart, and the emotion

that

that diffuſed itſelf over his frame, hardly left him power to haſten onwards. He came cloſe enough, however, to diſcern that two gentlemen alighted from the firſt carriage. The one, as nearly as he could diſtinguiſh, was handſome, ſunburnt, and his imagination told him had a military air: the ſecond was not ſo tall, and appeared ſomething younger. Both were in deep mourning: and in the one, or the other, he aſſured himſelf he at length ſaw a father. An exquiſite and inexplicable emotion at once made his head ſwim, and ſuffuſed his eyes with tears. As he was in one of the longeſt ſtreets in London, it was neceſſary, however, to recover both his ſight and his fortitude before he could poſſibly reach the door. The firſt queſtion there aſſured him he was right; Lord Montreſor and a gentleman were indeed arrived, but of the name of the latter, the ſervant, who perfectly knew Montague, was uninformed. Impa-

tiently, and without the power of deliberating, he followed the man up ſtairs, where he burſt in at once upon the aſtoniſhed Sir Arthur, and the elder of the gentlemen he had ſeen. The good baronet, though ill able to ſtand from the attacks of the gout, claſped him to his boſom. Then, ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, turned round, and preſented him, by the name of William Cavendiſh, to Lord Montreſor.

"Pardon me, my Lord," ſaid the diſappointed young man, paſt all power of diſſembling, and ſtruck with a horrible apprehenſion at remembering Lord Montreſor's mourning—"I hoped—I had expected to ſee a father here!"

"And do you *not* ſee a father?" replied a voice, whoſe tender tones Montague could almoſt have perſuaded himſelf were familiar to his ear.—"Ah William, beloved William,"

liam," ſaid Lord Montreſor, folding him in his arms, "I had indeed forgotten I was one when I meditated but for a moment to deceive you." The ſweet and joyful ſenſations that ſucceeded were paſt all language. Ah! happineſs and England were indeed found together: and the hour in which they were found, ſeemed to overpay an age of feveriſh ſuffering.

"I had indeed meditated," ſaid Lord Montreſor, after having ſomewhat ſatisfied his eyes and heart, "a plot upon my ſon. Sir Arthur and I, in the profoundneſs of our ſagacity, were to play the auſtere judges. I, you know, was to weigh his talents, his character, his conduct," continued he, turning with a ſmile to his friend,—"but I ſaw his features, and I forgot all the reſt." Sir Arthur, who did not feel a poſitive aſſurance that all the reſt would be quite ſo gratifying to Lord Montreſor as the latter

ſeemed

ſeemed to imagine, now took the opportunity of recounting, in a ſummary manner, the cauſe of Montague's expedition abroad: and while a thouſand varying recollections paſt through the heart of the young man, and wandered in different ſuffuſions over his features, Sir Arthur ſtrove to direct the converſation of Lord Montreſor to ſubjects that more immediately concerned himſelf.

"I carried to India," ſaid the latter, deeply ſighing, "a lacerated heart. What paſſed in it for many years my letters may have informed you better than my recollections will ever do. At the time I left England, I well knew myſelf to be, by the death of an infant, next in ſucceſſion to Lord Montreſor's title: but I carried the ſecret proudly in my boſom; for his fortune, the fruit of his talents, was his own to diſpoſe of: and that to which I had no claim, either

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by perſonal merit or attachment, I could not even wiſh to appropriate. Yet to give to my ſon what the misfortunes of his father, and the miſconduct of — his mother" — he faintly added, while the "hectic of a moment paſſed acroſs his cheek," — "threatened wholly to deprive him of, was the pre-eminent and indulged wiſh of my heart. Lord Montreſor had, in my boyiſh days, tenderly loved me. He continued to do ſo even during the eclipſe of all my better faculties; or rather that very circumſtance increaſed his love: and the eager deſire he ſaw in me to deſerve his regard before I would benefit by it, a deſire that ſeemed to outlive almoſt every other principle of life, except paternal affection, attached him deeply and invariably to my fate. When my better reaſon returned, I became the valued friend, the endeared companion, the choſen confidant of a heart overweighted with many cares and ſome ſorrows: finally, I became

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the heir of Lord Montresor: he died upon the passage home. The love of wealth or distinction, my son," he continued, turning to William Cavendish, "was not, believe me, the inherent foible of my nature; it was the offspring of misfortune, and must find its apology in our mutual use of them. But where," he added, endeavouring with a smile to disperse the gloomy train of images that had insensibly taken possession of his mind, "where is that blessing I am yet to bestow on my son? Where is the sweet girl who is to be my second acquaintance in England?" She had not been forgotten by Sir Arthur, nor was she slow in obeying his summons. The heart of her lover beat quick at her approach. Anxiously he raised his eyes, and imploringly directed them from her to his father, as if to deprecate the censure he feared her very looks might convey: but Miss Rochford had too deeply shared in the sorrow of the past, and seen

it

it through too favourable a medium, in Sir Arthur's repreſentations, to retain any ſentiment ſtronger than ſympathy or tenderneſs. She could not forget that it was from her hand, though innocently, that Mrs. Mordaunt had received a death wound, and could the tears of Clara have remedied the evil ſhe accuſed herſelf of having cauſed, William Cavendiſh had not loſt a mother. Even a ſecret ſenſe of injuſtice to her lover ſeemed to blend with every other feeling, on remembering that there were moments when allurement and miſrepreſentation had almoſt ſhaken her affianced faith. In her eyes, therefore, he read only a ſweet reſponſive ſentiment, more ſad than reproachful. But though from them he could demand an act of oblivion, it was what he could not ſo readily grant to himſelf. In his father he ſaw all that his imagination or his heart demanded; anxiouſly, therefore, he turned his thoughts inward, to weigh

what

what he ſhould find there, and deeply revolved the manner in which he ſhould introduce a ſubject he could not reſolve wholly to ſuppreſs.

"I have ſeen a face like that before," ſaid Lord Montreſor, turning to Sir Arthur, after gazing long and mournfully upon the features of his ſon, whoſe deep reverie had ſuffuſed his cheek with a ſoft and almoſt feminine glow.

"Could you bear to ſee it again, my father?" ſaid William, expreſſively raiſing his eyes. "No longer *living*, indeed!" he added, with an emotion increaſed by that he had cauſed; "but ſurely," and he drew from his boſom the picture of his mother, "ſurely it will gratify her ſpirit to know that my father has ſhed over *this* the tear of abſolution and pardon." Lord Montreſor, at once comprehending him, ſnatched the

picture

picture—the fond memorial of many a happy—many a miſerable day; and gazing on it, as it ſtill ſweetly ſmiled, while the fair original was low in duſt, covered it with kiſſes; then, continuing to preſs it alternately to his lips and his heart, he buried his face over it, as if willing to conceal, even from himſelf, the acuteneſs of his recollection, the exceſs of his regret. Impreſſed with tender ſympathy, the two young people ſunk at his feet.

"She made, I am told, another choice," ſaid Lord Montreſor, as, affectionately raiſing them, he ſeemed by a violent effort to recover himſelf: "Was it"—and his voice again faultered—"was it a happy one?"

"Far—far the contrary, I fear," ſaid Clara, firſt capable of ſpeaking. "By a concurrence of circumſtances it was my lot

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to be a witneſs of thoſe domeſtic diſſenſions that aroſe from mutual diſeſteem. Colonel Mordaunt," ſhe added, turning to her lover, as if ſhe feared to ſhock Lord Montreſor with a name that could not but be hateful to his heart, "was proud, tyrannical, ſelf-intereſted. Of the latter trait in his character ſhe had proofs ſo convincing, that it induced her, ere ſhe followed him abroad, which ſhe did under a gloomy impreſſion, that ſhe ſhould never return, to entruſt to my charge a ſacred depoſit. I ſuſpect—at leaſt from the ſolemnity with which it was delivered to me, I have reaſon to think, it can be only her will." It was indeed her will: the treaſured ſecret that had lain heavy on her ſoul in her dying hour, and which, living in a circle where ſhe could find every thing rather than a friend, ſhe had been reduced to confide to the integrity of ſo young a creature as Miſs Rochford; well perſuaded that its tenor was

too

too advantageous to the latter, not to be duly aſſerted by her relations. Mrs. Mordaunt, in purſuance of the plan ſhe had long before conceived of uniting Miſs Rochford with her ſon-in-law, bequeathed to each a very conſiderable legacy; unfettered, however, by any reſtriction. The greater part of her fortune was allotted to her ſon by Mr. Cavendiſh. No mention was made of Colonel Mordaunt but that the marriage articles preſcribed; and every particular was drawn up with a legal ſkill and preciſion that, while it denoted a maſterly hand, at once pointed out the diſtruſt and reſentment of her who dictated it.

That Colonel Mordaunt triumphed not in the ſpoils of the Cavendiſh family, could not but be gratifying to the man he had oppreſſed. In the tears of Lord Montreſor had been perfected the abſolution of the dead in this world, while his benediction,

together with Sir Arthur's, ſoon completed the happineſs of the living. And ſo deeply was the leſſon of moderation and ſelf-diſtruſt impreſſed on the heart of William Cavendiſh, that Miſs Rochford had, indeed, never cauſe to regret ſhe gave his life a charm, nor his father to bluſh for having ſtruggled to give it a diſtinction.

H. L.

THE

CLERGYMAN's TALE.

HENRY.

"Let your gentle wiſhes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled there is but one ſhamed that was never gracious; if killed but one dead that is willing to be ſo.—I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me—the world no injury, for in it have I nothing; only in this world I fill up a place that may be better ſupplied when I have made it empty."

SHAKESPEARE.

AT a county meeting of Warwickſhire gentlemen in the month of Auguſt, a propoſal was made for a party to ſhoot game in North Wales during the ſeaſon next enſuing. Among thoſe who joined to form it, was Mr. Pembroke; a gentleman by ſitu-

ation entitled to lead in any purſuit he adopted, but without the leaſt taſte for the one in queſtion, ſave that it was exerciſe. He had too feeling a mind not to diſcover that the aſſociated company, with the train of ſervants, dogs, and horſes, muſt be an intolerable grievance to the ruſtics, who yet dared not complain. Game the party rarely could find; but the riotous enjoyment of luxurious ſuppers, and a boundleſs indulgence of the bottle, made the major part of the company what is rather indefinitely expreſſed by the term *jolly*—a mode of felicity it had never been the fortune of Mr. Pembroke to partake in:—he often, therefore, ſtole from his aſſociates to ſeek in the ſequeſtered and wild ſcenes around him an indulgence more congenial to his taſte; and to ponder on a ſtrange though common calamity that empoiſoned the lot ſo many of his neighbours were for ever tempted to envy.

Mr.

Mr. Pembroke was a younger branch of that celebrated family, which, not valuing itſelf more on antiquity than achievements, had always proudly refuſed to bury *name* under *title*. A retired and literary taſte, early diſcovered by Mr. Pembroke, had made his father, whoſe fortune was ſcanty, deſtine this ſon for the church; and after a due progreſs he was ſent to Oxford, to finiſh his ſtudies, and take orders. With the ſolemn conſiderations of his future life, romantic viſions often blended in the heart of the young man, and his circle of ſociety was ſo confined that a couſin of his own name, as poor as himſelf, ſoon became their object. Nature had not been as niggardly as fortune to the lovers; therefore, in mutually pleaſing, there was no other difficulty than the ſweet doubt it is almoſt happineſs to know, though it is abſolute felicity to end. A remote proſpect of preferment was, however, all that flattered their wiſh of

uniting; and, till that uncertain good ſhould be theirs, the enamoured pair cheriſhed a tenderneſs which, while it governed the heart of the young lady, guided and elevated that of him ſhe preferred. By the ſingular whim of a very diſtant kinſman, and a happy coincidence of both chriſtian and ſurnames, it was pointed out to Mr. Pembroke, that he might claim, under a will made ere he was in exiſtence, the large poſſeſſions of the famous, or rather infamous, miſer Henry Pembroke of Farleigh—a lonely cipher in creation; who lived unbeloved, and died unlamented; having gratified the poor but ſingle pride of his nature, in erecting, merely to fill up his hours, and tax the ſtrength of thoſe labourers he ſcantily paid, a magnificent manſion, the very worſt room in which he thought too good for himſelf. Hardly had he accompliſhed this ſole labour of his almoſt animal exiſtence, ere death incloſed him in a much ſmaller habitation;

tation; and he left his large poſſeſſions as an eſtate in fee to the lawyers rather than to his heirs, ſo queſtionable was his whimſical teſtament. By a happineſs in his fortune rather than any peculiar right, and the profeſſional exertions of a counſel not more eminent for talents than a generous uſe of them, the young Henry Pembroke eſtabliſhed his claim; and had no ſooner taken poſſeſſion of Farleigh, and its domains, than he gratified his heart and married his couſin. And now, then, he was ſurely happy—Ah, no! he ſoon became painfully ſenſible that the ſpeck ſcarce ſeen in a character when contemplated through the medium of partiality, and at a diſtance, forces itſelf for ever on the eye when the object is contiguous; and, when that object is beloved, in time ſpreads over even the heart. Mrs. Pembroke no ſooner found an ample fortune added to that name ſhe regarded with a childiſh veneration, than ſhe buried

a thouſand merits under a ſingle failing. Lovely in perſon, accompliſhed, and ſenſible, with a benevolence of nature that made her to all ſhe thought inferior to herſelf a miniſtering angel, as ſuch was ſhe worſhipped by her poorer neighbours; while to her equals, or ſuperiors, her air became repulſive, her manners almoſt forbidding.—Her huſband was the laſt perſon to diſcover this foible, but not even he had influence enough over her to correct it.—Happily, though the vicinity of Farleigh ſupplied many genteel aſſociates, it had not any family entitled to diſpute conſequence with Mrs. Pembroke; of courſe ſhe lived amicably with all, and beloved by many of her neighbours: but whenever the ſeaſon for viſiting London recurred, her miſeries annually recommenced; and her *rights* in ſociety became the only ſubject of her converſation, the unremitting cauſe of domeſtic contention and rage. In vain her footmen

were

were drubbed,—in vain her coachman was often pulled from his box;—ſhe conſtantly diſmiſſed the clowns who gave way to an upſtart of yeſterday, though a coronet was on the carriage; and ſhe, by this ſingle foible, not only kept herſelf and ſervants, but her huſband, on an eternal fret. After a thouſand broils that made Mr. Pembroke bluſh, and a thouſand impertinencies he was ſometimes in danger of being obliged to defend, his lady declared the modes of a London life inſupportable to her, and gave up her town houſe as a needleſs expence. With a fond predilection for domeſtic ſociety, and a right to every indulgence fortune can give, Mr. Pembroke was, therefore, condemned to paſs the few months he neceſſarily attended the houſe of commons in a paltry confined lodging in London, while the remainder of the year he ſpent in a home ſo magnificent as to make him but the more ſenſible of the folly

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he ſuffered by. Nor was the arrogance of the Londoners Mrs. Pembroke's only affliction. A few years after her marriage ſhe began to ſuffer the *family* grief, and not having yet borne a child, ſhe was obliged to conclude the noble name ſhe inherited, for many generations renowned, would never be continued by herſelf.—No medicine did ſhe leave untried—no mineral water untaſted, that was recommended as likely to enable her to bring an heir to the *ancient houſe* of Pembroke.—Eighteen years had elapſed in vain hopes and new experiments, when, to the equal aſtoniſhment of herſelf and huſband, Mrs. Pembroke was obviouſly pregnant. Farleigh was immediately half pulled down, and new nurſeries adjoining to her own apartments erected for the expected ſtranger, with every modern improvements architects recommended, or her reading had ſuggeſted.—The appointed time made Mrs. Pembroke mother of—a

girl.

girl.—Hardly had ſhe gratitude enough to thank God for her own ſafety, or a living child, ſo mortified was ſhe at not having borne a boy. Her huſband, ſurpriſed to ſee himſelf in reality a father, felt no want of a ſon, while claſping the infant Julia to his boſom; and the mother at length reconciled herſelf to the cruel diſappointment.—Miſs Pembroke was committed to the care of her nurſe and maids, with an almoſt regal parade:—before ſhe could walk her anxious mother loſt whole ſleepleſs nights in conſidering what other miſſes ſhe could with propriety viſit, and, before ſhe could ſpeak, who it was poſſible ſhe could, without derogating from her birth, marry. Mr. Pembroke was ſoon made ſenſible it was not proper for him at all times and ſeaſons to run in and out of the apartment of Julia; and he had generally the ill luck to be too early or too late in ſeeking her company in the garden: for the apprehenſive mother

kept

kept a watch even upon the ſun, leſt he ſhould rudely viſit the delicate complexion of Miſs Pembroke.

Accuſtomed ſoon to ſubmit to what he could not approve, the liberal mind of the father ſaw in this childiſh pride and weak anxiety a thouſand dangers growing with the infant. With more eagerneſs than he ever prayed for one child did he now implore the ſaving bleſſing of a ſecond, that the hopes and attentions of his wife might at leaſt be divided:—of this he, however, found no probability; and he too fondly loved the mother of his Julia to pain her by a ſecret or illicit attachment.—*Julia*, therefore,—*her Julia*—*Miſs Pembroke* rather—to all human appearance was the ſole heireſs of Farleigh: — the doating mother daily aſſured the ſervants of this; they circulated the aſſurance among the neighbours; and all with one voice enforced it to the very

very child, when her mind became equal to comprehending the term.

Accuſtomed to ruminate on theſe domeſtic errors, and probable evils, Mr. Pembroke, as he grew into life, acquired a penſive abſtracted air, and a habit of wandering alone.—During this ſhooting excurſion nothing had occurred to call forth the ſocial principle, ſtill leſs any partial ſenſibility, in the generous ſoul of Mr. Pembroke, and his thoughts inſenſibly ſunk into their habitual channel. He found himſelf thoroughly tired; and taking his horſe early one morning, he ſeparated not only from his friends, but his ſervants, to follow without choice the path before him — it led to rich and ſolitary ſcenery; yet the hanging cots of the peaſants on ridges of the mountains ſometimes added the ſofter ſhades of life to thoſe almoſt ſavage. The woods ſoon ſheltered him from the obſervation of his jolly party,

party, and he found even loneliness enjoyment. Yet the beauties of nature his eye dwelt upon only shared his contemplations with his own peculiar destiny; and even while his senses luxuriously partook of pleasure, his heart was pinched to the core by a hopeless, a secret vexation.—To have Julia, his lovely, his amiable Julia, fostered in arrogance, while yet too young to rise into dignity, was indeed a cruel reflection. Yet, alas! how was it to be prevented!

The rude path the cattle had worn on the side of the mountain was overhung at intervals by red crags of rock, and at others by wildly spreading oaks; while here and there an humble hut exhibited the promise of society it could hardly be said to supply: from these the playful babes ran in and out, almost in a state of nature, and seemed, like the blossoms around them, to ripen on the breath of heaven. While gazing on a cluster

cluſter of theſe young ones, it ſuddenly croſſed Mr. Pembroke's mind that could he obtain, or purchaſe, a boy, by preſenting it to his wife as his own, he ſhould at once indirectly check the weak pride that ſhocked him, and by limiting her hopes of Julia's fortune, oblige her, in the education of a child ſo dear, a little to attend to his opinion. He recollected with ſurpriſe and pleaſure that he was alone, and it was the firſt time for many years he had ever been ſo. Secure, by this means, that no prying domeſtic could publiſh the truth, he reſolved to attempt obtaining an infant boy, to whom his patronage, and a liberal education would eventually make an ample amends for the maternal endearments he muſt neceſſarily deprive him of.

At this juncture a fine chubby-faced boy peeped over a crag juſt above his head, and ſhouting, gaily clapped his hands, and ran away.

away. Mr. Pembroke haſtily alighted, and hanging the bridle of his horſe over an antique ſtump of a tree, mounted the rude ſteps cut in the rock, and ſoon ſaw at the door of a miſerable cot, a little withered old woman knitting; while in the houſe one of the ſame ſex, but younger, was diſtributing a ſcanty breakfaſt to five children, of whom the boy in queſtion ſeemed to be the third.—On finding he was neither the youngeſt, nor the elder, Mr. Pembroke was perſuaded he would prove the one the mother would ſooneſt conſent to part with:—he therefore addreſſed the poor woman in the moſt ingratiating terms, but was in a manner confounded on finding ſhe did not underſtand him, and replied in a tongue to which he was no leſs a ſtranger. He now tried to engage the regards of the children; won them to play with his watch chain; and placing its appendage at the ear of each, delighted in the innocent ſurpriſe

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they all united to expreſs in the ſame unintelligible manner. Even their mother modeſtly drew near to ſurvey the ticking wonder; and Mr. Pembroke ſaw with aſtoniſhment that his own country could afford beings as wholly unverſed in the improvements of poliſhed life as the ſavages of America.—Of gold and its importance the poor woman had, however, a vague idea, by the air with which ſhe ſurveyed a well-filled purſe he had inadvertently put up when he left home, and till this moment found a troubleſome companion.—Gladly throwing it into the lap of the careworn matron, he thought his view accompliſhed, and the boy, he now took in his arms, henceforward his own. Here he however erred. Nature, moſt active in the moſt ignorant, made the mother, when ſhe learned from this action his deſign, fly into a tranſport of fear and fury: throwing back the purſe, ſhe appeared ready to ſe-

cond her incomprehenſible oration with blows; Mr. Pembroke therefore judged it wiſe haſtily to remount his horſe, and purſue his way down the path of the mountain. As is natural, in all caſes of diſappointment, he ſought, and found, every poſſible argument that might conſole him.—How, ſighed he, had I obtained this boy, could I ever have gained his affections? Ah, what babe have I ever loved like my own ſweet Julia! Nature, true, though indefinable, in all her operations, binds the parent to the child, and the child to the parent, by a ligament too fine for human art to form, or break. Yet, could I once have a boy, how ſweetly might my remaining years paſs away—in guiding, guarding, loving him, as well, though more rationally, as my wife does her daughter.

Mr. Pembroke's attention was ſuddenly detached from theſe contemplations by the exquiſite

exquiſite beauty of the ſolitude he had at length ſunk into. The road was cut through a woody dell, while jutting hills on either ſide half embowered him in variety of verdure, ſlightly tinted with the early hues of autumn. This beautiful road meandered in its courſe like a river; and the incloſing hills changed their appearance every ſtep his horſe made; now clothed to the round tops with velvet verdure; now only broken crags of richly ſhaded rock; now overhung with lofty woods. The dewy freſhneſs of the morning improved the romantic charm of the ſcene; for while the one enchanted the ſenſe, the other refreſhed it. That intuitive elegance and refinement which enables ſome minds to give half the graces they diſcover, made Mr. Pembroke check his horſe; and ſweetly loitering at every new turn, ſurvey with regret that he could no longer continue to behold. He was now in the very depth of the dell: an antique grey rock

ſeemed cleft by the club of ſome giant, and hanging over his head, diſcharged a mountain torrent, which, foaming acroſs the way, ruſhed along a ſtony moſs-grown bed, with a meandering courſe, ſimilar to that of the road. More curiouſly ſurveying the impending rock, he perceived a plank thrown as a bridge over the fall of water, from one point of ſtone to the other, with a ſlight baluſtrade; but ſo tottering and aërial appeared the whole conſtruction, that Mr. Pembroke rather concluded it to be an object from the window of ſome unſeen dwelling, than erected for any accommodation to man. Goats hung browzing about the bridge, and the whole wild ſcene ſtruck him as ſo pictureſque and intereſting, that, alighting, he rudely ſketched the outline in his pocket-book, reſolving to employ the evening in finiſhing the drawing, while yet the objects lived to his imagination.

Again

Again on horſeback, the turn of the ground ſhut at once from his eyes the road and brook that had ſo charmed them. He had not, however, proceeded far on his way, when he was rouſed by a deadly ſhriek, as of a human voice. He ſtarted—liſtened—but it was not repeated. Convinced that he had paſſed no veſtige of a human habitation, he was again proceeding, when a ſtrong conviction that the cry could not be that of any animal, ſtruck on his recollection: the mere poſſibility that the bridge had endangered ſome human being, made him feel it his duty to return and ſatisfy his mind. The pool formed at the foot of the rock, by the fall of the ſtreamlet, was ſo overgrown with buſhes, that it was not eaſy for Mr. Pembroke to penetrate through them; but how did he rejoice in his humane exertion when he found that it would ſave the life of a fellow-creature. Cloſe under the rock, on its face,

he beheld a child, either ſtunned by the fall or choked by the water. With the crook of his whip he caught the petticoats of the babe, and drew it near enough to take it up. Laden with the precious burden, he again forced his way through the brake. The uſual means ſoon made the infant diſgorge a quantity of water; and its kind preſerver tenderly chafed its little hands and temples. Yet he feared his cares were too late, as the only ſigns of life he could diſcover were a faint warmth, and almoſt imperceptible motion about the heart. Apprehending its little head was hurt, he threw up a profuſion of rich auburn ringlets which hung over a face that, though burnt by the ſun, appeared a model of beauty. A ſlight contuſion was diſcernible on the temple of the lovely boy, for ſuch Mr. Pembroke found his *protégé* to be. Happily, he had in his pocket a hunter's bottle of brandy, his wife ever carefully ordered his ſervant to put there;

and

and pouring a little of it down the throat of the child, he uſed ſome to bathe the ſwelling. Still the lovely infant continued motionleſs. Mr. Pembroke anxiouſly looked for ſome veſtige of a human dwelling, but in vain—never was ſcene more ſolitary! He hallooed; but the echo of his own voice was the only ſound that reached his ear. Diſtreſſed at the idea that the precious babe might die for want of proper aſſiſtance, he now lamented having dropped his company and ſervants. And who could the ſweet boy be? Lovely as a babe of paradiſe, yet clad in the raiment of poverty:—even his little feet were without ſhoes, and cut by the flint of the rock. While exerting himſelf to wring the infant's wet cloaths, ah! whiſpered his heart, if heaven ſhould have heard my prayer, and given me this boy to accompliſh my pure view, how happy will I make him. It is plain, whoever this child belongs to, his parents can hardly

maintain him; yet heaven, that denies me a ſon of my own, has given to theſe peaſants a Grecian cupid. But while I thus commune with myſelf, may I not ſuffer the bleſſing to eſcape me, and the babe to periſh for want of a ſurgeon? Mounting his horſe again, with the lifeleſs child before him, neſtled cloſe under his coat, Mr. Pembroke haſtened onward; vainly hoping that each turn of the road would bring him to a village or town, and no longer finding from his apprehenſions any charm in ſequeſtered ſcenery: but after deſcending another irregular mountain, he ſaw only a barren moor, acroſs which the road lay. His patience was nearly exhauſted, when, happily, nature did her own work, and relieved him from all fear on the infant's account. The brandy the little creature had inſenſibly imbibed, threw into his cheeks a richer crimſon than uſual; and opening at laſt a pair of beautiful black eyes, he ſtared

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confuſedly at Mr. Pembroke, and, burſting into tears, demanded vehemently ſome unknown perſon, in the ſame unintelligible tongue that had already embarraſſed his protector. That gentleman now ſeriouſly reprobated the ſupineneſs of the clergy, and the negligence of the ſchoolmaſters, who ought long ſince to have made Engliſh the only language in the king's dominions: yet, ſatisfying himſelf from this mark of infantine ignorance, that the boy his heart already adopted, was, however eminently endowed by nature, only the ſon of a herdſman, he no longer made it a queſtion whether he ſhould henceforward call him his own. In his diurnal ſtores he had ſome biſcuits and ſpiced bread, with which he ſought to calm the little agitations a moment produces, a moment diſperſes, at the happy age when reflection points not the pang. Of the firſt the babe partook with a heartineſs that ſhewed his breakfaſt had been but ſcanty; then, play-

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ing with the reſt, he would in turn feed his benefactor: at intervals, hiding his lovely head under the protecting coat, then archly peeping it out again with ſmiling irreſiſtible confidence and fondneſs. This child *may*, perhaps, love me, cried Mr. Pembroke, preſſing him yet cloſer—yes, this child *will* love me, for he is too young to be ſenſible of any tie ſtronger than that my heart now forms between us.—"Precious ſmiler!" added he, kiſſing the beautiful eyes of the endearing infant, "thou ſhalt be my own Henry—my Henry Pembroke!—I will join thy hand to Julia's as a brother; and to the laſt hour of my life ſhalt thou find father, mother, friend, in the man to whom heaven itſelf ſurely has given thee!"

Every moment confirmed this generous reſolution. Thoſe ſhort ſobs and imperfect moanings of the intereſting babe, that ſeemed to ſpring from the probable loſs of a ma-

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ternal boſom to lean on, now gave way to exquiſite delight. Mr. Pembroke almoſt fancied a horſe muſt be a new object to his *protégé*: yet, ſoon familiar with it, the child threw one of his graceful limbs over its neck, and with ſweet mimickry he too would manage it, he too would ſtroke its mane, and laviſh fond careſſes; till quite tired out, his little head ſunk againſt Mr. Pembroke's boſom, where fatigue ſoon threw him into a deep ſleep.

In this ſituation the travellers rode into a ſmall town, where alighting, Mr. Pembroke retired to a chamber; and putting with his own hands the ſleeping Cupid to bed, he haſtily ſummoned both a ſurgeon and a tailor; the former declared the contuſion trifling, and the limbs of the babe unhurt—the latter meaſured him as he ſlept for a maſculine habit, which for a double

payment

payment he agreed to ſit up all night to make.

The wiſh of knowing who the child at intervals yet moaned for, had wholly vaniſhed from the mind of Mr. Pembroke, ſince it now included a diſcovery of his origin, which, ſtrangely qualifying with his own conſcience, he was ſecretly determined *not* to know. Every perſon in this inn ſpoke Welch, for which reaſon he would not ſuffer one of the ſervants to come into the chamber, rather chuſing to ſleep with the babe himſelf.—The flood of tears, and new demands of the child on miſſing ſome one when he firſt waked, were at once, however, forgotten, when Mr. Pembroke produced his fine new boy's habiliments in the morning. Wholly taken up with this important change and acquiſition, the babe diſplayed a grace and manly ſpirit that

bound

bound for ever to his fate his generous benefactor.

A poſt-chaiſe was ordered, into which Mr. Pembroke lifted his little treaſure, and haſtily drove towards Warwickſhire; having ſent back a Welch lad to order home his ſuite from the mountains.—The apprehenſion he at firſt had of the child's addreſſing ſtrangers, now gave place to a degree of ſurpriſe at perceiving the terror he always ſhewed on the approach of unknown perſons, when he never failed eagerly to fly to thoſe arms which fondly folded him, grateful for the generous confidence.

It was not till the travellers were fairly out of Wales that Mr. Pembroke found himſelf at leiſure enough to conſider on the difficulty of diſpoſing of the little creature, for whoſe future welfare he had voluntarily made himſelf wholly reſponſible. He, on reflection,

flection, diverged from the line to his own houſe to put up at the Swan at Stratford upon Avon, which was among the demeſnes of Farleigh. Mrs. Fenton, who, with her huſband, had long been among his tenants, was herſelf a mother, and readily took to her good graces the little unintelligible Welchman. She ſummoned both her ſons from ſchool to play with and teach him Engliſh. Mr. Pembroke found, on examining thoſe boys, that they were in ſo good a train for education, as to determine him to place Henry with them, and the ſame maſter. That the lovely child might have a right to the name he was reſolved to give him, Mr. Pembroke requeſted Mr. and Mrs. Fenton to anſwer for him at the font, where he himſelf attended, and ſaw the intereſting ſtranger regiſtered by the name of Henry Pembroke. The good folks at the Swan melted into tears when they found the ſquire was "ſo main good to his little by-blow."

blow." Mr. Pembroke, with hardly leſs emotion, recommended him to their kindneſs, and implored heaven to render him affectionate and grateful to his *fond father*. Having ſeen the ſweet boy provided with every neceſſary, and eſtabliſhed a ſtrict intercourſe with Mrs. Fenton and the ſchoolmaſter, his benefactor ſat out for Farleigh.

An abſence ſo unuſual as the firſt ſurpriſed Mrs. Pembroke; its ſtrange continuance at Stratford diſtreſſed her: nor could ſhe forbear mingling ſome reproaches with the welcome her heart yet gave her huſband.—Julia knew only indulgence, felt only joy, and hanging round the neck of her dear, dear papa, implored him to ſtay with her for ever and ever. The tender father felt ſhocked at recollecting the mortifying check her mother's error muſt ſubject both to endure: not that his tenderneſs for his daughter had ſuffered any diminution; his libe-

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ral heart was large enough to contain both Julia and the intereſting Henry.

He was ſo near Stratford that he had often occaſion, and always opportunity, to viſit Henry; nor did he ever ſee him without renewing his thanks to heaven for ſingling him out to ſave ſo ſtriking, ſo ſuperior a creature. The affectionate boy was told the arms he flew into were thoſe of a father, and ſoon found Engliſh enough to impart to the beloved viſitor all his little joys and ſorrows; but with the Welch language he ſeemed to loſe all recollection of thoſe to whom he had ſpoken it. In reality, the age he had now reached, with the change in his dreſs, the variety of ſcenes and objects, together with the buſy, though uniform duties of a ſchool life, had at once effaced whatever had been impreſſed on his infant mind, which was in too crude a ſtate to know more than wants when Mr. Pembroke found him;

whoſe

whoſe generoſity cheriſhed thoſe firſt into wiſhes, which his fondneſs delighted to gratify. The more dear the boy became, the more difficulty did the nominal father find in avowing that title, leſt he ſhould be obliged to withdraw to a certain degree from the endearments of the child, or ſee Mrs. Pembroke's jealouſy and diſguſt embitter the ſweet boy's life, and perhaps his own. Almoſt forgetting the object he at firſt had in view, he half reſolved to bury in his boſom the ſecret, and by educating Henry at a greater diſtance from the family, keep his exiſtence for ever from his lady's knowledge.

This queſtion was, however, only one to his own boſom; for not a being around him was ignorant of the claim he had given the young Henry to his name; not one doubted the child's natural right to it. The grooms ſent the tidings through the maids to Mrs. Pembroke's and Miſs Julia's own wo-

men; who felt ſo much indignation at finding the latter had a rival in her father's affection, as to venture hinting this painful tale in Mrs. Pembroke's hearing. Though pride made that lady command them both to be ſilent, ſhe could not, alas! "unknow" what they had told her:—the conviction ſunk deep; for even her neighbours, as if impatient to convince her that ſhe had no more power to fix her huſband's faith than themſelves, ſent her in one day three anonymous letters; various in ſpelling and ſtyle, but agreeing in matter. Each ſeparately told her that Mr. Pembroke ſpent his whole time at the Swan at Stratford, where he kept a pretty bar-maid, and had by her a baſtard ſon. The pride which made Mrs. Pembroke a troubleſome member to ſociety, prevented her from becoming a torment to her huſband: ſhe burnt the letters without mentioning them, ſilenced the ſervants, and conducted herſelf with a dignified

nified mildneſs to Mr. Pembroke. But though the torch of jealouſy was turned inward it was not extinguiſhed: the cruel flame preyed on her very vitals. Conſtraint, ſadneſs, nervous complaints, tremulous anguiſh, at length proved to the huſband that his wife had found or felt the ſecret, and it became the leaſt pain he could give her to avow it. A word on her part concerning his abſence drew from a heart all her own the preconcerted tale he was reſolved to abide by:—"a hunting match—a country inn, a light, but lovely girl, who was determined to ſeduce him—intoxication—a moment of folly—an age of repentance—an angel boy the mother had died to give birth to, and whom it was his duty to love and provide for." Mrs. Pembroke heard this recital with a variety of emotions:—the man of her choice, the delicate, the refined Henry, —he whom alone ſhe loved,—had then been capable of a groſs and vulgar inclination—

and for a low and vulgar woman too!—ſtrange! incomprehenſible!—A moment's thought reminded her that this vulgar creature was dead, and ſhe had no longer the mortification of ſharing her huſband's affections with ſuch a rival. But then the child was yet living—Heavens! and could Miſs Pembroke be levelled one moment in the heart of her father with the offspring of a bar-maid! Mr. Pembroke's penetrating eye ſaw in that of his wife the whole chain of her ideas, and as it was only neceſſary to moderate her pride, he ſoothed her heart with new vows of faith, no more to be broken—of love that ſhould laſt for ever. She, ſomething fretfully, replied, that ſince the thing had happened, and could not now be otherwiſe, ſhe ſhould forgive him: though much ſhe wondered that he could forgive himſelf. What would *he* have thought, had ſhe for one moment deſcended to turn her eyes from himſelf to his groom?

groom?—She hoped, however, it did not form a part of his view to educate the poor wretched infant on a footing with Miſs Pembroke. Should the boy hereafter turn out well, ſhe might, perhaps, be brought to countenance him; and ſhould get her uncle in the Indies to puſh his fortune there: but that muſt be on the expreſs condition that he never attempted to take the name her daughter and the heireſs of their houſe bore, ſince that could only be perpetuated by her huſband's aſſuming it.—"Do you recollect, madam," cried Mr. Pembroke, coldly withdrawing the arms that a moment before fondly claſped her, "that you ſpeak to the father of Henry?—Forget not either that I can give a child ſo dear more than the name of Pembroke: correct this intolerable arrogance in yourſelf—check it early in Julia—educate her more humbly than heretofore; and when I ſee how ſhe adorns the vaunted name of Pembroke, I ſhall better

know what ſhare of my fortune to beſtow on the dear boy, who has no friend on the earth but myſelf.—I ſhall not trouble you to procure him the patronage of your uncle:—he will not need any, while heaven ſpares him a father."

Confirmed by this converſation in the propriety of checking the aſpiring haughtineſs of his wife, Mr. Pembroke no longer ſunk the name or ſuppoſed rights of Henry among his own family and dependents—he ſoon found it right to remove him to a more expenſive and improving ſchool, where, under a clergyman of the firſt manners and information, he ſaw the youth rapidly acquiring all that could either qualify him for ſociety, or embelliſh it.

Accuſtomed, at length, to admit a tie to which ſhe found it impoſſible to object, Mrs. Pembroke's tenderneſs for her huſband returned

turned in all its force. She ſighed to think that Julia had a partner in her father's heart; but ſatisfied ſhe herſelf had not any, ſhe relied on his acting generouſly towards his legitimate child. To judge what was to be expected, ſhe hinted a wiſh to "ſee the poor unhappy boy." A word was ſufficient; for Mr. Pembroke longed to make his Henry an inmate at Farleigh: and, deſpite of prejudice, his lady ſoon ſaw in all their force the charms and mental graces of Henry.—"That I ſhould ever wiſh to have been the mother of a bar-maid's ſon!" cried Mrs. Pembroke, turning to throw herſelf into the arms of her huſband. "But is not this lovely child the ſon too of my Henry?"—The little Julia, enchanted to have got a brother ſhe knew not how, entwined her white arms every moment round his neck, and he amply returned her infantine careſſes.

Henry from this moment became a part

of the family; and as Mrs. Pembroke promiſed never to refer to the misfortune of his birth, and faithfully kept her word, it was wholly dropped among the domeſtics. Mr. Pembroke heard from that time more of his daughter, and leſs of his heireſs; nor was this tender condeſcenſion in the partner of his life loſt on him. He no longer held up Henry to her as the rival of Julia, whoſe rights he regarded as inviolate: always declaring that her brother ſhould, at a proper age, embark in whatever liberal profeſſion he might prefer, and derive no more from himſelf than an income that would give him ſafety in launching into life.

The amiable Julia, as her years increaſed, ſaw the ſituation of Henry in a more intereſting point of view. Her maid, affectionate but ignorant, had early informed her of her own advantages, and the humiliation annexed to her brother's birth. Far

from

from exulting in her ſuperior rights, as Julia grew old enough to eſtimate, ſhe learnt to bluſh for them; and took delight in giving the lead on all occaſions to Henry; from whoſe more improved underſtanding ſhe derived infinite advantages. This was, indeed, a recompenſe to her father. What could he deſire but to ſee this generous principle actuating the ſoul of his Julia, and the ſon he had adopted ſo worthy to excite it? The pureſt peace and pleaſure ſeemed to have fixed their abode at Farleigh, when an unforeſeen occurrence put them both to flight in a moment.

The day that gave Julia to the world had been, from its firſt return, annually celebrated in a ſumptuous manner by her fond mother. That which made her fourteen demanded more than uſual conſideration, and all the neighbouring young families were invited to a *fête champêtre*, at which

Julia

Julia with her brother were to preſide; while the various parents formed a ſeparate party. The latter were yet in the dining parlour, when Maſter Vernon ruſhed in with a ſwelled forehead and a bloody noſe, to claim his mother's protection from the fury of Henry. The youth in queſtion followed, though apparently without any hoſtile intention. Mr. Pembroke, vexed at ſeeing the pleaſure of the young ones thus broken in upon, and particularly hurt by this breach of hoſpitality and decorum on the part of Henry, threatened hereafter to call him to a ſevere account for the inſult to Maſter Vernon. "I know of none, father," returned Henry, "committed by me.—Maſter Vernon, becauſe he was a great hulking fellow, thought he might hawl and kiſs Miſs Pembroke, whether ſhe would or no. —She called on me to protect her, but he would not let her go—ſo I knocked him down—that's all."—"No, that is not all," cried

cried his ſobbing antagoniſt, whoſe face his mamma was tenderly dabbing with her cambric handkerchief. "Well, if I muſt tell the reſt," ſullenly added Henry, "I muſt."—"Ay, do young man," ſaid the incenſed Mrs. Vernon, in a flame:—"my Frank is the gentleſt, deareſt creature in the world!"—"He knows how to give a provocation, though he does not know how to take a puniſhment," rejoined Henry.—"I am ſure, angry as my father ſeems, he would not wiſh me to allow any body's ſon to call his a baſtard—a baſe-born brat."—What became of Mr. Pembroke at theſe words? He preſſed the indignantly glowing face of the gallant boy to his boſom, while his own was ſuffuſed with even a deeper ſcarlet Mrs. Vernon completed the diſtreſs of both by a coarſe-minded apology for her dear Frank's coming out with this unlucky truth. The bright eyes of Henry, now fixed in aſtoniſhment at the *éclairciſſe-*

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ment, and now flaſhing fire at the manner of it, turned from his father to the lady, from the lady to his father.—Seeming at length to recover utterance—"*Am* I then indeed a baſtard, Sir?" cried he to Mr. Pembroke:—"only tell me that—*am* I indeed a baſe-born beggar's brat?"—"This matter muſt be diſcuſſed hereafter," returned that gentleman in a faultering voice, and with a diſorder that ſtruck conviction, like a dagger, through the heart of Henry. The tears his pride had hitherto ſuppreſſed, now fell in torrents from his eyes:—he raiſed them and his innocent hands in ſpeechleſs reproach to heaven; then fondly claſping his father, ran abruptly out of the room.

The neceſſity of appeaſing an ignorant woman, with other attentions to his gueſts, had a little withdrawn Mr. Pembroke's thoughts from this painful occurrence, when now Julia, with hardly leſs perturbation,

made

made her appearance, to inquire of her father where he had ſent Henry; as the whole young party waited only for him to begin the ball. This queſtion produced a general alarm, but no information. Henry, after a minute inquiry, was not to be found:—the gaiety of the day vaniſhed with him—Julia cried herſelf ſick—her mother was ſolely intent on ſoothing her—Mrs. Vernon in a manner miſerable at her ſon's diſfigured face—and Mr. Pembroke, half diſtracted, leſt the high ſpirit of Henry ſhould produce any further ill conſequence. All the ſervants ran different ways, inquiring for him; but the gardener, who particularly loved, was determined to ſeek, till he found, the truant. The probable protectors of the boy were not ſo numerous as to perplex thoſe in purſuit; and Henry's humble friend at once traced him to the Swan at Stratford.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fenton with great ſurpriſe greeted the faithful inquirer, and informed him Maſter Henry was at that moment faſt aſleep; having arrived early in the morning (he too probably walked half the night), with ſwoln eyes and bliſtered feet. He then immediately embarraſſed Mrs. Fenton with queſtioning her cloſely about his birth. Her anſwers were, however, far from ſoothing his feelings, or ſatisfying his pride. He ſtood awhile quite aghaſt and ſilent, then ſadly ſighed, and faintly repeated, "The illiberal ſcoundrel was in the right, and I have no friend but Almighty God!—to him then," cried he, falling on his knees in a paſſion of tears, "do I commend myſelf, and abjure any other father!" Mrs. Fenton now perſuaded him to bathe his weary feet, and retire to bed.

The gardener, holding it wiſe to ſtay with the youth, diſpatched a meſſenger to relieve

Mr.

Mr. Pembroke's anxiety; and Henry, on awaking, learnt from his ſorrowful friend Mrs. Fenton, that the truſty Thomas had been ſent to attend him home.—"No, madam," replied the gallant boy, "I have no home—I know not how to bluſh before my father's ſervants!—If he was aſhamed to marry my mother, it is a puniſhment impoſed on him to bluſh before the ſon, to whom he has given an ignominious being!"—And bluſh Mr. Pembroke did; for though in another room, he loſt not a ſyllable of the noble boy's ſpirited language. So elevated a pride could not but add to Henry's merits in the eyes of his benefactor; yet how was he to ſoothe it? He ſometimes meditated diſcloſing the whole affecting truth: but would the youth, who could not brook ranking as an extraneous branch of a noble and affluent family, endure to be told he ſprung from beggary, and was reared by compaſſion?—Perhaps, the fear of loſing

his

his hold on Henry's affections, rather dictated this caution to Mr. Pembroke than the apparent conſideration for the youth's pride; ſince even while unreſolved what to tell, or what to hide, he haſtily broke in, and catching the dear exhauſted youth in his arms, was choked with a variety of emotions.—Henry ardently claſped his only friend, without daring to lift his pious eyes to his face, leſt they ſhould behold there the ſhame of a parent. "I complain not, my father," ſobbed he, claſping Mr. Pembroke yet cloſer:—"no, bitter muſt be your feeling already, that you gave me not a right to the name you never denied me.—Yet this inſulted, illegitimate Henry knows not how to diſhonour it.—An indignity like that of yeſterday I never can again endure.—*Name* I now too certainly know I have not; but a determined ſpirit ſometimes riſes above the injuſtice of fortune, and makes one for itſelf.—That I may be enabled

to

to return to you without bluſhing, let me have your bleſſing, your prayers, my beloved father—never till that hour ſhall I ſee Farleigh—never more behold my angel ſiſter.—Yet tell our Julia I will ſtrain every nerve to learn how in future to protect her from inſult,—myſelf from ignominy.

Mr. Pembroke flattered himſelf that in a few days theſe irritated feelings would ſubſide, and he ſhould recover his influence with the youth. On the contrary, a fixedneſs of conduct took place in Henry of the firſt tranſports of anger, which impreſſed his nominal father as ſomething almoſt unnaturally noble. When further urged to go home,—"Never, my father," returned the gallant boy, "till I have been a ſoldier;—I will be only a ſoldier—diſcard me not unbleſſed—beſtow on me a ſword, and leave me to carve my own fortune."

Mr. Pembroke ſoon found a reſolution, that never ſeemed to enter the youth's head till this unlucky brawl, invincible. The irritation of immediate injury ſubſided, but a melancholy inſurmountable determination ſucceeded. It was at length agreed that Henry ſhould no more be urged to reviſit Farleigh; and his benefactor accompanied him to London; in the vicinity of which the youth was placed at a military academy of eminence. Henry had too true a taſte for ſcience in general to confine himſelf to tactics; and his early days were ſo devoted to literature as to fill his mind with whatever might make his future life diſtinguiſhed and happy.

It was now diſcovered by Julia that ſhe wanted more eminent maſters than the neighbourhood of Farleigh afforded; and the delicate ſtate of health Mrs. Pembroke ſuddenly fell into, made all the punctilios ſhe

ſhe had formerly inſiſted on in London, no longer of importance in her eyes. The family again paſſed part of every year there; and Henry had ſoon the ſorrowful but ſweet indulgence of blending his filial tears with thoſe of Julia for the approaching fate of her valuable mother. That no ſecret anxiety might embitter the hour of mortality, Mr. Pembroke generouſly executed a deed of truſt, enſuring all his poſſeſſions after his own death to the darling daughter of both, allotting to Henry only a ſmall eſtate of five hundred a year:—the right of ſurvivorſhip, ſhould Julia die without iſſue, he, however, wiſely ſecured to him. The near approach of death, that awful levelling principle, had almoſt wholly removed from Mrs. Pembroke's mind the poor pride by which it was once actuated; and the high ſpirit of Henry had impreſſed her with a very partial regard for him. "Ah! Madam," cried that youth, when firſt they met

in London, "I knew not till the moment of inſult half my obligations to you,—but can I ever forget them?"—He knelt, and kiſſing her hand preſſed it with reverence to his heart.—"And Julia too!" added he, remembering well he owed no leſs to the ſweet girl, hanging over him with increaſed fondneſs, from recollecting that ſhe had been the innocent cauſe of the indignity which drove him from Farleigh.—"Is it poſſible," ſighed poor Mrs. Pembroke, "that this noble creature ſhould be the ſon of a bar-maid?"—"Alas! that this charming Henry ſhould be my brother,"—faintly then would murmur her daughter.

Each time the family returned to London conſiderably altered and improved Henry: his carriage, formed by military exerciſe even in tender youth, became manly; his mind imbued with knowledge firm—Mrs. Pembroke found, in the painful neceſſity of preparing

preparing to part with her huſband and daughter, new motives for valuing the youth to whom they were both ſo precious. She every day, every hour, commended to his care, his fondneſs, his protection, the gentle girl already growing too dear to him.—Softened and impreſſed by her ſick mother's addreſs, the agitated Henry ſometimes flew to Julia, who, throwing herſelf freely into his arms, left on his cheek tears that ſunk into his heart. New to emotion, he often flattered himſelf that the ſuffocating throbs of ſuch moments were only due to the occaſion; while at others, prolonging the ſweet embrace, he bluſhed at having dared to do ſo, and almoſt reſolved to ſhun for ever the exquiſite temptation.

Mrs. Pembroke expired at Farleigh, bequeathing to Henry a ſum of money, the marriage articles had left at her own diſpoſal, her magnificent watch, and a mourn-

ing ring, on which was engraved "remember."—Henry looked on it, and thought ſhe had ſeen into his ſoul. It felt like the ring of Amurath.—With this memorial of kindneſs came letters from Mr. Pembroke, and Julia, fraught with that and ſorrow: both equally conjured him to ſacrifice the diſguſt he had to Farleigh to the love that ſummoned him thither, and, by his return, animate the home thus ſuddenly become deſolate and cheerleſs to its poſſeſſors.

Henry was apparently about eighteen; and had gone through his military exerciſes with a ſpirit, ſtrength, and ſkill, that ſecured him from all future indignity: nor did he now excuſe himſelf from returning only becauſe diſguſted; though ſtill he felt it was impoſſible he ſhould forget the mortifying, the illiberal inſult of young Vernon.—Impoſſible he ſhould reach the place his heart told him he was entitled to hold

in

in ſociety by any thing but his own exertions—alas! his pride he would gladly have ſacrificed to his ſiſter's requeſt, had not the quickened pulſation in every nerve, whenever the thought of Farleigh occurred, told him the alarming truth, that it was Julia he would conſtantly ſee—Julia he would ever hear—Julia alone his ſoul deſired.—Oh! no,—tempt me not, cried he, ere he broke the ſeal of every letter,—tempt me not, faireſt of creatures, my beſt beloved, never muſt I viſit Farleigh; at leaſt not till I have conquered the feeling that alone makes exiſtence worth having.—On the contrary, the youth implored for liberty to ſerve abroad; and Mr. Pembroke at length conſented. To purchaſe him a commiſſion, that gentleman, with Julia, again came to town:—the cheek of Henry burnt with indignation at the propoſal.—"Is honour then bought and ſold, my father?

Such honour a ſon of yours muſt diſdain.—Your Henry muſt owe to his own exertions the rank he obtains: let me ſerve the gallant Wolfe as a volunteer; for that only will I be."

As ſuch young Pembroke was preſented to the firſt commander of his time, now on the point of undertaking the memorable expedition againſt Canada. Minds like Henry's claimed his diſtinguiſhing regard; nor was it ever wanting to the worthy. The magnanimous general, ſtruck with the glowing grace of conſcious integrity that marked alike the youth's carriage and addreſs, flattered both father and ſon with the happieſt predictions of the future fortune of the volunteer. Mr. Pembroke and Julia accompanied Henry to the port; the one fondly loading him with advice, the other no leſs fondly imploring it from him; nor did

did ſhe once interrupt him but with an aſſurance that every word he uttered was indelibly engraven on her heart.

Oh, pure and elevating ſenſe of duty! of what privations art thou not capable? With dauntleſs heroiſm this youth tore himſelf thus early from the only two beings in creation who had an intereſt in his welfare, a claim upon his feelings. Julia was unconſcious of the power of the taliſman ſhe hung upon the heart of Henry, when, on ſeeing him anxiouſly contemplate the rich curls of her auburn hair, as they playfully fell over her mourning habit, ſhe inſtantly cut off the moſt beautiful of them all, and opening a ſpring behind her father's picture, incloſed there the precious treaſure, and threw the chain from her own neck over that of Henry. He preſſed the invaluable gift to his lips;—he preſſed too with a ſoft ſigh the lovely hand that gave it—

it—then haſtily glanced his eye on his mourning ring, and murmured emphatically the motto.—Impatiently he ruſhed to the arms of Mr. Pembroke, and with a deſperate reſolution flew into the boat that bore him to his military companions.

What a ſudden, what a chilling change did Henry find alike in the ſcene and in his fate!—Delighting in all the ſciences, but an adept only in that of the heart, the young volunteer knew none of the little arts of life, ſtill leſs did he know thoſe of war. He was yet to learn that where one man bears arms from the love of glory, thouſands ſeek in them a mere profeſſion: but his diſcernment was too acute for him not to diſcover that a volunteer is underſtood to be another term for a military Quixote, and that he himſelf was conſidered by all around him rather as an indulged ſon of a rich man, who could only by experience be cured of a whim,

whim, than as a bold and unſupported individual ſteadily purſuing a ſingle and a great object. The elevated mind of his commander enabled him to form a juſter calculation: and Henry ſoon won from the heroic Wolfe marks of confidence, and inſtances of truſt, that gratified his feelings, and fixed his ſervices.

In the tedious and unpromiſing campaign the glorious leader had "room for meditation even to madneſs;" and few around him caught from his eye with the quickneſs of Henry the impulſe of his mind: but the ſituation was too important, the doubts too awful, for either to ſpeak. Yet, if a ſervice of danger occurred,

Henry was ready ere he called his name,
And though he called another, Henry came.

So happy was the youth in executing the orders

orders given him, that the General ſoon offered him a commiſſion. Pardon me, Sir, returned the volunteer, I have not yet deſerved it :—theſe few words made ſuch an impreſſion upon the gallant Wolfe as in other circumſtances would have enſured his fortune. Riſing thus without rank through the ſmile of the General into conſequence, young Pembroke inſenſibly changed from a humoured boy into a military phænomenon. It became the faſhion in the camp thus to treat him, and the home diſpatches ſpoke the ſame language. Mr. Pembroke now never viſited the ſecretary's office, or bowed at the miniſter's levee, that he was not congratulated on the glory Henry was acquiring even in his nonage.

A pleaſure like this was perhaps neceſſary to compenſate to Mr. Pembroke's heart for a chagrin even his beloved Julia gave him. Hardly had ſhe appeared in elegant

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life ere ſhe attracted ſo much admiration as to enſure her a choice in moſt families entitled to match into hers; but not one lover would Julia condeſcend to favour. To ſee her happily married was the great object with her father, and his own judgment ſoon inclined him towards a gentleman, who had ſuch a diſadvantage to encounter in the mind of Miſs Pembroke as hardly left him a chance of being eſtimated by his merits. This unlucky lover was young Vernon, who, when a rude ſpoilt boy, had, by a groſs ſpeech, driven Henry from Farleigh. His ripened underſtanding made him unable to remember the moment without bluſhing. The weak misjudging mother who had cheriſhed his faults was long ſince dead. A liberal education, and juſt turn of thinking, had rendered young Vernon in perſon, mind, and manners, no leſs than fortune, a match ſo entirely unexceptionable for Julia, that ſhe now ſhed almoſt

as

as many tears at finding him without a fault, as ſhe formerly did for the conſequence of his groſs one.

Although Mr. Pembroke knew not how to exert authority in a point ſo delicate, it was ſo near his heart, that he reſolved to add to his own influence that of Henry. He enlarged on the altered and ſuperior character of young Vernon, and called upon the candour of his darling ſon to diſmiſs from his mind any little ſelfiſh recollection of the boyiſh quarrel between them, and to ſecond his wiſhes for this match in his correſpondence with Julia: aſſuring him that, ſhould ſhe be won to accept Vernon, he would find in her huſband a brother and a friend infinitely to be reſpected and valued. "Vernon the huſband of Julia!"—diſcordant was the ſound to Henry's ear,—odious the words to his eye: and if ſhe muſt enrich the hand of ſome man, did the world afford

afford no one worthy of her but Vernon?—Could his father forget, then, that this youth firſt rendered him an exile, an alien from that manſion he now inſolently ſought to dwell in, and dwell there the lord of Julia—perhaps her beloved. Spleen, jealouſy, a thouſand humiliating embittered reflexions crowded into his bleeding heart. The letter of Julia was yet in his hand,—the ſeal unbroken:—he pauſed in trembling anxiety, then threw it diſdainfully from him, as if aſſured that he ſhould there read only a confirmation of the merit, the triumph, the felicity of Vernon, and ſhrink under the cruel ſenſe of his own inſignificance, his iſolated ſtate in ſociety. The young mind generally makes the moſt of its miſery ere it deigns to doubt whether it has not exceeded. Henry, worn out at length with fretting, ſuddenly reproached himſelf with caprice; and, kneeling with tender devotion,

took

took up the rejected packet, and kiſſed the characters the fair hand of Julia had traced. Rapidly paſſed his eager eye over a long letter without once catching the name he deteſted. Ah! no, the delicate Julia would not wound his ſenſibility, or quicken his recollection by telling him of the pretenſions of Vernon. She wrote only of himſelf,—implored for long letters, a little to enliven the dullneſs of Farleigh; which grew every day more intolerable now he was out of all poſſible reach. She concluded with telling him, that a little touch of the gout their father had been ſeized with, had enabled her to engage a neighbouring phyſician to order him to Bath; from whence ſhe hoped to perſuade him to ſet out on a tour through Wales, where it was her ſecret object to diſcover ſome romantic ſolitary abode, like that they had often imagined together, where ſhe would,

if

if poſſible, reſide till he ſhould return crowned with laurels, once more to dwell with them at Farleigh.

And now the ſoul of Henry overflowed with wild undefinable tenderneſs. Alone, in the wilds of Canada, he enjoyed a pleaſure ſo perfect that many a long life has been ſpent in unlimited indulgence without affording the voluptuary ſuch a moment.—"No, Julia," ſighed he, as fancy ſobered into reaſon, "I cannot, dare not return to Farleigh:—born to live *for*, it is not my happy fate to live *with*, you: yet, oh! had it been young Vernon's."—He now reſorted to his clarionet; and running imperfectly over the favourite airs of Julia, almoſt believed he heard her ſoft applauſe;—a hoarſer voice, however, broke the reverie—"I once, young gentleman, played that inſtrument better than you can." Henry, ſomething ſurpriſed, raiſed his eyes to a ſilver-headed

ſurly veteran, nicknamed in the camp the miſanthrope. So ſeldom was his taciturnity broken, that he ſeemed now only to have transferred it; for Henry gazed on him in ſilence. "You do not manage your ſtops well," added the ſtranger, with more conciliation of tone. "Will you who thus criticiſe have the goodneſs to improve me," returned the youth, reſpectfully tendering the inſtrument. "How ſhould I play?" gruffly returned the old man; "do you not ſee my right arm is uſeleſs." Henry's ſympathetic glance atoned for his overſight; and his new friend then more mildly added, "I may put you in a better way for all that."

The ſtranger did not over-rate his muſical ſkill, for in a very ſhort time Henry touched, by his advice, yet more exquiſitely the clarionet. Nor did their intercourſe end there: the retreating dignity of the war-worn veteran was calculated to impreſs a nature like Henry's.

Henry's. "Although you never till now noticed me," ſaid the old man, "I have ſat hours in the woods to liſten to you;—your inſtrument I was once thought to excel on; and muſic is ſtill," added he, ſighing, "my paſſion—my only paſſion."—"And I will play whole hours," politely added Henry, "to give you the pleaſure you can no longer give yourſelf."

Henry, though accuſtomed to military banter, and equal to returning it, was ſomething ſurpriſed at ſeeing a gay young officer at the meſs lift up his hands and eyes when he conveyed a ſlice of beef to his plate. Unable to interpret this without inquiry, the whole party pleaſantly anſwered, that they concluded he muſt have renounced all ſuch groſs ſinful food, now he was got ſo great with old Pythagoras.—This could apply only to the lame and intereſting veteran; and Henry kept up the ſubject to

learn all the young men knew of his hiſtory;—that was compriſed in a few words. Cary, he underſtood, had from early youth been an officer, but of a fickle turn and melancholy temper, which had made him often change commiſſions to ſee new ſervice; till having from a wound in his right arm loſt the uſe of it, he ſold out; and, living contentedly on a very little, had travelled from curioſity almoſt over the whole world.—Enthuſiaſm inhabits not the heart while the affections are uncheriſhed; but, deſtined to form a part of every nature, it then paſſes into the underſtanding. A long reſidence in the houſe of a Bramin on the banks of the Ganges, had inured Cary to the pure and ſimple habits of that ſect, inſomuch that he no longer taſted animal food, and was ſaid to believe in their doctrine of the metempſychoſis.—"You have ſeen his two fine ſpaniels?" ſaid the relater, on concluding his ſtory.—"They are too beautiful to be

over-

overlooked," returned Henry.—"Curſe me!" added a raw enſign, "if I don't think the queer codger fancies them his near relations; for he made a devil of a row when I had one of them ſtolen, and ſhut up for a couple of days, juſt to ſee what old Brama would do when he miſſed her." Alas! thought Henry, how ſevere muſt have been the unknown affliction which has thus bewildered a brain rational in all other inſtances. "But the beſt joke of all," cried another flimſy wit, "is, that the comical put, though he has only one hand, would as ſoon uſe that to fire one of us off at the mouth of a cannon as take a pinch of ſnuff; and what polite reaſon does he give, think you?—why, he ſays it may, perhaps, be a kindneſs, as we ſhall then get a new form; and we ſhall have deviliſh bad luck if we ſhould ever become any thing worſe than we now are." At this ſpeech Henry's muſ-

cles relaxed unconſciouſly into a ſmile, and he felt his partiality for Cary increaſed.

As ſoon as the hoary veteran found that a youth univerſally courted took pleaſure in tracing him through the ſolitudes he rather ſought, becauſe he knew not where to meet a congenial mind, than from miſanthropy, his harſhneſs of character wholly diſappeared. It was Henry's generous wiſh to ſteal into his confidence, that from finding the point whence his reaſon diverged (for even he thought it at intervals wandered), he might gradually, perhaps, bring it back to the path of right.—Although profoundly ſilent on the ſorrowful paſt, this tender conſideration had a charm for the abſtracted Cary, and chance ſoon cemented to friendſhip an acquaintance chance had ſo oddly began. The attachment had the ſanction of General Wolfe. He had ſelected Cary as an engineer,

neer, a poſt for which his long experience eminently qualified him. Often did the friends lean on a cannon, and confer by looks, as the heroic General ſought to ſmile off in ſocial intercourſe the heavy weight of the war, ſo plainly depicted on his ingenuous countenance.

Environed with variety of dangers, and confined to narrow boundaries in the region of ſylvan beauty, the impatient Engliſh waſted of neceſſity thoſe precious days that could not now be many, in petty ſkirmiſhes and vain efforts to bring to a battle that enemy, who, ſecurely intrenched, knew much might be loſt, but nothing gained by this meaſure. The high and valorous ſpirit of General Wolfe could not brook retreating without a conflict; and every paſſing hour preſſed on him the recollection of that approaching one, when nature, periodically, in Canada locks up all her treaſures beneath moun-

tains of ſnow, and maſſes of ice. With gelid breath ſhe there binds to ſolidity the impetuous rivers; and for the emulation and envy of proud man, conſtructs magnificent bridges of materials ſo frangible, that the ſun-beams might annihilate them; over which for months paſs and repaſs buſy multitudes, utterly regardleſs of that wonder they annually witneſs.

The ſuffering of mind that allows not of communication, uſually preys upon the conſtitution, and General Wolfe was ſeized with a malady medicine never cured.—It was now only he knew the value of Henry Pembroke's devoted regard; who watched over the important invalid with the ſpirit of a man, and the ſoftneſs of a woman:—dear remembrances from home lightened the hours, and the letter of Julia, a thouſand times read, ſtill excited in Henry the ſame delight.

LETTER.

" Caſtle St. Hilary.

" A little volume from our precious volunteer has been at laſt ſent hither after us. —Henry is well. — Oh! what a weight did this take from both my father's heart and my own.—I paſs over all your maſterly and beautiful deſcriptions, my beloved brother, of the country, for I can only be intereſted or entertained when you ſpeak of yourſelf.

" Ah! Henry, are you ſtill, then, fond of a camp? — Have you forgot us, in the pride of attaching the regard of your glorious commander? — Why oblige us alike to adore him? In vain you argue on the impoſſibility of your ſafety being riſqued, while it is the intereſt of the French to

avoid

avoid an engagement, and the choice reſts with their General, not yours. — Rumour, my dear Henry, ſad and ſerious rumour, ſhews the fallacy of this opinion: — had you a leader of a common character, you would be certainly in no danger; but that many-headed monſter the public, without capacity to judge, or information to ground judgment on, already queſtions the conduct of your General, and he has too heroic a ſoul not to prefer glory to life: — at leaſt, thus have you taught us to believe; — how, then, can I be at eaſe?

"Yet I think my miſerable anxiety is abated, ſince we got out of the gay ſcenes of Bath; where my poor father lived through each day only by the expectation of the newſpaper of the preceding one; and my very ſoul was haraſſed with the inſipid conjectures of my pump-room companions; who often loſt in the ſight of a new face,

face, or a new bonnet, all recollection of Canada, and the war.

" Yet let me diſtinguiſh one among the many, ſo charming, that my heart made almoſt a friend of her, and my father's almoſt a wife.—Nay, ſtart not, my Henry!—our father is only a man, and Lady Trevallyn ſeems ſomething more than a woman. Made *for*, and a little *by*, the world, the high air of *ton*, and finiſh of beauty, have not deſtroyed the warmth of her heart, or the enchanting *naïveté* of her manners. She has tried hard to make me as fine a lady; but I have ſtill my old trick of bluſhing, either at my own faults or other people's. I do not accuſe her of plotting on my father's heart, obſerve, for ſhe reigns in too many to make that of a man of his age or rank an acquiſition; but I took notice he never left home when ſhe was there, and that was almoſt continually; for we lived

next door to each other.—The manſion I date from is her's, or rather her ſon's, where ſhe has promiſed us a viſit.—Ah! ſhould fortune ſend our Henry to us at the ſame juncture!—why he too would be chained to the car of Lady Trevallyn; and I muſt thank one of her ſchoolboy ſons for gallanting me about. She is neither too old nor too wiſe to be entertained with flights of imagination, by vulgar ſouls ycleped romance; and after I had drawn one of my uſual paſtoral wild pictures of a Welch retreat, in which I meditated burying both my father and myſelf, during your abſence, ſhe aſſured me, that Caſtle St. Hilary was the very dwelling I had by intuition deſcribed: ſave that its antiquity was ſuch, that "were Sampſon now alive, and ſhould take any exception either to the building or the company, a ſingle ſhake of his would pull it about our ears. The rocks were already ſo ſociable as to nod at each other over our heads;

heads; and the waterfalls, as inceſſantly melodious as heart could deſire. The anchorites of the mountains were, indeed, rather more numerous than we might like; but, luckily, they went on four legs; and however magnificent their beards, neither troubled us with their lectures nor their company."—I liked the deſcription, and my father the lady:—a blind bargain was ſtruck between our family ſtewards; and when our lovely widow, with other waterfowl, took wing for Weymouth, we ſat out on the tour of Wales.

"Pray, did you ever ſuſpect our father of turning author?—or has he newly taken up the idea?—His travels through Wales, I am convinced, he muſt deſign ſhortly to treat the public with; ornamented with drawings by a young lady, for her own amuſement: for had I not had my port-folio and pencils, I know not how I could have

have paſſed the long intervals of his abſence. With feet ſtill tender, and a gouty cough, never did he eſpy from the chaiſe-window a ſhady dell or winding road, but John was ſtopped, and he muſt explore it. A ſtony brook was as ſure an attraction to him as if the nymph of the ſtream had been braiding her green locks, and waiting for him by appointment at its ſource. At length we reached this ſweet abode—this ſolitary caſtle.—Erected, in the eye of fancy, as we look up to it from the road, on the very boundary of creation; one ſeems with pilgrim devotion to depoſit all human cares and follies at the foot of the mountain it ſtands on, and find here a kind of reſting place between earth and heaven; to which it ſo nearly approaches, that I ſometimes fancy I ſee my guardian ſpirit, as each neighbourly cloud breaks, and ſurely breathe ſomething of celeſtial peace and purity.

"Had

"Had I my beloved Henry for a guide and protector, I would run about theſe mountains like a chamois, and not leave a ſpot unviſited. I know not what the charms of Canada may be, but do not think we need go ſo far to find all our viſions of beauty, and retired felicity realiſed. — At leaſt come and journey through Wales with me before you decide. — Let your eye wander here through the rich foliage of the woods that fill the hollows, then lift them to the groteſque ſummits ſo far above you—climb as though you were ſcaling heaven, and you will look down on the village of St. Hilary and its caſtle, as bee-hives in a garden, while one rude mountain ſeems to ſhoulder another, far as the eye can reach,—a ſea of green billows fixed into ſolidity by the fiat of the Almighty. — How the ſoul feels at once its force and its feebleneſs in contemplating ſcenes like this! — the myſterious image of immenſe power overſhadows us, and im-

perfect

perfect humanity can only glorify by ſilence the Creator of all things, and wonder a mite ſhould have that privilege: — to this ſpot I reſort when I can reach ſo far, and often conjecture whether my dear Henry ſees at the ſame moment a ſcene as grand, or feels a ſenſation as ſublime.

"This ancient ſeat preſerves all its family honours without giving you the idea of any thing frightful or gloomy.—There is a ſimplicity, a kind of lovely homelineſs in its interior, like the heart probably of the builder; who caſed that in iron as well as his caſtle only againſt the enemy.— To his friends and his poor both were alike open. The gothic gates, and uncouth ſtatues in the outer hall make me expect, every time I enter, a greeting from Prince Llewellyn, or at leaſt Owen Glendower, while other harpings than thoſe of my own hand ſeem to ring on my ears. A table, like that of

King

King Arthur for ſize, ſolidity, and poliſh, appears in perſpective; but we have not been ſo lucky as to encircle it yet with true knights—even of the ſhire.

"The gardens, I own, do not pleaſe me. Battlements of yew, and fortifications of holly, ever offend taſte; and a conſiderable tract of ground is ornamented with every diverſity of verdure, under the daily torture of the ſhears of the gardener: at their extremity you behold a ruined but beautiful gate of a deſolated priory;—paſs that, and all is enchantment.—No weeds are to be ſeen within the ſacred incloſure—ſweet ſhrubs and plants have been nurtured in every favourable ſpot—each mouldering pillar is enwreathed with jeſſamine—the Gothic fret-work of the windows ſeems bound together by a treillage of roſes and woodbine—the cloiſters, yet in tolerable preſervation, ſupply a walk ever dry, and

incloſe an orangery ; — I thought myſelf in fairy land.—The dear ſociable ſoul who thus gave a charm to ruin, a grace to imperfection, has filled every niche with a comfortable ſeat, always calculated for two perſons. —This ſilent ſolemn ſcene by moonlight is almoſt too touching for ſenſibility, while one fancies the fragrant and beautiful flowers are ſpringing from the fair and pure boſoms of nuns now no longer beating with vain hopes or fears — as mine ſtill does.— Would you think I ſhould find another treaſure beyond?—but of this I will not ſpeak, that I may have ſomething left to ſurpriſe my Henry with when he comes here to viſit us—for here till he comes will I ſtay.—Nay, perhaps I ſhall not then quit St. Hilary.— Abhorred be Farleigh, while my brother refuſes to dwell there!—yet my father bids me enjoin you ſtill to direct your packets to his own ſeat, as the moſt certain mode of conveying them to us. Adieu! beloved

Henry,

Henry, remember of what importance you are to your father and your poor Julia, and take care of yourſelf for our ſakes, if not your own."

The conviction this epiſtle gave Henry, that Julia had determinately flown from the addreſſes of Vernon, and ſought to ſeclude from the world thoſe charms that fixed all whom they attracted, was, perhaps, neceſſary to invigorate his ſoul in the hour that called for all its ſtrength.—That momentous one was now at hand when the glorious Wolfe reſolved upon conqueſt or death; nor knew that to him they would be one and the ſame thing.—In the daring enterpriſe that hero meditated, was comprehended ſo many various exertions of human powers, as ſhewed that he relied on finding in each fellow-ſoldier a nature like his own; and

Wolfe well knew how to impart his native energy. When the ſolemn hour of embarkation came, the troops aſcended the boats appointed to fall down the river St. Lawrence, with the firm ſtep of valour and of virtue—Each eye, having firſt beſought its God, was turned with awe and admiration towards the dauntleſs leader, who, with circumſpect mien, but ſublime determination, marſhalled the ſilent ſoldiery. Henry Pembroke ſtood near him, and had the envied honour of being bade to do ſo in the field of battle.

Day cloſed ere the little fleta launched upon the rapid tide, which, to each thoughtful mind, ſeemed to bear them like time rolling onward to eternity. The ſtars alone, more ſilent than the troops, ſhone with a pure radiance peculiar to the cold atmoſphere. The winds now ruſhing through impending woods of growth immemorial, that caſt their deep ſhadow on the water,

ſeemed

ſeemed like a furious hoſt of congregating foes; and now loſt behind the rocky heights, nature's proud baſtions, which the floating troops were ſoon to ſcale, allowed them in paſſing to hear the careleſs whiſtling of unſuſpicious centinels, who were not warned, even by a whiſper, that an enemy was at hand.

How glorious, how triumphant was their landing, though fierce and deſperate the conflict! Impatient in the dreadful onſet for artillery, General Wolfe commanded Pembroke to fly to the paſs, where, by exertions almoſt beyond human ſtrength or ſkill, the ſeamen were drawing the cannon up the precipices, and urge the engineers to point it. Hardly had Henry repeated this order to Cary, ere the fuſee of an Indian enliſted in the cauſe of France, laid the youth at the feet of his friend. In the fate

of an army an individual is uſually forgotten, and Pembroke had been trodden inſtantaneouſly to death, but that Cary caught up his body, and throwing it over the only cannon, called to the ſpirited tars who were on the point of deſcending, in a voice of thunder, to ſave the brave volunteer, the favourite of the General.—They halted a moment; then, with adroitneſs peculiar to themſelves, interlaced the ſlings by which the artillery had been dragged up, and laying the bleeding Henry in this rough cradle, ruſhed down the rocks, impatient to renew their vigorous efforts for their country's ſervice. A young midſhipman, ſtationed on the river, received the apparently lifeleſs charge from the ſailors; and, as he dared not quit his poſt, Henry muſt have bled to death, had not the elder brother of the little officer been led by affection to ſhare his danger: no rigid duty interfered in his boſom with that of humanity; and

on

on hearing who the ſufferer was, he haſtened with him to the camp.

One univerſal burſt of joy, of ſorrow, of generous ennobling tears, ran through England at the news of the conqueſt of Canada, —at the death of its conqueror: — in vain was the rich territory gained, in vain an army preſerved;—Wolfe, even in the arms of victory, had fallen, and each man ſeemed to loſe in him a ſon—a brother—a friend: —ah! each had loſt even more, when the adored object of national gratitude lived not to enjoy its rapturous effuſions.

News like this every where out-ran the poſt, and ſoon was known even at the remote Caſtle of St. Hilary. The generous tears with which Mr. Pembroke and Julia embalmed the loſt hero were ſtrangely blended with uncertain alarm for Henry; but the newſpaper was not come. — It at

length arrived, but gave no relief to the anxious readers. The poſt, however, would end their fears: — it followed, but brought no letter: —a ſecond came, but not a line did it convey. Silent though ungovernable anguiſh ſeized at once on Mr. Pembroke and his daughter; but the mutual miſery burſt into words as well as tears, on the propoſal of poſting to London for intelligence. The fragile Julia inſtantly loſt all feeling for herſelf, and travelled night and day with her father; who haſtened to the war-office, where he found that Henry, being a volunteer, had not been included in the return of the killed and wounded; though that one fate or the other had been his was indubitable. The diſtracted Mr. Pembroke could hope for farther intelligence only from the officer who brought the diſpatches: —that gentleman, however, recollected nothing more than having ſeen the youth by the ſide of the General at the onſet.—A

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pre-eminence ſo glorious Mr. Pembroke immediately felt might eaſily become fatal, nor wondered Henry was overlooked when Wolfe expired;—though, under other circumſtances, his wounds might not have been mortal.

Oh! that Julia, when this heart-rending account reached her, could have taken wing and croſſed the ſeas to Canada; then would ſhe have explored every bloody ſpot of the well-fought field, nor once have reſted till, living or dead, ſhe had found her beloved brother. Her afflicted ſoul now imaged him for ever expoſed to the birds of the air and the beaſts of the field, till grief was wrought up in her to its higheſt pitch by the accumulation of horror.

Yet not to its higheſt pitch was it wrought up in Julia, for ſhe knew not ſelf-reproach—that was the portion of her diſ-

conſolate

conſolate father; who too late bewailed having appropriated the bleſſing beſtowed by heaven on other parents, without being content with the precious one it gave excluſively to himſelf.

To the inhabitants of Caſtle St. Hilary a ſad and uncheared winter commenced. Not one of all the inquiries concerning Henry had produced the ſmalleſt information; and therefore thoſe who loved him were deſtined long to endure every miſery of conjecture, unrelieved by hope. It had been much Mr. Pembroke's wiſh to return to his own houſe, but the bare mention of Farleigh always threw Julia into an agony of grief; for there ſtill to her eyes ſtood the dear inſulted indignant boy, as when he was driven from that happy home, only to ſeek in another country an untimely grave.

From

From Farleigh, however, at length was forwarded a box, that the ſhip marks ſhewed to have come from Canada. The ſight of it renewed the lamentations of Mr. Pembroke and his daughter. Ah! what could a box bring them? ſave the loathed uniform of the loſt Henry, or thoſe various treaſured trifles remembrance ſo endears, that only with life we reſign them. Painful as muſt be the certainty, doubt could not be endured. Some rich furs, and a letter in an unknown hand, were all the contents of the box. With trembling impatience Mr. Pembroke tore open the latter, and Julia turned away, that he might not obſerve how ſhe ſickened at the ſignature of Vernon. Yet even the ſlighteſt glance had carried to her heart a doubt, a joyful doubt, that once more drew her eye to the letter.—Had ſhe indeed ſeen there the name of Henry?—Ah! too ſure her ſenſe had not deceived her:—at once the paper, ſo lately abhorred, became

dear

dear—invaluable. It told her that Henry yet lived, and lived by the generous cares of Vernon. Words never ſpoke the gratitude that now throbbed at the heart of Julia. She raiſed her white hand in rapture to heaven, and had the luckleſs lover been his own reporter, freely, gladly would ſhe have allowed that hand to drop into his, and have thought the long deſired bleſſing too poor, too trivial an acknowledgment of ſuch a ſervice.

The long ſilence of Vernon he excuſed by relating the deplorable ſtate of Henry, who had been but very recently pronounced out of danger; and ſuch was, while he was writing, the ſeverity of the ſeaſon, as to make it quite uncertain whether he could put this letter into any channel by which he might lighten the ſufferings of the family at Farleigh. His beſt chance was by committing it to an Indian, who knew how in

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the ſevereſt ſeaſon to perform his periodical perambulations; and if he executed his truſt well, Miſs Pembroke would with this news receive ſome rich furs, which he entreated her to wear as a mark of his devoted reſpect. He ſlightly hinted that her rejection only could have made him quit England; which he did in company with his younger brother, then firſt ſent into ſervice, in a frigate their particular friend commanded. In knowing it was deſtined for Canada, he the more readily embarked, as he had always had the vanity to fancy that could he meet the gallant ſon of Mr. Pembroke, he ſhould find means to gain that friendſhip he had long known how to value. They had indeed met—but how?—In the tumults of the onſet at Quebec, while ſtanding by his brother, the young volunteer was in a moment laid at his feet, drowned in blood, and without a ſign of life. Humanity alone would have claimed

the

the exertions ſympathy quickened. Great, however, was the difficulty of getting the youth conveyed to the Engliſh camp, nor, when that was accompliſhed, could he command the aſſiſtance of a ſingle ſurgeon, who were all on appointed duty. During this anxious interval the blood of Henry continued to flow, till every vein was exhauſted. It was then found that the ball had entered at the right ſhoulder, and, as the arm was extended, had torn its way through, till at the elbow it was apprehended to have touched the bone, and the ſurgeon was urgent for amputation. Vernon's oppoſition prevented this, and eventually ſaved the arm of Henry; but the effuſion of blood cauſed a low and tedious fever, producing a dangerous degree of weakneſs, and a continual wandering of intellect, though his voice was almoſt too feeble for utterance. The memorable and immediate conqueſt of Canada gave the whole army thoſe comforts

they

they muſt ſoon have grievouſly wanted; but ſo alarming was the ſtate of young Pembroke, that nothing but the ſeverity of the ſeaſon could have warranted the removing him to Quebec. At length that became the leaſt of two dangers; and having the aid and concurrence of a reſpectable friend of the ſufferer's, to whom his welfare ſeemed hardly leſs dear, he had ventured this meaſure. It had the apprehended conſequence of a relapſe. The perpetual ſickneſs, faintings, fever, and delirium, returned with added violence; nor could they for many days hope that Henry would ever ſtruggle through his ſufferings. During this period froſt ſhut up the river, and left no certain means of communication with England. In his cares, however, was now aſſociated a worthy veteran the merit of Henry had bound to him, and who was always, when reaſon reigned, recogniſed by the eyes of that

that youth with peculiar pleaſure; which had become a great relief to Vernon himſelf, as his brother had unfortunately taken the meaſles at Montreal, and he was obliged either to leave the orphan his parents' dying injunctions had given to his care at the mercy of ſtrangers, or commit Henry to the charge of his venerable friend Cary. He had yielded to the moſt preſſing duty, and was now ſetting out on a dangerous journey; having made every poſſible proviſion for the welfare of Henry, whom Cary promiſed never to leave. He concluded with giving the addreſs of that gentleman, whom he exhorted Mr. Pembroke to write to as an old friend. With affectionate wiſhes for the return of Henry to England, he hinted a hope that, whenever the youth ſhould learn to whom he owed his life, Julia would deign to uſe her influence with her brother to accept thoſe cares as a ſmall

atone-

atonement for that error of his boyiſh days he could never recollect without bluſhing.

"And now our Henry has ſurely had enough of war!" ſighed Mr. Pembroke, as he folded the letter:—"enough too has he won of honour; and if ever, my Julia, our arms again enfold the wanderer, hard ſhall he find it to eſcape them.—This noble Cary too!—how will my girl recompenſe him, and young Vernon?" "By loving one half as well as I do my father, and the other half as well as my Henry," ſaid Julia, preſſing her cheek againſt her father's.—"Only half as well, my Julia?" urged the generous parent.—Julia ſighed, but gave no other reply.

Several letters fraught with the ſame happy news that had been ſent by different channels, reached, in the courſe of a few

months, Caſtle St. Hilary. At length one from Cary informed them, that though Henry's wound was nearly healed, either that, or ſome unknown cauſe, had produced ſuch a delicacy in the habit of the youth as threatened a conſumption; and had made the phyſician order him to haſten into the milder air of his own country. A letter of the ſame date from Henry himſelf, however, ſpoke not of any malady; but breathed a ſpirit of melancholy, the more alarming, as it ſeemed impoſſible for Mr. Pembroke to trace it to any cauſe. The ſoul of Julia impulſively aſſigned the true one: and when ſhe urged her brother by every power affection holds or gives to haſten home, ſhe delicately inſinuated that Vernon was not in England, and the gates of St. Hilary were ſtill cloſed on lovers of every deſcription.

It was but too true that as the wound in his

his arm cloſed, that in the heart of Henry became empoiſoned. As ſoon as he had power to converſe, the grateful ſenſibility of his nature led him to inquire whither the gentle aſſiduous ſtranger to whom he felt ſo much indebted had vaniſhed, and who he was. The warmth of Cary's heart threw him off his guard; and although it had been Vernon's expreſs requeſt to have his name concealed, leſt it might revive painful recollections in the mind of the ſufferer, Cary not only declared that, but was laviſh on the merits of the man by whoſe generous cares alone Henry lived to make the inquiry. That youth felt as though again ſtruck to the ground. A thouſand times he bewailed the ineffective aim of the ambuſhed Indian; which allowed him to ſurvive one wound, only to precipitate him to the grave by another not the leſs mortal becauſe unſeen. Vernon appeared to him the choſen favourite of

heaven, ſince thus permitted to cruſh with obligation the wretch who firſt through his means knew miſery. Well could he calculate the hopes this hitherto rejected lover would be entitled to cheriſh; for had he not in Julia's eyes now fully extenuated his boyiſh offence? Alas! might not even he himſelf be called upon to ratify, approve, the lover's claim, detail virtues he could not deny, amplify thoſe kindneſſes it was death to him to have received, echo every plaudit of an admiring circle, and, finally, be obliged to witneſs the union horrible to his idea, but to which it was impoſſible he ſhould object: for he, even he, felt that Vernon had deſerved Julia.—While the unſpeakable ſorrow took theſe painful forms in the boſom of Henry, he would often in ſilent agony throw himſelf upon the ground, and tear the hair in handfuls from his head: giving Cary the dreadful apprehenſion that his intellects were failing. A thouſand times did

that

that friend entreat him to unfold the cauſe of theſe horrible tranſports. A thouſand times did he claim a generous, an unlimited participation of this inexplicable anguiſh: but, alas! it was among the exquiſite miſeries of Henry that he could not diſcloſe them. This ſtifled jealouſy ſoon dried up every ſoft ſluice of affection, and with corroſive power eat into the very heart of the unrecovered youth — a deadly canker on the faireſt fruit of humanity. His long fits of melancholy abſtraction were now only broken by convulſive ſtarts, and internal ſtruggles; which made his eyes ſhoot fierce and furious glances on mere vacancy. But nature cannot long endure ſuch ſuffering without ſhewing its effect; and thoſe cheeks, on which health had promiſed once more to ſpread her roſes, now daily became more and more hollow, and pallid, even to ghaſtlineſs. Short ſhivering ſighs alone indicated that he breathed, and the gloomy languor of his half

cloſed eyes ſhewed how ſeldom they knew the renovating bleſſing of repoſe. It grieved poor Cary to the heart to watch the daily deſolation of ſuch a fine creature; and to know that there muſt be ſome deep-ſeated cauſe, both from the ſuddenneſs, and rapidity of his decline: yet he remitted not in his efforts to obtain the confidence he almoſt dreaded. Devoured as Henry's ſpirits were by cruel recollections, and nameleſs fears, he was yet open to the impreſſions of ſympathy: and conceiving ſome confidence due to ſuch unwearied kindneſs, he tried to miſlead his anxious friend by a partial one. He ventured one day to diſcloſe the leaſt of his griefs in the mortifying ſtory of his obſcure birth; which left him through life at the mercy of the world, or rather the victim of its cruel prejudice: while he had neither acceptation in it, fortune, or thoſe ties of affinity more dear than all. "And cauſes an evil light as this a

grief

grief ſo mighty," cried Cary, turning on him keenly eyes that ſtruck through his ſoul a reverential ſenſe of ſuffering and of ſorrow he had never known before. "Oh world! thou maze of never ending wonder! thou wilderneſs of ſtill ſhooting calamity, how various, how complicated, how fanciful are thy woes!—This boy here, indulged almoſt beyond his wiſhes, holds himſelf licenſed to groan, and rend his hair only becauſe he wants thy empty title to thoſe bleſſings he accepts or rejects at his pleaſure!—Ah! what then ſhould I do?—might I not be ſanctioned in ſtill ſcattering theſe grey locks on the winds of heaven, and drenching even yet the earth with the tears of theſe withered eyes, ſo long only fountains of ſorrow, when I remember—" a deep convulſive ſigh ſuſpended ſpeech in the veteran.

There is ſomething ſo impreſſive in the

grief of advanced life, when the ſuffering mind ſoars to dignity, that thoſe yet younger, awed into ſilence, haſtily gather back into their own unexperienced boſoms each little ſelfiſh complaint, and almoſt bluſh to have ventured any. Henry felt this powerfully; and, in turn, became the ſupplicator for confidence, and unreſerve.

"Long, long, and many are the years," ſighed the agitated Cary, "ſince theſe lips were unſealed to mortal man; and why ſhould they now be ſo?—No, it is not poſſible for me to unfold my fate even to you—yet let the impreſſion of recollected miſery which thus ſhakes me teach you, young man, no longer to magnify thoſe little preſent evils, that you may hereafter find to be but the lighteſt links in the vaſt chain of human calamity which encircles the earth, and may one day enthrall each faculty of your ſoul.—It is not what we have, but

what

what we loſe:—you might have had all, all you wiſh, and been at laſt as very a wretch as I am.—Fond parents,—lineal honours,—ample fortunes,—the wife I adored,—offſpring no leſs lovely,—did heaven in laviſh bounty beſtow on me; yet here I ſtand impoveriſhed of all theſe bleſſings, ſingle in creation,—unintereſted in the fluctuating multitudes by whom I am ſurrounded,—unintereſting to them. Whether theſe bones ſhall be inurned in the proud vault of my forefathers, or whiten on the plains of Canada, no one knows, no one cares.—Yes!—you, perhaps, would give them decent burial; and theſe faithful animals," concluded he, pointing to the two beautiful ſpaniels affectionately couching at his feet, "with an attachment unknown to ſophiſticated man, would, perhaps, ſtretch themſelves in death on the grave of him who loved—who fed them."

When

When grief loſes ſight of its greater objects, and retreats either into ſelf, or ſuch as are inferior, it may be wrought to diſcloſure. Henry ſeized with animated ſympathy the occaſion, and at length conquered the repugnance his friend expreſſed to deſcanting on the ſtory he had already briefly capitulated.

"When I conſider the great bond and duties of morality," ſighed the dignified old man, "I own I ought not to heſitate—ſelfiſh is the navigator who burns the chart of his voyage, when ſo many muſt doubtfully follow the ſame courſe. From the errors of my life, may you, Pembroke, learn diſcretion,—from its miſeries a patient endurance of your own appointed lot. Yet there are things I muſt detail it is agony to think of:—let your generous glowing heart give proportionate value to the confidence.

"I am

"I am the ſon of a baronet, who was the head of an ancient family, and the ſole heir of an entailed, and ample eſtate. My father, who unhappily had not known the advantage of a liberal education, could never be perſuaded that it was eſſential to a gentleman. Among the cauſes of his averſion to literature was a love of money ill ſuited to his condition in life; but thrift is a common fault, I believe, in uncultivated minds, which ſeek a poor occupation (for man cannot live without ſome) in petty calculations. My mother, having no other child, could not endure to part with me; and therefore valued herſelf on ſaving my father's money by inſtructing me in my native tongue. By their mutual care I was ſo conſummate a blockhead at nine years old that I could hardly read a chapter in the Bible. In this happy ſtate of ignorance I ſhould probably have grown up, could my mother have kept me always at her apron ſtring;

ſtring; but I was now too ſtout for her to manage, and too cunning to impart to her how I paſſed the intervals of abſence. A narrow eſcape I ſhortly after had of breaking my neck, by riding a vicious horſe, without bridle or ſaddle, put it out of all doubt that to ſome controul I muſt be ſubjected. My father, with his uſual parſimony, only calculated where I could get moſt learning for leaſt money; and my mother, how ſhe ſhould keep me near enough to cocker me with cates continually, and have me home every Sunday. At length it occurred to them both that our worthy clergyman, who was bleſt with a ſon two years younger than I was, whom his father's care had already made the beſt ſcholar in the country, would be a moſt excellent preceptor, if he would take me to board.

"Cramped circumſtances, and clerical dependence, are never ſo ſeverely felt as when they

they ſubject perſons of merit to ſuch troubleſome incumbrances as I muſt neceſſarily have proved: yet the excellent man was obliged to receive the compliments of his neighbours on the honour of being intruſted with the young eſquire. When I recollect, among a hundred ways I had of being irkſome, the daintineſs of my appetite, which taxed the good people's circumſtances to ſupply their table with delicacies for me they denied to themſelves, I wonder they did not hate me. — Study I ſoon found deteſtable; and as I was already able to maintain my argument againſt my father, I did not mind letting my tutor have the beſt of it; for he was to live by his learning, and I by the wiſdom and œconomy of my progenitors. Seldom came a day that a worthleſs gamekeeper, to hide his own depredations under thoſe imputed to the young 'ſquire, did not entice me from the parſonage; and its worthy inhabitants were often in a ſtate

little

little ſhort of diſtraction, leſt I ſhould have come to any accident: ſo early can ſelf-will and the pride of life reign, where parents fail to rectify both by due government and proper tuition. I ſhould doubtleſs have grown up an ignorant clown of fortune and family, had my poor mother lived; for never did ſhe fail to intercept the neceſſary complaints my tutor fought to convey to Sir Hubert's ear. The miſtaken good woman, however, died when I was about twelve years old, and with her I loſt a thouſand fooliſh fond indulgences I heavily miſſed.—My father now often heard how unruly I was, and ſeemed, in becoming a free man, to have acquired a new importance in his own eyes. Among the reaſons he gave me for "turning over a new leaf," as he termed reformation, was, that except I amended, though now an only ſon and heir, I might not always remain ſo. The latter I however knew to be a mere threat, for every ſervant,

vant, as well as kinſman or friend, had already aſſured me that I could not loſe my inheritance by his having twenty more children. Happily for the peace of my own ſoul, a change in my conduct was effected by a better motive than the fear of loſing a fortune — a conviction of my own ignorance. I began to find the taſte for literature my young friend Llewellyn early diſplayed, had not only given him an acceptation in ſociety that made me bluſh to take place of him, but diffuſed through his manners an elegance ſeldom found in mere ſcholars, while it tinctured his life with that exquiſite power of enjoyment a regulated and informed mind, united with a glowing imagination, alone can give. Llewellyn was thought poor, dependent. — No, he was rich — for he was maſter of himſelf: and I, the eſquire, was poor and dependent, for I had an empty head and an ungovernable temper, which threw me upon the mercy of all

around

around me. The moment a young man firſt diſcovers his own fault is the one that determines his character; ſince he muſt ultimately ſink under that he does not at once reſolve to riſe above. — I was not, however, too old to redeem paſt time; and Llewellyn ſoon did more for me than his father had ever been able to do; who, good old man, exulted to ſee me ſenſible of his ſon's ſuperiority: but in proportion as I gained my tutor's affection I loſt my father's. — His table was often ſurrounded by illiterate, aſſuming perſons even I could confute on a thouſand occaſions; and though I had now ſenſe enough to ſpeak with modeſty, I was ſoon found guilty by ignorant elderſhip of being too young to be in the right. Sir Hubert one day bluntly informed me that he expected me to learn and not to teach; hinting that he had ſome thoughts of clipping my wings by marrying again. It was ſhortly after obvious, that a lady newly widowed

dowed had made up her mind he ſhould do ſo; but of this I took no note.

"A brother of my mother's, who had paſſed his youth abroad, and riſen in the army to the rank of General, now came down to ſpend a month with us: —he expreſſed great aſtoniſhment at finding his nephew near ſix feet high, as well as himſelf, and ſtill more that he had no profeſſion. As he ſometimes kindly regretted not having a ſerjeant with him, who could teach me to move like a gentleman, I took an occaſion to ſhew him that the inſide of my head made a better figure than its outſide; and he was no leſs ſuddenly amazed at my knowledge, which to him appeared pre-eminent.—His ignorance was of the good-natured kind, that buds forth into wonder; and he really ſuppoſed I ſhould be a phænomenon at College, whither, he inſiſted, I ought immediately to go; but as he was

not much more generous than my father, this admitted of debate. At length they agreed to ſqueeze out enough conjointly to equip me for, and maintain me at, Oxford: but I had ſufficient feeling to languiſh to ſhare the advantage with Llewellyn.—It was almoſt ruin to his father to engage in ſuch an expence; but the youth had ſet his mind on academical honours; and the pride of ſhewing this beloved and gifted ſon to all the wiſe profeſſors, was a temptation my worthy tutor could not reſiſt: he therefore agreed with his wife to ſtarve their appetites, and feaſt on the riſing fame of their ſon.

"The General himſelf conveyed us to Oxford; and there ſet down two raw ſtriplings never before out of the neſt they were fledged in, to *feel* the world rather than to *ſee* it. To how many wants did a ſingle week make us ſenſible!—how many wiſhes grew out of thoſe ſupplied wants, and how endleſs

endleſs ſoon became both! The known circumſtances of my young friend, as well as the right turn of his mind, gave him an advantage over me, in permitting him to limit his expences; but for the only ſon of a rich baronet to affect œconomy would have inſured him ridicule and contempt; while the ſame extravagance would have been produced by fear, inſtead of frankneſs of temper. I, however, did not affect prudence; but almoſt withdrawing from the ſtudious Llewellyn, committed my conduct to the guidance of thoſe who were only leſs modeſt, not more judicious than myſelf; by whoſe advice I ſo fully profited, that in a year I amaſſed a liſt of bills as long as my father's rent-roll, and incurred a cenſure from the Vice-Chancellor. Obliged a little to feel and reflect, the affectionate Llewellyn would, no doubt, have ſuggeſted ſome method to retrieve my imprudence, but I was aſhamed to conſult one whoſe virtue tacitly

reproved me: and, "what does he know of life?" was the cry of all my inconſiderate companions. When I imparted to them my diſtreſs they ſhouted with laughter. Was I not an only child, and therefore the heir of my mother's fortune, no leſs than my father's entailed eſtates? The young ſpendthrifts had a copious acquaintance among the Jews and money-brokers in London. By their recommendation I drove up my new curricle thither, and found that ſo much admired, the town ſo agreeable, and the ſons of Iſrael ſo accommodating, that my viſits to London more than once made me in danger of expulſion at college. At the time I ought to have finiſhed my education, I had not one penny left of my poor mother's portion. To bury the ſenſe of chagrin, and go off in a blaze, I gave a dinner at the Thatched-Houſe to all the Cantabs of my acquaintance, and thence adjourned half drunk to a maſquerade,

where

where I was ſoon found out and ſurrounded by a bevy of light ladies, among whom I had a very large acquaintance. Before us we ſaw a ſtalking figure of Guy Vaux, prying into every corner:—he took my fancy, and I began to hunt and quiz him. —He ſuddenly ſtopped, raiſed his little dark lantern, and turning the light full on my face firſt, from whence I had taken the maſk to cool myſelf, removed his vizor, and whiſked it round to his own.—I beheld my uncle the General, and became ſober in a moment. Here ended my town career, and many a ſour lecture followed: though I really think his telling me he firſt knew me by my inveterate country tone, vexed me more than his informing my father of all my follies, who abruptly recalled me.

"Impoveriſhed of what fortune I could call my own in my father's life-time, humbled and diſgraced, I returned to a home not

more endeared by the daily lectures I had for living an idle life, when I had never known profeſſion or employment. A large demand on Sir Hubert, from ſome of my accommodating London money-brokers, incenſed him to the extreme. He flatly refuſed to pay a guinea for me, and bade the hardeſt of wretches do their worſt; which was in reality conſigning me at two-and-twenty to the King's Bench and ignominy. I remonſtrated, entreated, promiſed in vain. He ſaw all his coffers plundered, and his old oaks levelled in imagination; and ſolemnly ſwore I ſhould learn by want the value of both. After a little time, he, however, cooled, and made me a propoſal riper years and more obſervation would have guarded me from liſtening to, but which, at my time of life, and under ſuch a preſſure of circumſtances, was readily accepted:—it was to join with him in cutting off the entail: not that, he ſaid, he ſhould eventually

deprive

deprive me of my birthright, nor, as I was an only child, did it appear likely; but that I ſhould by this ſtep put it out of my own power either by early intemperance or extravagance to let myſelf be plundered of my patrimony. The plea was, though arbitrary, fatherly and prudent; the ſum offered more than enough to relieve my feelings, by acquitting me to every creditor. The lawyers went to work, and the entail was regularly docked.

"The lightneſs of heart that followed the payment of my debts was, however, ſomething damped by ſeeing my father appear openly as a wooer of the widow lady I formerly mentioned. In fact, I had ſoon reaſon to fear the late meaſure was ſuggeſted by her as a preliminary to her marriage; thus ſecuring to her children, ſhould ſhe bear Sir Hubert any, by the influence ſhe might obtain, the rights of elderſhip. I felt all my

own indiſcretion, but I uttered not a word. I ſoon ſaw a ſecond bride take the place of my poor mother, who bore not the leaſt reſemblance to her :—proud, vain, ſelfiſh, and ill-tempered to all but her huſband, the new wife knew well how to manage him by an affected fondneſs, while ſhe vented on me that ſpleen I excited only by being my father's ſon. My firſt ſevere blow in life now fell on me. I was ſunk to inſignificance by my own faults merely; and to complete them, had aſſigned away, like Eſau, my birthright for a meſs of pottage; but I had not, like him, the heart and bleſſing of my father. My ſtep-mother became with child, and Sir Hubert doubled his idolatry. The coldneſs of both conſequently increaſed to me; and even the domeſtics, by an utter inattention to my orders, ſhewed that they underſtood me to remain only on ſufferance in the manſion of my fathers; where empty pockets ſeemed to threaten

threaten me with eternal humiliation. How I could long have borne this ſituation I know not; but on repreſenting it in part to my uncle the General, he ſent me a commiſſion in the army; bidding me come up to him, and leave Sir Hubert to enjoy at full his delectable fit of dotage: he concluded with ſome of his uſual harſh, coarſe comments on the follies that had given my father an excuſe for a ſecond marriage. Ere I left home I ſaw a little ſiſter added to our family; and obſerved that her ſex had been a ſevere diſappointment to both the parents. —It ſeemed a little to turn Sir Hubert's affections again towards me; for he aſſured me on parting, that the future yet depended on myſelf, nor would the dear little ſtranger cauſe any material alteration in his views, if I from this time behaved with prudence, honour, and feeling. Thus, however, did not my uncle and I part; for when he found that I had put it in the power of a ſecond wife to

ſtep

ſtep between me and the eſtate unalienably mine, had I been but rationally ſelfiſh, he became outrageous with paſſion, and groſs in his expreſſion of it:—he at once abjured me as a ſpendthrift, and ridiculed me as a fool. In taking leave of England for Minorca I had, therefore, the pleaſant conviction that it contained not one human being who cared if I ever returned to it or not, and hardly one I on my own part wiſhed again to ſee.

The impreſſions of youth are, however, naturally as verſatile as impetuous. New ſcenes and new objects eaſily diſſipate painful remembrances. My preſent profeſſion and aſſociates pleaſed and amuſed me. The garriſon, though limited as to numbers, was in a healthy ſituation, and the officers men who had moſtly ſeen ſervice, and learnt diſcretion. I loved muſic, and ſtudied it; paſſing my time agreeably enough, till the regiment

giment was ordered to the Weſt Indies. Though my pay was certainly too little to maintain a gentleman, I always found it very difficult to wring from Sir Hubert's gripe thoſe remittances that were indiſpenſable; and had only one conſolation for preſent inconveniences; that I had never ſaid or done, ſince we parted, aught that my father could conſtrue into an offence; and my lady mother had never borne him another child. The change of climate ſoon brought on me that deſperate fever which often rages in the iſlands, and is ſo fatal to Europeans: it very nearly left Sir Hubert without an heir. I was a whole year recovering: my pecuniary demands, of courſe, became greater; and whether my father diſtruſted my accounts of a ſickneſs ſo lingering, or his wife ſtood between him and humanity, I know not, but I often felt the preſſure of poverty in a degree he ought never to have ſuffered his ſon to have experienced; and which might

again

again have driven me to deſperate or mean reſources, had I not profited ſo far by my paſt errors and follies as to endure patiently. Yet the evil hour ſometimes comes upon us, however wary; and a ſingle one finiſhed my ruin. The liquor of the country always inflamed me almoſt to madneſs; and having, in ſome diſſipated company at a tavern, exceeded the little I uſually allowed myſelf, I fell in with a party playing high —this fatal fever of college came over me. I felt in my pockets, but they were empty, and known to be ſo. My companions derided my prudence; — I no longer knew what I did, when I deſperately offered my only ſtake, and played away my commiſſion. The phrenſy of intoxication was ſucceeded by a miſery I remember even now with horror. I had ſeconded the arts of my ſtepmother, authoriſed the parſimony of my father—in fine, diſinherited myſelf. To complete my tortures, a note was brought me from

from a military friend, adviſing me, on the plea of bad health, to requeſt leave to return home of the commanding officer, and immediately to ſail in the fleet now under weigh for England; as he was grieved to inform me that I could not appear without a general ſlight no individual can, either by reſentment or apology, get over; and that would for ever ſtop my career in the army: though I was ſo much beloved, that all the regiment would defend my honour if I went home as ſick.

"Sick, indeed, I was—ſick of myſelf—life—every thing—and to what a home was I now to return!—where I was unwelcome even before I knew myſelf pennyleſs, and diſhonoured. The tumults of my mind during that memorable voyage never ſhall I forget. How often was I tempted to bury myſelf in that tumultuous deep only more perturbed than my own ſoul; but my cup

was

was not yet full,—much, much of bitter, and one drop of heavenly ſweetneſs yet remained to be poured into it. I turned my unwilling ſteps towards the houſe of my father, without daring to appriſe him of my arrival, leſt he ſhould ſhut that and his heart alike againſt me. I diſcharged the chaiſe ere I came to the laſt turnpike, dreading leſt a hue and cry of joy ſhould run before me only to aggravate my humiliation and miſery. The evening was cloſing as I paſſed a thouſand well-remembered ſpots, and perſons; but I felt as a criminal, and ſculking along knew that my arrival would gladden no one heart in creation. At length I approached the garden.—Oh, happy ſpot! where once in innocence and peace I revelled on the preſent, nor conſidered the paſt or future. There once hung my infantine ſwing between two limes. There once, proud of my boy's apparel, I gaily leapt my poney. There once I ſaved a

frozen

frozen beggar, and my mother fondly bleſt me for it.—I—I—myſelf was now become a beggar, and who ſhould bleſs—ſhould ſave me?—I turned my lonely ſteps towards the church, and ſtretching myſelf upon the vault where that poor mother lay in happy ignorance of my miſconduct, I implored heaven by her ſainted ſpirit to accept my penitence, and ſoften the heart of my father. After this ſad oblation I ventured to preſent myſelf at the door: a cry of delight ran through the domeſtics, who had at that moment forgotten I was no longer their certain maſter. Nine years had elapſed ſince I had ſet eyes on my father, who was grown by infirmity more than ſo much older. The dear man was ſitting bolſtered up in a fit of the gout. I ſunk at the feet of the venerable, though harſh, parent, and nature aſſerted her power in both our hearts, by almoſt audible pulſations. Hardly could I gain voice enough

to murmur out, "Father, I have ſinned againſt heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy ſon!" This awful addreſs, ſpringing from a true ſenſe of error, carried with it all the force of the following ſacred impreſſions, and diſarmed parental wrath:—the feeling became too mighty;—he threw himſelf on my neck in ſpeechleſs agitation, and both almoſt died of the tender pang of re-union. A thouſand pious ideas were blended with nature's fond tranſport, and having called up incidentally all that could operate in my favour, I found my fault, if not overlooked, ſo leſſened, that I had little difficulty in prevailing on Sir Hubert to forgive it. Thus, by true contrition, I ſuddenly felt, after an interval of ſo many erring and miſerable years, that I had at once recovered virtue and a father.

"A beautiful child was now called; for her mother, moſt luckily, was abroad on a viſit,

viſit, who, with ſweet endearment, entreated me to love Caroline. It ſeemed impoſſible to avoid loving ſo engaging a creature: who, in the innocence of her little heart, called upon papa to admire her "fine officer brother," and by the involuntary flattery of childhood led me to believe that there was yet ſomething left in me the guileleſs might love.

"This tender reception and generous pardon doubled the tie of nature, by binding my very ſoul to my father. His lady on returning beheld with aſtoniſhment her Caroline on my knee entwining her white arms round my neck; while Sir Hubert, with almoſt equal fondneſs, ſurveyed his ſon and daughter. I withdrew, accompanied ſtill by the little charmer, who would not part with me, as well to ſave my own ſhame, while my father revealed my fault, as to avoid his lady's cold looks, and, per-

haps, cutting comments. The laſt I did not eſcape, for though he ſpoke low, and even, I thought, humbly, ſhe replied in a high and acrimonious voice, "And is all this rejoicing then, Sir Hubert, only becauſe your worthleſs ſon has diſgraced himſelf, and half ruined you?—Pardon me, if I do not partake ſo ſingular an exultation." By what way could I hope to win a woman like this?—Had it been poſſible, my extravagant fondneſs for her daughter muſt have ſubdued her enmity. Adored as Caroline was by both her parents, I ſoon learnt, I think, to love her better than either did; and certainly much more wiſely: for I found ſhe, like myſelf, had been allowed to run wild in her childhood, and her naturally fine underſtanding was as uncultivated as her temper was unformed. Sick of the world, and willing to be wholly forgotten by it, I thought now only of indulging a love of literature and muſic, and

chearing

chearing my father's age by my company, while I lightened to him every care. It ſeemed a generous return for his liberal forgiveneſs to become the preceptor of Caroline, and the novelty and diſtinction of the thing took her young fancy; while it bound me to certain daily acquirements of limited knowledge, which I could only inſtil by firſt ſtudying. As the little ingenuous heart of the ſweet child unfolded itſelf to the cares and affections of mine, I found a ſtrange void in my own I had never till now felt, or at leaſt reflected on. The exquiſite delight this little creature gave to us all, rendered me ſuddenly ſenſible of the charm of thoſe natural ties by which we impart and double our being. Alas! it was not at large I made this obſervation;—every throb of my heart told me that there exiſted one, and only one, with whom it could realiſe the fond—fond viſions of domeſtic bliſs, that now floated before my fancy.

"Although Caroline had no governeſs, I ſaw in the houſe a young creature, I knew not how to claſs with the ſervants: yet ſhe appeared not at our table. This intereſting lovely young woman was called Agnes; and the fear of fixing attention on either her or myſelf made me unwilling to ſpeak of her, even to Caroline, who had the common propenſity of children in running to her mother with whatever ſhe heard, while her obſervation was ſingularly acute for her years. It was very rarely I could caſt a glance on the lovely Agnes; yet though I reproved my own vanity for the thought, I could not help fancying her eyes demanded ſomething of me, which her bluſhes ſhewed ſhe would not claim. Her dreſs was always of the moſt common materials, but it was not poſſible for any thing to look common on Agnes. Her fragile form roſe juſt above the middle ſize, and was turned with the grace of the Medician Venus. Her arms

and

and throat were of a pure and delicate whiteneſs. Her dark hair broke in rich curls over her expreſſive brows; and her large black eyes had a retiring modeſt charm I never ſaw in any other.—Even now, exclaimed Cary, glancing his wild looks intenſely forward, the angel ſtands before me, with that touching meekneſs, that bending grace, which might have won the world—as it, alas! did me.—Thoſe beautiful, thoſe modeſt eyes were further ſhaded by a large ſtraw hat tied with black. Her veſture was of ſome ſoft mourning muſlin, which ſweetly enfolded her fair form. I looked at Agnes, and wondered no more how my little ſiſter became ſo amiable and graceful.

"Notwithſtanding a certain intereſt we ſilently took in each other, I ſaw this charmer would not depart from the reſpect due to herſelf; or eaſily might ſhe have

fallen in his way who paſſed half his life only in looking for her. I grew alert in obſerving every thing in which ſhe might have but a remote concern; and ſeeing with what elegance the flowers were daily diſpoſed in the room when I was accuſtomed to inſtruct Caroline, I doubted not but that the ſnowy hands of Agnes gathered and arranged them. I might have waked the lark from that moment, though till now a ſluggard. I ambuſhed myſelf at peep of day in the flower-garden, and was repaid by ſeeing Agnes enter it,

More ſweet than May herſelf in bloſſoms new!

"I had never yet been able to indulge my eyes with looking enough at her. Ah! did they ever look enough?—and remained in the green-houſe till ſhe came there to add a few geraniums to the fragrant contents of her baſket, which ſhe nearly dropt at ſight

ſight of me;—but ſhe recovered her ſelf-command in a moment, and rather received and returned my addreſs as one who was intitled to, and expected it, than as a young creature I either pleaſed or honoured. I hardly knew what to call her, and delicately hinted that her Chriſtian name was already familiar to my lips, but that I had never heard the one I ſhould add to it. 'Is that poſſible,' cried ſhe, half ſmiling; but the painful conſciouſneſs ſuddenly followed of how completely ſhe muſt be ſunk, when her very name was annihilated, and the roſy bluſh that almoſt abſorbed the ſtarting tears, gave new animation to her delicate beauty. 'Yet am I pleaſed, Sir,' added ſhe, 'with what ſeverely humbles me; for rather would I know myſelf without conſequence, than conclude a gentleman without feeling: and I own I have not as yet thought that your diſtinction; ſince you deigned not to recogniſe the little playfellow of your youth, once the object of your

indulgent kindneſs—the ſiſter of your friend Llewellyn.'—The lovely Agnes could not reſiſt the recollection, when a youth ſo dear to us both was mentioned: 'Ah! Sir,' added ſhe, frankly extending her hand, as aſking ſympathy, 'the loſs of that invaluable brother has almoſt killed us.'

"I knew too well that the hopeful ſon of my tutor had died juſt as he was on the point of attaining the long looked-for promotion which was to have given affluence as well as honour to his family: and my only reaſon for omitting to viſit the parſonage was a fear the ſight of one brought up with the lamented Llewellyn would revive the bitter ſorrow of his parents. I implored the ſweet girl to pardon me a ſtupidity I could not pardon myſelf, and reminded her that ſhe was hardly the ſize of Caroline when I went abroad.—'I know it well,' returned ſhe; 'but you, Sir, are not grown, though

though I am: yet you too are altered.—Have you forgot your expenſive parting preſent of a gold locket with Llewellyn's hair?—I wear it ſtill.' She drew the treaſure from the faireſt of boſoms, and hallowed it once with a kiſs and a tear.—Envied, envied benedictions both!—'And now, if you indeed have pardoned, tell me your ſtory, my ſweet girl. Llewellyn would wiſh it told to the friend of his choice.'—'The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor,' returned the enchanting Agnes, drying thoſe eyes that in a moment again overflowed, 'may be compriſed in a few words. You, Sir, already know the narrow income of my father, and how many almoſt neceſſary indulgences he was always obliged to deny himſelf that he might give my brother the education both thought ſo eſſential. To ſee Llewellyn's rapid progreſs, and general eſtimation, made us all ample amends for domeſtic privations, and the proſpect of his

riſe

riſe in the church gave happy hopes of future affluence. You left me, I remember, running a little wild thing about the houſe; aſſiſting as I could in family affairs. A ſiſter of my mother's, who had married in Briſtol, came to ſee us, when I was near twelve years old, and took me back with her, that I might daily attend a neighbouring ſchool, where, by ingenuity and diligence, I profited more than my family hoped.—I was about fifteen when my aunt became a widow, and her entangled affairs obliged her to ſend me back to my parents. Limited as had been my means either of obſervation or improvement, I was ſtruck on returning with the humble ſtyle of the home I before thought it Paradiſe to dwell in. Hardly could I be convinced that my parents had not contracted thoſe expences they, alas! had never any means of extending. I ſhould have found the daily taſk of lightening my mother's labours a chearleſs

duty,

duty, had not heaven bleſſed me with a dear fraternal friend in Llewellyn, who, born to ſweeten every ſcene he graced, entered, at the intervals he could abſent himſelf from college, his father's humble roof with a tender reverence that made all our cares be abſorbed in pleaſure. Aſtoniſhed at finding his little ſiſter ſuddenly ſprung up into a young woman, he ſounded the depth of my intellects, and calculated my acquirements. With a fond diſtinction of the little merits he found in me, he made me inſenſibly conſcious of thoſe I wanted; and he, who was a fountain of knowledge, graciouſly accommodated himſelf to my uncultivated capacity. Mutual love ſoon led us to unbounded confidence; and while he flattered me with ſoftening his ſoul, I gradually imbibed from it that high ſpirit of virtue, which, while it enables us to riſe above the little evils of this little world, inſenſibly prepares us for a better.—Felt I now the ſting

of

of poverty?—Ah no!—I ſaw pleaſure was to be found every where by the good; and that the mind, caſt by contracted circumſtances upon itſelf, throws out wild ſhoots even in a chilling atmoſphere, which can amply ſupply the loſs of thoſe indulgences the ſunſhine of proſperity only can beſtow. My delight was reading; and my dear brother ſupplied me with ſuch books as he thought would form and fix my taſte; making me in his abſence write comments on thoſe I then read, which, on his return, he would peruſe, delighting to rectify my judgment when it erred, and if he found it correct, gratify me with that pure applauſe which nurtures every noble faculty of the mind. How bleſſed were the days we thus paſſed together!—Had I a ſorrow, it was loſt in his ſociety—had I a joy, it was doubled by his participation:—but the pure creature of a better world could not long endure to be of this. It is a little more than a year ago that he

returned

returned home with a cold and cough upon him none of us ſuppoſed dangerous, till the hollows of his youthful cheeks ſhewed the ravage it was making in his conſtitution. He was ordered to paſs the winter at home. —Oh! how long, how dreary did that winter appear, as I watched the waſting of his graceful form! The efforts made to remove the diſeaſe only, I fear, took from him the ſtrength neceſſary to encounter it. —As the ſpring came on we fancied he amended.— What an extaſy ran through the family!— My father inſiſted that he had ſuffered from confinement, and ſo often urged him to try the air, that he at laſt complied. Never can I forget the day that, as I entered the garden, I ſaw him feebly coming down the walk! The depredations of the diſeaſe were never ſo viſible:—my heart died within me. —On caſting his eyes forward, he perceived me at a little diſtance, and lifted them to the ſun with a wan ſmile of tender reſignation.

—Oh

—Oh God! what a ſmile!—it almoſt killed me. I flew to give him my arm, glad to eſcape the ſight of that face, more dear to me than any thing on earth. Horror was as prevalent as grief whenever from that moment I was obliged to fix my eyes on it: yet if I could hear, without ſeeing him, his harmonious voice gave me ever the ſweet familiar pleaſure peculiar to family friendſhips. The deſperation of his caſe was at length paſt concealment: he alone bore the conviction with fortitude.—Five weeks did I and my poor mother watch with uncloſed eyes by his bedſide; till at length his celeſtial ſpirit exhaled in piety and peace. Heavily, moſt heavily, we wept —heavily muſt we ever weep on the grave of Llewellyn! Able to look out of ourſelves again, we had ſad leiſure to diſcover that the poverty my brother's illneſs had increaſed, his death had perpetuated. Our pride, our pleaſure, our promiſed affluence,

all,

all, all had expired with Llewellyn. Alas! in addition to my ſhare of the general calamity, I had a hoarded portion of my own to groan over in ſecret. — My companion, friend, inſtructor, boſom counſellor, was no more! The books we had ſtudied together lay yet around me, but I could only drench them in my tears. The precepts of this beloved brother I ſtill ſeemed to hear, but I had no longer voice to repeat, or ſpirits to apply them. My poor parents began to apprehend that the ſolitude I affected would prey upon my health, and rob their age of its laſt prop, when my lady, who ſometimes viſited us, with an air of benevolence propoſed, that, to amuſe and employ my mind, I ſhould take charge of Miſs Caroline. In the univerſal dejection of the family each ſought not, therefore found not, that comfort which had heretofore reconciled us to an humble lot. My parents too were painfully ſenſible that they could not provide for me,

me, ſhould I loſe their protection, and that it was wiſe to accuſtom me to maintain myſelf. The offer was therefore accepted, and ſix months ago I came here as the governeſs of Miſs Caroline.'

"The lovely Agnes ſuddenly pauſed; ſtruck with, as I concluded, a delicate conſciouſneſs that ſhe could not proceed without ſhocking my feelings; as the ſituation in which I found her ſhewed too plainly the fallacy of her parents' expectations. I implored her, however, to purſue her ſtory with frankneſs; hinting that ſhe could hardly tell me any thing of my lady mother which would be new or ſurpriſing.

"At my firſt coming, then, Sir,' reſumed the intereſting girl, 'I had a thouſand lectures given me, both concerning my own conduct and that of your ſiſter, all of which it was not leſs my inclination than my duty

to

to be governed by: but I know not why, I was never able to convince my lady that I fought to make her will the rule of mine. Miſs Caroline too, lovely and innocent, is yet inquiſitive and unruly. A thouſand little tales ſhe continually ran to her mother with; nor could the dear thoughtleſs child gueſs at their cruel conſequences to me. I, too, had often occaſion to complain of her, for either ridiculing or defying an authority I rarely exerciſed, and always with great tenderneſs: but I had often the mortification to be told, either that the child was in the right, or I had not taken the proper method to amend her fault. It had been premiſed ere I entered upon the office, that to dreſs, work for, and attend on Miſs Caroline, ſhould be among my duties: I bluſh to tell you that thoſe are all now remaining. The ſervants have long known me inſenſibly levelled with themſelves. My parents ſtipulated that I ſhould dine in the parlour, but my

lady, two months ago, informed me the indulgence made Miſs Caroline pert; and that I muſt dine with her in the room appropriated for teaching. This arrangement did not ſatisfy my pupil, who ſoon had influence enough to reſume her place in the parlour, but mine was never more allowed me. The additional trouble of ſupplying me a ſolitary meal was ſoon rudely neglected by ſervants, who, finding me ranked with themſelves in all other inſtances, ſaw no cauſe for diſtinction in this. Thus, by inſenſible degrees, while anxious to fulfil every duty to God, my parents, and my benefactors, do I find myſelf a mere ſuperfluity in life—a non-entity—or rather an incumbrance; and long am I likely to remain ſo, as my lady is willing to eſcape the odium of ſending me back to the dear parents who fondly fancy I am happy in her favour; nor dare I add to their diſtreſs by humbling them yet more with this recital; eſpecially as I well know

Sir

Sir Hubert, in the days of my brother's ſevere ſickneſs, had lent my father a ſum he is unable yet to repay; and it would kill him to bear the weight of an obligation to the family who could forget he was a gentleman, no leſs by birth than profeſſion. In troubling you, Sir, with this detail, I rather ſought to awaken your friendſhip than pain your feelings. Your better judgment and kind heart may, perhaps, enable you to find ſome method of getting me ſent home, without any further evil having reſulted from a vain experiment.'

"You may gueſs, my dear Pembroke, from the impreſſion the lovely Agnes had already made on me, at the effect of this ſimple yet touching recital: but though I promiſed her my aid, I never attempted to keep my word. I would ſooner have parted with my life than the angelic Agnes.—This promiſe, therefore, only tended to be-

guile her into confidence and intercourſe.—The diſlike I ever entertained to my ſtep-mother now aroſe almoſt to averſion. Caroline was nearly included in the ſame feeling; and ſince ſhe could ſet at nought the mild influence of the lovely Agnes, I reſolved to make her ſenſible of one ſhe could not over-rule: but ſhe was gentle, and all her little faults were of her mother's making. The ſweetneſs with which ſhe obeyed me ſhewed that at once, and won my fondeſt affection.

"As it was impoſſible for me long to appear ignorant either of the reſidence of Agnes with us, or her name, I foreſaw I ſhould find it very difficult to avoid becoming ſuſpected of a paſſion for her: but from the moment my heart had found this precious hoard of ſecret happineſs, I knew how to bend it to my purpoſes. I affected a ſtudious ſedentary life; would hardly ſee any body,

body, or notice thoſe I ſaw:—paſſed almoſt the whole of my time in the library; and left about, for the eye of the obſerving, rough copies of tranſlations from ſeveral of the Latin poets, which appeared to be the cauſe of my abſtraction. Some few moments, and they were very few, I yet found to offer up my ſoul's devotion to Agnes; for I no longer affected to ſecond her wiſh of returning to her parents: and though ſhe ſtill continued to talk of it, I thought, by the heſitation of her voice, that this effort of reſpect to her family and herſelf would coſt her heart too dearly to be put in practice.—The wiſh gradually died away. The painful humiliation of her preſent ſtate ſhe began to endure with more than patience—with the ſoft endeared ſubmiſſion of ſilent tenderneſs. Although ſhe almoſt lived on air (for dinner I knew ſhe never taſted), ſhe improved in lovelineſs, by the rich glow

and varying graces the pulſations of the heart ever diffuſe incidentally over the perſon.

"Utterly ſecluded from a world I had in my years of vanity been told I well might grace, poor and dependent, my days elapſed in an exquiſite trance I ſhould have curſed the man who waked me from. Can human life afford an enjoyment comparable to ther we feel when we devote ourſelves by ſilent and delicate attentions to the dear object of our choice? — the ſingle being in creation! But if by a peculiarity of circumſtances we are able to make thoſe attentions underſtood by her, while they are inexplicable to the reſt of the world, we ſurely taſte the moſt refined felicity our imperfect nature is capable of knowing. You are fond of the clarionet:—oh! with what pleaſure, on learning my Agnes loved it, did I ſpend whole months in maſtering the inſtrument: though

ſhe

ſhe could only catch the notes as ſhe walked in a diſtant wood with Caroline.

"Sweet, ſweet was the labour with my own hands to embelliſh the ſpots ſhe was fond of.—How often have I — Oh God!" cried the agitated hiſtorian, throwing back his grey locks from his ſunburnt forehead, and lifting his large dark eyes with impreſſive wildneſs to heaven, "the very recollection of thoſe days is too mighty for this weak brain — this ſwelling heart! Agnes, —my angel Agnes, is for ever vaniſhed!— The lovely viſions that 'were around her as light,' alike are vaniſhed.—The awful darkneſs of the ſoul is fallen upon me! and long have I wandered, long muſt I wander, alone and benighted, through this buſy world. In my widowed heart," purſued he, drawing from his boſom a packet ſealed with black, which with eaſtern ſolemnity he put to his head, his eyes, his lips, and his

breaſt, "be all the remainder of my ſad ſtory buried—with my Agnes!"—

The animated ſympathy and tender conſolations of Henry, could hardly recall the veteran from the deep reverie he then fell into; and it was a conſiderable time ere he reſumed his recital.

"A creature like Agnes, gifted with an intuitive ſenſe of decorum, far, far beyond that which is the bond and grace of poliſhed ſociety, no ſooner ſaw my weakneſs and felt her own, than ſhe nobly made a law for herſelf, and deprived us both of the pleaſure we almoſt lived on—the ſight of each other:—at leaſt all the kindneſs and confidence that endeared it. This was effected by a very ſimple means, for ſhe now never ſeparated night or day from my little ſiſter. Appriſed both of Caroline's ſhrewdneſs and loquacity, I hardly dared ſpeak to either when

when together, and vainly ſtudied how to find one without the other. My only chance was that of quitting the dining parlour early; for well I knew Agnes was then a wanderer ſomewhere, and Caroline by her mother's ſide, which ſhe never left till cloyed with fruit and ſweetmeats. I therefore affected to become more and more deeply abſorbed in my literary purſuits: often came in with a pen in my hand; and ſnatching it up the moment the cloth was drawn, ran again to the library. This I did long enough to aſſure myſelf that no one would follow to interrupt my ſtudies, or rather to diſcover my abſence from them: but finding I was conſidered as a mere bookworm, I one day ventured to explore the whole houſe and its vicinity, without being able to diſcover my charmer. Not even her own little apartment eſcaped my ſearch: but as if by magic, Agnes daily vaniſhed till Caroline left her mother. Had I not when a ſchoolboy known

every

every room and closet in my father's mansion, I should have concluded she had found some secret place in it I was unacquainted with; but that I was convinced could not be.

"It was just possible that Agnes might in this interval reach the parsonage, and return; and not doubting but that I must find her with her father and mother, I ventured to call even at this unusual hour upon them. —Agnes, however, I saw not; nor could I learn that this was her time for paying them her duty. Almost in despair, I turned again towards home; but seeing a servant who might mention having met me, I passed, to avoid him, into the church-yard, and was hid by its wall. Suddenly my ear was there greeted, and my soul revived by the sound of an organ, for my mother had bequeathed her own to the church. I approached, and through the door caught the angel voice

of

of Agnes, riſing in ſad yet ſweet accordance. I remained in the porch, and liſtening intently, found that it was the funeral anthem and dirge ſhe was performing, to the memory of her beloved brother, there buried: —'If there was any virtue, if there was any praiſe, he thought of theſe things.'— A requiem at once ſo holy and ſo tender, 'rapt me in Elyſium.'—I ventured not to ſully the ſacred image impreſſed at that intereſting moment on her pure ſoul with an earthly love: but daily reſorting to the porch, lived on the ſound of her heavenly voice; till a monument I had for ſome time beſpoke ſhould be placed over the grave of Llewellyn. When it arrived, I had for the time it was fixing up, poſſeſſion of the church key, which Agnes kept by her father's permiſſion, that ſhe might reſort thither and indulge her taſte, while ſhe freely practiſed muſic. I ſeized the opportunity to take an impreſſion of the key on wax, and rode

many

many a mile ere I ventured to have one made.

"The little mark of reſpect and friendſhip I had ſhewn Llewellyn offended my father, as another of my romantic and idle extravagances; but it wholly won the generous heart of Agnes. In what brilliant tears did her eyes ever ſwim when they afterwards met mine! with what melting ſoftneſs did ſhe addreſs me, even though Caroline was by! how did ſhe purſue with fond regard my very footſteps!

"I waited my opportunity; and one day, while ſhe was divinely touching the organ, I ſoftly opened the church-door, locking it again, and cautiouſly leaving my key within. I hid myſelf, till I was convinced by her deſcending that ſhe was alone. Softly and reverentially ſhe paced up the aiſle, and ſunk on the grave of her brother in ſilent

prayer:

prayer: nor for him alone did the angel pray. Sorely ſhe ſighed, and preſſing her white hand on the pureſt of human hearts, gave me reaſon to believe myſelf included in oriſons ſo touching:—a ſigh even more impaſſioned burſt from my boſom: ſtarting, ſhe turned with terror round, and felt relieved on ſeeing only me. 'Riſe not, my Agnes,' cried I, ſinking alike on my knee, 'nor let one fear diſturb you,—a fiend alone could give you any: ſee not in this unauthoriſed intruſion aught but the fond wiſh for your ſociety that militates againſt a mere decorum, nor dares offend your purity.—Here—before the altar of God, and kneeling upon the tomb of your brother, I ſwear—ſolemnly—deliberately ſwear, never to give you a pain I can ſpare you—never to tinge that lovely cheek with a bluſh for any fault of mine.' She regarded me with a dignified ſilent ſerioufneſs, implying belief; and ſtretching out my hand with her own yet

linked

linked in it, towards the altar, ſhe accepted the vow, and bent to heaven to confirm it. 'Nor is this,' added I, 'the only vow I mean to pledge to you, my Agnes:—here, here, I once more ſwear to give my hand to her who holds it—to my Llewellyn's lovely ſiſter—to Agnes only.' A beautiful fluſh roſe to her cheeks, but I had ratified this vow on her lips, ere ſhe had recollection enough to reject it.

"Thus in a church was the ſoft ſilence of our love firſt broken,—in a church was it daily confirmed. What precious hours did we ſteal to paſs at the grave of Llewellyn; with an innocence his diſembodied ſpirit might have witneſſed, and a delight well worthy of it. The ruin but too probably attached to my marrying Agnes, made her inexorable to my entreaties; and the advanced years and increaſing infirmities of my father rendered it likely that I ſhould

ſoon

ſoon be maſter of my own reſolutions.—But what young heart can live upon the cold uncertain future?—I was perſuaded that we might venture a private marriage; and the caution we had hitherto obſerved would ſufficiently guard us from ſuſpicion. Agnes ſhrunk from the idea; and even if I dared judge for myſelf, and act independently of my father, ſo would not ſhe.—Obedient even in thought to thoſe who gave her being, ſhe reſolutely refuſed to marry without her parents' conſent; and that, ſhe aſſured me, I ſhould find not leſs hard to obtain than the approbation of Sir Hubert. I was too much bent, however, on calling her entirely my own, not to revolve all poſſible ways of inclining the venerable paſtor to my purpoſe; till a bold and deſperate project ſprung up in my heart, which I ventured not to impart to Agnes; yet deliberately reſolved to riſque. I told her that her own father ſhould marry us. She treated

this

this as a mere banter, but knew not what to make of the determination of my manner. I exacted nothing more of her than a promiſe not to viſit home till ſhe ſhould be ſummoned thither; and, with a confidence ſhe could not account for, aſſured her that ſummons ſhould call her to church as a bride. Confuſed, perplexed, and anxious, ſhe gave me the promiſe I required; but knew little comfort while ſo uncertain a plan was in agitation.

"I now reſorted daily to the parſonage; with a look ſo ſelf-reproaching and diſconſolate, that the good man became very urgent with me to impart its cauſe. When I had ſufficiently awakened his ſympathy, I ventured to hint to him a paſſion that I had cheriſhed to deſperation, but I named not the object;—his pale and trembling looks told me I need not. He greatly did his duty, by exhorting me to forget the object, however

ever lovely, or amiable, ſo ill ſuited to me in fortune. I interrupted him by declaring myſelf incapable of ſuch a baſe deſertion. I owned I was already wedded—irrevocably bound by ties of honour the church might confirm, but could not cancel. He lifted his trembling hands to heaven, 'And the unhappy girl has yielded?' ſighed the tender father; I remained ſilent, but ſoon paſſionately ſinking at his feet, conjured him to remember that the choice reſted in his own boſom; and Agnes was my wife if he would only give her to me. Shame, pride, and piety, ſtruggled ſeverely at his heart; but our agitation, and high tone, ſoon added a third perſon to the party too delicately alive to female honour or diſgrace not to ſide with me:—I mean the mother of my angel. Our joint entreaties at length wrought upon the worthy man, and he conſented to marry me privately to his daughter. Oh! cruel ſtate of woman in ſociety, when a mother was

obliged to conſider that act as honourable which, had the fault been real, would only have been the pooreſt kind of reparation. I bluſhed to be treated with tearful gratitude by the mother I had thus wounded.

" It was, however, almoſt impoſſible to prevail on the offended father to addreſs one line to the child he thought ſo culpable; but I aſſured him that unleſs he did he would never ſee her more. At length, with burſts of mingled ſhame and ſorrow, he ſnatched a pen, and wrote,—' Meet me at the altar—at the altar only can I meet you.'—I caught the pen from his hand, nor would allow another word to be added. Hardly could I controul the fond, the glowing exultation of my heart in having thus enſured its only wiſh. The diſtreſs of the parents I knew to be temporary, and imaginary,—the happineſs I had thus gained long and exquiſite.

" Agnes

"Agnes looked now on me, and now on the billet in mute wonder; hardly crediting the hand to be her father's: but the tranſports of my joy were a full confirmation. A moment's reflexion proved that I could neither have will nor power to deceive her; and I ſoon had the exquiſite delight of ſeeing her young heart participate the ſweet perturbation of mine at our approaching union.

"I wrote to implore the anxious parents not to betray my confidence by one unkind look at their daughter; and named the day and hour, when with the clerk, and one faithful, though humble, friend of their own chuſing, they ſhould expect us in the church. I had conſented ſhe ſhould return, when once married, to paſs the day at my father's; where ſhe was to obtain leave to remain a week with her own. I was in waiting for my lovely fluttered girl

in the porch of the church; and her father ſtood ready at the altar, with his book, and ſurplice on. The ſad ſolemnity of his greeting ſhocked and ſurpriſed Agnes. Conſcious, through her whole life only of virtue, and filial reverence, ſhe could not account for the ſtern and chilling air with which he went through the awful ſervice. The floods of tears that fell from her mother's eyes had not the ſame effect, for her own flowed abundantly. The benediction of both parents, which followed that of heaven, was faintly and imperfectly beſtowed on her; while to me it became cordial and animated. The father then haſtened to depart, as having by a powerful effort over himſelf got through a painful duty; and my beauteous Agnes, hurt and appalled ſhe knew not why, trembling, and alone, retrod the ſteps that brought her.

"Oh! think what a lingering day of torture

torture remained to us both;—to be in one houſe, yet wholly eſtranged: to have gained ſeverally the treaſure above valuation without daring to avow its poſſeſſion: the ſun, that I more than once imagined a ſecond time ſtood ſtill, at length ſunk in the weſt, and the day finally cloſed. Caroline's tongue, which I thought would never ceaſe, was at length ſilenced by ſleep. I walked in the wood beyond the garden, till the lover's friend, a bright moon, ſhewed my timid lovely bride, ſoftly cloſing the ſmall gate upon herſelf. I ſprung forward to claim her as my own, and folded her to a heart as entirely hers now as at that bleſſed moment. When ſhe ſpoke to me of her father's wrathful looks in the morning, I enjoyed the pure felicity I was going at once to diſpenſe and to feel; and opening the jeſſamine covered wicket of the parſonage, I ſunk with my bride at the feet of her humbled and afflicted parents. Imploring them to pardon

the only artifice by which I could have won their ſanction to our union, I bade them fold to their virtuous boſoms a daughter as pure as when ſhe was firſt preſſed there.—Oh! what a tearful joy was theirs at this bleſſed news; my fault was forgotten, more than forgotten—hallowed by their burſts of grateful affection. Agnes, again aſtoniſhed, ſought by turns in the eyes of each an explanation. Comprehending at length the artifice I had adopted, never did ſhe appear ſo tranſcendently lovely as while her looks reproved her parents for believing me, and her bluſhes ſo ſweetly vindicated her own purity. The world affords not four ſuch happy beings as encircled that little table, though on it was only 'a feaſt of herbs.'—The father's hand had given me Agnes in the morning; the matron hand of her chaſte mother now beſtowed her for ever on the happieſt of mankind.

"How little may conſtitute felicity to tender hearts you will judge, when I tell you that mine knew no drawback ſave a fond deſire I had to ſee my Agnes releaſed from ſubordination, and elevated to her own place in ſociety: but ſhe bore all the inconveniences of her ſubjected ſtate with a meekneſs ſo noble, that it doubled my adoration, while the ſweet myſtery of our marriage gave to the wife all the charms fear and anxiety beſtow on her we are impatient to make ſo. What under other circumſtances we ſhould have thought a misfortune, we were now obliged to conſider as a bleſſing, for, after a while, we ſaw no proſpect of becoming parents.

"The contented manner in which I had appeared to ſit down for life at home, was, however, not very ſatisfactory to my lady mother: who ſaw, with deep chagrin, that Sir Hubert, as his years and infirmities in-

creaſed, turned over to me all his correſpondences, accounts, and whatever claimed exertion either of body or mind. Her own mean ſelfiſh temper made her incapable of hoping to find generoſity from me ſhould heaven ſuddenly recall my father; and ſhe determined to keep the power wholly in her own hands, by once more driving me from my peaceful harbour into that world where I had been wrecked already. How ſhe wrought upon my father, who certainly had no mind to part with me, to purchaſe another commiſſion, I know not,—the firſt word I heard of the matter was its being preſented to me. A ſentence of death could hardly have ſhocked me more.—By ſome previous prejudice, he conſtrued my viſible repugnance to ſerve into want of manly ſpirit; and briefly informed me, that infamy in the army, and contempt among my friends, muſt follow my declining the purchaſe he had made for me. I remained almoſt in a

ſtate

ſtate of diſtraction; and avoided immediate deciſion. My wife became my conſoler: ſhe tenderly urged my compliance, though it muſt leave her unprotected, ſave by her infirm and humble parents. The dread of exaſperating Sir Hubert, and aiding the dark machinations of my ſtep-mother, who evidently wiſhed to get me diſinherited, which muſt plunge my ſweet Agnes in eternal poverty, alone induced me to heſitate. I was no ſooner found to do that, than volleys of letters came every day, either to Sir Hubert, or myſelf, from all our meddling relations; inſiſting upon it that my reſuming my ſtation in the army, now in actual ſervice, and ſhewing my courage, could alone retrieve the character I had loſt in the Weſt Indies: where it was hinted I was ſpoken of rather as a poltroon than a ſpendthrift.

"This ignominious repreſentation rouſed every

every particle of man in me, and in an evil hour I accepted the commiſſion: though to have driven a plough upon the eſtate I was born to heir, and have dwelt in a cottage with peace and Agnes, would have been preferable. Alas! not one of thoſe bleſſings was ever more to be my portion. She too, made up of ſoft affections, had implored—entreated me to conſent; for to know me at once defamed and diſinherited, would have ſunk her early to the grave. A thouſand times was I on the point of avowing our union, and carrying with me the treaſure of my life. But I was going to a camp, to ſhare hardſhips, and riſque dangers Agnes knew not how to calculate; nor dared I deſcribe to her tender heart the various horrors of the ſcene. Yet oh! that ſhe had known them, and claiming all her rights in and over me, we had together ſhared the viciſſitudes of war, the diſcomfort of poverty.—Oh! that I had

riſqued

riſqued every miſery, but the one I muſt to the lateſt moment of exiſtence groan under.

" My compliance obtained, Sir Hubert, reſuming an air of paternal kindneſs, gave me a ſolemn aſſurance, that his will ſecured to me thoſe rights of heirſhip he had veſted in himſelf only to guard them: nor ſhould he ever alter it, while my conduct was prudent and dutiful. With his cuſtomary ſevere thrift, he, however, neither gave, nor allowed me, more money than was indiſpenſable to my ſituation; nor could I, in parting, much enrich the angel my love had bound to endure the ſubjection of my father's houſe. To me it had been, from the hour of our marriage, leſſened, as my proud ſoul already called it her own.—The proximity of her parents aſſured her of tenderneſs and protection, nor did my abſence rob her of any good ſave my poor ſelf.

ſelf. Her thoughts on this ſad ſeparation I underſtood only by her tears; for Agnes knew not by weak complaints to embitter duty; ſtill leſs by entreaties to interfere with it.—Briefly let me ſay I left my love—Oh! that I had left life and her at the ſame miſerable moment.

"I found my regiment ready to embark for Flanders; and ſoon after I arrived there had occaſion enough to ſhew that I neither wanted courage nor conduct. The fluctuations of the war cauſed me to loſe many letters on which my exiſtence ſeemed to hang. Thoſe that reached me gave me a dreadful alarm for the life of Agnes; as from the time of my departure ſleep and appetite had fled her; but all my fears ſoon ended in the ſweeteſt hopes: for I found ſhe was likely to become a mother. Yet this pleaſure of extended being, which pervades all ranks alike, was damped to me by the re-

collection

collection of her peculiar ſituation under the roof of a man incapable of pardoning her want of fortune; for that was the only want malice itſelf could impute to Agnes. I eagerly exhorted her, ere ſuſpicion could ariſe, to quit not only my father's houſe, but that of her own; and, ever obſervant of my will, ſhe anſwered that her aunt had come from Briſtol, on the invitation of her parents, to conſult upon the ſafeſt and beſt mode of conduct ſhe could obſerve: — they had agreed that ſhe ſhould follow her aunt thither: in ſo large a place ſhe ſhould be ſecure from notice, and might not only lie in, but ſafely reſide till I ſhould return to England. For this, however, a ſmall ſupply of money was neceſſary, and that ſhe was obliged to look to me for. In the certainty of obtaining it, ſhe had, however, already expreſſed a wiſh to be diſmiſſed to my lady; who had only required her to ſtay till another attendant ſhould be found for Caroline: and this,

this, as ſhe could not leave the country till a remittance arrived, would be no inconvenience.—Alas! this letter found me as poor as herſelf; but the delay made me almoſt frantic:—it was the death-ſtroke of our happineſs; for ere I could aid her removal, came one I have not loſt.—Read it yourſelf; you will have no difficulty, ſo beautiful is her writing:—hardly was her hand, or even her heart, more ſo."—

LETTER I.

"Life of my life, how ſhall I find language or ſtrength to tell!—yet vainly ſhould I attempt to conceal, what from others will reach you with every aggravation. Oh Hubert! beloved huſband! why did we ever part? or rather, perhaps, why did we ever meet? ſince not allowed to add to each other's happineſs.

pineſs.—Could I in your arms find ſupport for this weak and trembling frame,—on your boſom repoſe this aching head,—in your heart blend grief with grief, I might perhaps gather courage to endure the fate I have not been able to avoid.—Driven with the groſſeſt indignity, the moſt heart-wounding contumely, from your father's houſe, I return to the hitherto peaceful dwelling of my own, only to put all peace to flight.—Sinking into the earth, I dare not aſk conſolation of my parents; for I, alas! am become their affliction. Bowed to the grave almoſt with the weight of my ſorrow, their eyes now ſhun mine.—What have I left in life but you; and you are far—far away from the wretched Agnes!

"Alas! my love, I deſerve not your indirect reprehenſion—I make not evils for myſelf: and your tender exhortation had all the effect you wiſhed. I bewailed no longer

longer the ſituation I was in. I ſaw myſelf, as with a tenderneſs moſt elevating you call me, 'the breathing temple of a human ſoul.' I deſpiſed the weakneſs that made me brood over a poor apprehenſion for my own ſafety, in a moment of ſuffering invariably the lot of woman, while my Hubert, without a fear, daily, nay hourly, riſqued a life a thouſand, thouſand times dearer to me than my own. I found my health amend daily; and yeſterday, only yeſterday, roſe in better ſpirits than I have known ſince we parted. One week more, and I ſhould have been quietly enfranchiſed from my worſe than Egyptian bondage; but, alas! my love, heaven had ordained it otherwiſe.

"The weather has, I fancy, of late been very oppreſſive, for I have often found myſelf ſtrangely faint; yet not ſo faint but that I could conceal it. Yeſterday a large company was expected to dinner, and Miſs

Caroline

Caroline was very anxious to be dreſſed with nicety. I failed not in exertions to pleaſe alike herſelf and her mother; but I was worn out with fatigue, both were ſo fanciful. I had occaſion to fetch your ſiſter ſome gloves from my own room; and there caſt my eyes on your dear packet, incloſed from my father. I tore the cover off, to aſſure myſelf of that I already knew, and kiſſed all of your writing that ever reached my eyes—the direction:—for, fearing to keep my lady waiting, I put the letter eagerly into my boſom, and haſtened back.—What was my ſurpriſe and vexation, to find Miſs Caroline again completely undreſſed; and all her beautiful long hair, that I had ſpent an hour in curling, combed quite out for me to dreſs again. The impatience I felt to read your letter, the trembling that always ſeizes me when I receive one from you, the ill-humour of my lady, and the eternal whims of Miſs Caroline, altogether,

made me feel ready to ſink every moment.—Perhaps the heat of the ſun, which was on the room, and they had not conſideration enough to obſerve that as I ſtood it ſhone almoſt full upon me (for they kept me all the while ſtanding), might occaſion the diſorder. Miſs Caroline was at laſt ready. My lady was juſt going:—one moment more, and I might have lived or died without any human creature's being appriſed of my fate;—but that moment was not mine. A ſtrange ſenſation of giddineſs ſuddenly ſeized me; and reeling, I caught at Miſs Caroline's chair, but wanting power to hold it, I dropped upon the ground. It was, I believe, a long while before Mrs. Margam could bring me to life again; but I ſaw I had been removed to the long window-ſeat in the gallery, where the windows were thrown open. I was ſhocked too at perceiving my cloaths looſe, and that I was in a manner undreſſed. The fear of the

houſe-

houſekeeper's remarks was for a moment my only one, — but in another I miſſed my letter, and that thought was a bullet ſhot through my brain. No need had I to inquire for it; — a glance informed me it was in my lady's hands, and that Sir Hubert was raving like a madman. I wonder I did not at once drop down dead with terror, or that our poor infant ſurvived ſo agoniſing a pang. I fell into violent fits, from which I had hardly a chance of recovering; for at intervals I ſaw the ſervants, who were all in a manner round me, ſtanding aloof, as though your poor Agnes had ſhed peſtilence in her very tears. — I had no choice but to ſpeak the anguiſh of my ſoul, and implore the compaſſion of my lady: this brought out Sir Hubert. I will not further ſhock you, my love, by deſcanting on his unkind, I may ſay unmanly, treatment of me. — Alas! he held in his hand the poſitive proof that I was your wife; yet he

ſpoke of me as a light wretch—nay, a very vile abandoned one—for why ſhould you not know the truth?—As ſuch he bade his ſervants turn me out of his houſe. His wife, coarſe and violent as himſelf, deigned not to liſten to my ſupplications; nor, though a mother, had ſhe any pity for my ſituation. The ſervants, I believe, felt for me, but obedience is the habit of their lives.—Suffice it to ſay, that your beſt beloved—your wedded wife, your innocent, helpleſs Agnes, was ſpurned from your father's door as the moſt vicious of her ſex; and it was ſhut for ever againſt her. My head was ſo weak, my heart ſo agitated, that I for ſome moments doubted whether this extraordinary event could be real or not.—Alas! I found it but too certain, and tried to totter towards the parſonage: but I could get no further than the ſeat by the ſtile, under the laſt elm in the avenue; and here I wondered anew at my own miſery! nor could gueſs what would

would next become of me. I thought till I was paſt all thinking; for my poor father, alarmed at ſome flying report of the ſervants, was haſtening to inquire what had happened, when he ſaw me 'wounded and bruiſed by the way-ſide.'—He who never could ſee a ſtranger ſo, and paſs by, ruſhed to his poor daughter, and his pious tears revived my drooping nature. 'Open *your* paternal arms, deareſt, beſt of men,' cried I, 'for if you too ſpurn me I muſt inſtantly expire!'—He claſped me to his boſom, and I thought our hearts would alike have burſt under the old elm. He tenderly led me home, where already the whole neighbourhood was gathered:—ſome to report, ſome to inquire, ſome to pity, but all to ſatisfy their inſupportable curioſity, without any compaſſion for our wounded feelings. —Among them ſhortly after appeared Sir Hubert's ſteward; and, by owning a commiſſion to me, releaſed me from my impor-

tunate viſitants. 'He was,' he ſaid, 'ordered to tell me, that if I had the diſcretion to avoid attempting to intrude myſelf on a family who would never admit any claim to be veſted in me, I ſhould be treated with favour; and my child properly provided for.'—My father turned his back on the ſycophant, and quitted the room.—The man continued to adviſe me at leaſt to appear compliant, till Sir Hubert ſhould cool. But I ſaw that to give myſelf up for a day, was to forfeit all eſtimation for ever; nor could I ſuppoſe you would have wiſhed me thus to act:—would you, my love? All the little recollection the dreadful ſhock had left me, went ſimply to forming my conduct, according to what I thought your honour required, and your conſcience would dictate. My father had, in the interim, however, decided for us both; as he now re-entered with the church regiſter in his hand.—'Go Sir,' ſaid he, 'to Sir Hubert, and tell him, ſuch is the power

of

of integrity, that no human inſult can reach or humble it. — Tell him my daughter has been for ſome time his own, not by my choice but that of his ſon: and let him timely conſider how he ſhall anſwer to his God, if he by cruel treatment ſhortens her days, or robs his child of the bleſſing of becoming in his turn a father. — For me, I have not forgot I am in his power: — for his own ſoul's ſake let him not abuſe it; for I muſt riſque that when my duty is in the queſtion. I have, Sir, already taken all the neighbours you ſaw with me to the church, and there ſhewn them this regular authentic regiſter of a legal marriage. — Look at it yourſelf, and tell Sir Hubert I leave it open to the inſpection of the whole pariſh. Since we have only virtue, let us fully eſtabliſh our claim to that.'

"You know how commanding an air my father can aſſume, though his manners are

ſimplicity itſelf. He took my hand and conducted me to my room, leaving, without a look, the mean agent of a mean propoſal to ſtay or go as he pleaſed.

"Once alone,—the violent perturbation of perſonal ſuffering and indignity abated;—oh! how acute were my feelings for you!—I, I then, who adore you, have innocently robbed you of your natural inheritance; for to obtain that for her daughter has ever been the object with your ſtep-mother: and Sir Hubert, cruel as I found him, has, I believe, long heſitated to gratify her, from a conſcientious, rather than affectionate motive. Sometimes, too, I dread your imputing my ſudden deprivation of ſenſe to mere ill-humour, rather than weakneſs. Yet when did you ever affix an unkind conſtruction on aught I did? and in this cruel inſtance recollection was loſt, for ſome conſtitutional pang overcame me.

"My

"My mother's grief ſurpaſſes my own; and ſhe has not youth to bear up under it, nor a diſtant huſband to divide her thoughts. She had ever, you know, ſuch a regard for the opinion of the world—has been always ſo highly eſteemed—that, to know all tongues are buſy with our names, while humiliation is our portion, will, I fear, ſhorten her days. Perhaps, too, the recollection of the debt due from my father to yours, adds apprehenſion to her diſtreſs. Yet, however his paſſion might lead him to injure or inſult me, Sir Hubert cannot ſurely deliberately wreak his vengeance on an upright miniſter of God.

"Deareſt, beſt of fathers, I *will* be comforted!—at leaſt I muſt ſoothe mine with the hope.'—He came ſuddenly upon me, and found me bliſtering, as you will ſee, this letter with my tears.

"Huſband

"Huſband of my heart, love not your hapleſs Agnes the leſs for the poverty ſhe may bring on you; and it ſhall be the buſineſs, as it is the duty, of her life to lighten it!—Let us once more meet, my Hubert, and we will ſhare one fate for the reſt of our days."

"I was engaged in very ſevere ſervice when this killing letter reached me. I wonder, in the diſtraction of my mind, that I did not put my head before a cannon in the moment of exploſion. Honour itſelf could not have kept me in Flanders, but that I immediately ſaw the die was caſt, and my return could only ſupply fuel to the flame humanity might quench. From my father I had ſoon after a letter — he reproached me with intriguing under his roof with a worthleſs girl, and inſulting both her family and my own: bade me write to her to accept his bounty,

bounty, and not aggravate what was paſt by pretending I had married her, or I ſhould ruin both her and myſelf; for he would wholly diſinherit me in favour of Caroline. I ſaw a worldlineſs in this letter that ſhewed my ſtep-mother had prompted it, and a kind of reluctance in the concluſion that induced me to be very cautious in my anſwer. I replied, and vindicated myſelf from the imputed inſult to both families, by avowing my marriage, with the means by which I overruled the ſcruples of my Agnes' father. I entreated Sir Hubert to conſider, that if either was culpable in ſeducing the other from duty, it muſt be me; yet at thirty-two to fix my choice was ſurely pardonable, and to ſanctify it could not diſgrace me. I implored him by every tender impulſe that had made my birth, and that of Caroline, dear to him, to conſider the rights of the babe who was ſoon to be added to his family; and by protecting the innocent and

ſuffering

ſuffering mother, entitle himſelf to the eternal gratitude as well as duty of his ſon. To this filial addreſs I had no anſwer; nor in fact from that moment did I ever receive a ſingle line from my father. I had the ill fortune to loſe my baggage, and of courſe many letters, neceſſary as well as dear to me.—Of the few that remain this is the next."

LETTER II.

"If it will joy your heart, my beſt love, to know that I am yet well, take joy; for I am ſtill able to tell you ſo myſelf—although I am ſo altered, that I am almoſt glad you cannot ſee the ſhapeleſs Agnes. My father has ever been the tendereſt of comforters, and I muſt now very ſoon have another—ſo dear—oh! Hubert, how dear!

—I ſome-

—I ſometimes ſit and wonder if the babe will be like you.—What a treaſure to me, who have no picture of you, ſhould I hold a living one in my arms; and I can talk to that of its father, from morning to night, without tiring it.

"My appetite returns with my peace of mind, and I eat a hearty dinner now every day, though ſo long out of the habit of it. Nothing reconciles us to the inconveniences of poverty like experiencing the miſeries of grandeur—poor things as we are, to ſacrifice ſo much comfort to pride.—Could I have reſolved to inhabit my own humble home, I ſhould at once have told my parents how my lady treated me, and then they would have ſent for me back again ere you returned from abroad; and I ſhould not have been in your way every day, and all the day. And would I have had it thus?—I dare not aſk my ſelfiſh heart; for, early

uſed

uſed to endure poverty, I might perhaps have gladly compounded for that to be the wife of my Hubert: but when I reflect I may rob him of affluence — that is the ſting.

"Grieve no more, my life, that you cannot ſend me money — in our humble ſituation a little ſuffices; and now I ſee that the neighbours are convinced I am your wife, I do not ſo much wiſh to leave home. My poor mother cannot bear I ſhould be without her aid, and indeed I am ſuch a tender timid thing, I know not what would become of me if I left her. My father, finding Sir Hubert's hatred of me inveterate, thinks my quitting the country might make the birth of your ſon, if a ſon it ſhould be, diſputable: he therefore ſays the whole neighbourhood ſhall be able to teſtify the child is ours. Yet it is irkſome to encounter cold looks from thoſe one has been accuſtomed

tomed to live well with; and though many of our neighbours have a regard for us, none dare ſmile when their landlord frowns. I could on that account prefer going to my aunt; but the will of my father was ever mine, till I found a dearer law-giver in my huſband.

"I could tell you ſomething enchanting of Caroline, if I was not afraid of wounding, of humbling you — yet ought any thing to do that which ſprings from right feeling? The precious child contrived to ſend me a hurried, but very affectionate letter, to ſay how ſorry ſhe was that ſhe might not come and ſee me; and that ſhe had teazed her godmother out of almoſt a whole piece of cambric to dreſs her doll, in hopes it would make a robe for the baby; and this preſent accompanied the letter. She adds too, that it would delight her to be a godmother herſelf, only I muſt not tell any body

body of it — *they* would be ſo angry. By this ſhe implies both parents:—ſo they talk of us ſometimes you find. If it is a boy, ſhe wiſhes him to be called Edmund, yet gives an odd reaſon for the choice — that ſhe overheard her papa ſay, he hoped I would *not* give my brat that name. Sir Hubert muſt have ſome reaſon:—let me know your will that I may not err."

"This innocent and kind letter of my ſiſter's, in ſhewing the generous feelings of her nature, endeared her much to mine — her hint too appeared of importance to our little one, if it proved a boy. The firſt ſon of my parents, who died at ſeven years old, before, in fact, I was born, had been called Edmund: and, like other ſhort-lived children, remained on record as a model of perfection.—In the hope that as his thoughts were

yet

yet on us, my father would relent, my mind became more compoſed; which was abſolutely neceſſary to the cloſing of a troubleſome wound, that I had never dared to own I was ſuffering under; while I had the painful addition of cramped circumſtances: for never, from the moment I avowed my marriage, did my father remit me a guinea. The bleſſed news I ſoon received, that my Agnes had made me one, and, with a lovely boy, was doing well, left no other miſery on my mind than that of abſence. Oh! how I longed at once to enfold in my arms the unknown babe, and my ſuffering angel! See what ſhe ſays —

LETTER III.

"Yes! I hold now in my fond arms the bleſſed image of him ever in my heart:

claſp our lovely boy, my Hubert, in imagination, to the boſom he ſprung from; and bow to the God who has borne me thus ſafely through ſo many trials, even though your eye is not on me to cheriſh, your voice is not near to invigorate, my languid nature.

"My mother would fain perſuade me that I am too delicate to nurſe our darling myſelf, but God ſurely never made that woman a mother who is really unequal to the firſt duty of the maternal character. Sweet little fellow! as he lies at my boſom, his moaning ſhort-breathed ſatisfaction is muſic to my ear, and rewards me for the determination I have ſhewn.

"It is impoſſible to tell you how much kindneſs I have received from many who are afraid to avow the part they take in our welfare: preſents have been ſent often from

from I know not whom — baſkets of delicacies have been found in the orchard — the poor old butler, your nurſe's huſband, brought me ſome of the fine rich ſack your father values ſo, and ſaid, that if Sir Hubert hanged him for it he would not know his young maſter's lady want. He begged ſo hard to have a look at the babe, that my mother prevailed on me for one moment to ſuffer her to take him out of my ſight :— the worthy ſoul claſped him in his arms, and, falling on his knees, prayed to Almighty God to bleſs the ſweeteſt child he ever ſet eyes on. Do you know the precious crowed as he looked up in his face, my mother tells me—indeed, the angel hardly ever cries.—Alas! my babe, I have ſhed tears enough for both of us,—and my poor—poor mother does little elſe. She never ſleeps either, and looks ſo broken and wan!—Ah! if I have gained one bleſſing only to loſe another :—but my reſtleſs ſenſibility may be

too much alive: let me hope we have paſſed the roughest part of our journey, and though the hut where we reſt ourſelves is low and humble, we have only to get you among us, and to reconcile our minds to the future, when we may look down upon Sir Hubert and his ſelfiſh lady.

" Caroline, in quilted ſatin, ſent me two guineas, *for her godſon*—Darling creature! — who was ever more generous? — it was, ſhe ſays, her all.

" On Sunday, my father means I ſhall go to church as Mrs. Powis, where he will publicly baptiſe our boy, by that name, and Edmund with it — though I am not ſanguine on the influence of ſound over him in whom feeling is annihilated. Oh! my love, that I had but you to countenance and ſupport me!"

" How

"How heavenly a diſpoſition is ſeen in this letter, through which we may diſcern that my angel and her boy felt daily every diſtreſs but the bitter one of abſolute want; and not from the leaſt of her humiliations could her huſband ſave her — killing recollection! Again too was I plundered of my baggage, and a chaſm of a year appears in our correſpondence, while ſtill the war raged, and left me no hope of reviſiting England."

LETTER IV.

"Oh! what a joy, my Hubert! — why are you not preſent to ſhare it?—Deareſt of huſbands, theſe poor arms are lightened, as well as my heart; our little man walks!— ay, walks alone; and is ſo full of his own mightineſs —, ſo proud of it.—He took his

grandfather's ſtick this morning, and tried to ſhoulder it, as I had in play done; looking up at me with a ſmile ſo like your own. Oh! what a tearful pleaſure was it to gaze on him, my Hubert!—I am tempted every word I write to tell you how very beautiful he is; but as all the people round us ſay he is my image, I am aſhamed, though in my eyes he is your picture in miniature. Were his proud grandfather once to ſee the cherub, he ſurely would relent; for when I look on him I feel convinced that no parent can reſiſt the impetuous guſh of natural affection. Were this afflicting war once at an end, and we had you with us — did your father ſee the ſweet child in your arms, all would be well; but I have no power to move him — perhaps no right to expect it. In the ſad uncertainty of your return I am nevertheleſs brooding over a project of my own, that I will not communicate till I know the reſult; and my ſmiling babe is to

be

be the principal agent. Every day do I give him a leſſon of love — at the ſpot too where firſt I learnt it. Ah! know you not that it was the grave of our dear Llewellyn?

"Your remittance, my beſt love, is come to hand. Alas! I am ſure you deny every thing to yourſelf for our ſakes. I have now time for employment; and do not you bluſh that I have obtained ſome? you know I am a nice needle-woman, and I have neither my dear huſband nor Caroline to work for. You have no idea how fine a young creature your ſiſter grows: her preſent governeſs is a Frenchwoman, who ſcowls at me and my boy, as though ſhe were to have Sir Hubert's eſtate. I dare not venture on his immediate precincts, but I wander almoſt every day to the cheſnut grove, and weep as I wiſtfully ſurvey the temple above, where you uſed to ſtand with your enchanting clarionet, and ſteal my

heart through my ear; for you had many—many ways of making it all your own. Oh! how dreary appears the ſpot, where I no more can behold my Hubert!—and it is I who have robbed him of his inheritance!—I, who keep him in exile!—I, who live but in his ſight!—One day as I was toiling up the hill, Miſs Caroline eſpied me from the ſun-dial on the terrace, and not heeding the commands of her governeſs, who paſſionately jabbered French, flew through the little garden gate, and reaching me, claſped and kiſſed her godſon with infinite tenderneſs. She ſweetly too called me by your name!—delightful was the ſound from your ſiſter. 'Is this a hat for Sir Hubert's heir?' cried ſhe, throwing off diſdainfully that our boy wore. Do you know the darling looks at it ever ſince with as much ſcorn as his aunt did, and never more would put it on?—You need not be afraid that I ſhall make him too humble, though you compli-

ment

ment me with being ſo: I rank him by your degree, not my own, and only value myſelf as the mother of my Hubert's ſon. All my girliſh apparel I have given up, to deck the dear one.—Ah! what can add to his beauty?

"I wiſh I could relieve your mind about my poor mother, but ſhe has never been the ſame creature ſince my day of diſgrace; and grows now ſo thin and weak, that, unleſs you return, to revive her ſpirits, by recalling her hopes, I fear ſhe will droop even to death: yet ſhe ſo doats on our boy, that I really believe ſhe forgives us both all the tears we have made her ſhed, whenever he climbs up her knee, as ſhe ſits peruſing the bible; and, ſtealing her ſpectacles, holds them over his own lovely eyes, and moſt ſententiouſly hums, as though reading; imitating my father's ſonorous voice: and then we all,

you

you may gueſs, ſmother him with careſſes. Ah! he is a ſad pet, without your aſſiſtance."

LETTER V.

"Alas! my Hubert, I have now done my very utmoſt to move your father, and have failed. I ſuffered neither pride, nor the ſenſe of humiliation, to interfere with my duty. If poverty is to be the portion of our lovely boy, as well as ourſelves, let him always remember that his mother humbled herſelf to the duſt to obtain for him a better fortune.

"Yet ſurely, if Sir Hubert had but one ſpark of humanity, not to mention feeling, I could not have failed; for well our little ſmiler acquitted himſelf in the trial. It had

long

long been my idea that, could I venture to take my child to church, and be ſure of his remaining quiet, the pious feelings incident to the awful place, and duty, would co-operate with the ſtrong pulſations of nature to produce in your father ſome tenderneſs to my boy, if no pity for his unfortunate mother. That no diſpleaſure to me might induce Sir Hubert to ſtay away from church, I have long done ſo; and contented myſelf with praying at home, till I could truſt to my influence over my ſweet child to keep him quiet. During the laſt three months he has been capable of obſervance, and every day have I taken him to the grave of Llewellyn; there, without witneſſes, has his mother impoſed on him the painful penance of ſilence: this for a great while the animated cherub neither underſtood, nor approved; but finding all his winning ways, and little efforts at talking, produced no return from me, except my preſſing a finger on my lip,

he

he gave up the point, and grew habitually ſilent—though he wondered why, as I gueſſed by his ſweet intelligent eyes.

"On Good Friday, as the ſeaſon when every Chriſtian is thrown ſolemnly on his conſcience and his feelings, I called upon mine to carry me through my determined duty. I waited till the whole congregation was collected; and Sir Hubert, his lady, and daughter, were all in the great ſeat; when, to the general conſternation, with my eyes humbly fixed on the ground, and my deſerted ſon in my arms, I came into the aiſle, when I ſuddenly trembled ſo that I feared I could not walk up it. My poor father, whom I had not appriſed of my intention, leſt he ſhould conſtrue it a ſcheme, and unſuited to the ſanctity of the day, was already in the reading deſk, and had begun—'If we ſay that we have no ſin we deceive ourſelves.' His voice faltered at ſight of me, and a momentary

mentary pauſe in the ſervice rendered the ſentence he had pronounced peculiarly impreſſive. Having tottered to the grave of Llewellyn, I ſat down upon the flat raiſed ſtone that covers him, juſt under that dear eternal token of your generous friendſhip, the marble monument. I took off, as the ſolemn place required, the intereſting babe's hat; and thus ſhewed his lovely eyes, and all the rich curls of his hair. I thought more than once that Sir Hubert looked aſkance at him, but it became not me to watch his eyes. I was employed in obſerving that the darling broke not in upon the ſolemn order of the place. Twenty times was he going to ſpeak aloud, when a look of mine corrected him; and imitatively preſſing his pretty finger on his roſy lip, the precious would archly ſmile, and hide his beloved head on my boſom. Poor Caroline thought not, I am ſure, of her prayers; but her mother diſdainfully turned away, nor

once

once vouchſafed a glance on me, or my Edmund. Every other eye in the church was fixed on us both.

"The ſervice over, Sir Hubert (which indicated he was diſturbed in mind) roſe, haſtily, to go out. I likewiſe aroſe, and, with my boy in my arms, muſt, you will recollect, almoſt touch him. The darling child, as if intuitively to ſecond me, reached out his little hand, till it bruſhed his grandfather's ſhoulder; and, in admiration of his ſcarlet laced waiſtcoat, cried out, 'Oh! fine!' Think whether it was not a dagger to my heart to ſee Sir Hubert ſhake him off in a manner, and hurry out of the church. I almoſt fainted; but my father, ſolemnly bleſſing me, bade me begone, and leave him to his duty: and now, my love, I deſpair indeed; for if our ſweet boy moved not Sir Hubert's heart, leſs than an angel never can.

"To

"To ſpare my poor parents ſeeing the extent of my grief and diſappointment, the next morning I wandered to the ſolitary ſpot under the hollow of the hill, where you uſed ſo often to ſtudy; and there ſtaid reading and weeping, and weeping and reading—your letters, I need hardly add, thus employed me. Our roſy cherub had juſt found, the early produce of the ſpring, ſome tufts of primroſes, and gathering handfuls of them, brought the treaſure to me, and enfolding ſome in every letter, made ſigns to me to ſeal each; and, with exultation, added—'Send papa.'—This tender reference, at ſo early an age, to my feelings, and a beloved though unknown parent, ſtrangely blended my ſorrow with delight. I was careſſing the lovely creature, when I heard voices very near me, and, raiſing my eyes, ſaw two ill-looking men with guns in their hands: the inveterate hatred of his grandfather came ſuddenly into my mind. I

ſtarted

ſtarted up, and, with my child in my arms, ran like a wild thing till I reached old Mary's cottage—I hardly thought it poſſible I ſhould have run ſo far, for our Edmund now grows heavy. The men yet loitered, but, Heaven be praiſed, we eſcaped them. Should my boy be either killed or kidnapped, life would become an inſupportable burthen to me:—never more will I go out of the reach of aſſiſtance. When I told this alarm to my father, he ſeemed to think my own danger greater than my ſon's; but I am his child, Edmund mine. Oh! when will you come to protect us both?"

"The next letter informed me of what I had long fearfully expected—the death of my dear love's mother; and heavy did ſhe find the loſs. It added likewiſe to the pecuniary embarraſſments of her eſtimable father.

ther. To complete our misfortunes, I was a ſecond time ſeverely wounded at the battle of Dettingen, and taken priſoner. The exertion of valour which expoſed me to this evil was, however, highly ſpoken of; and death had been ſo buſy there, that it was hardly a diſtinction for me to riſe. Promotion of the moſt honourable kind was mine; and my uncle, the General, ſtill alive to military glory, broke his long ſilence with a kind letter; incloſing, with the coarſe obſervation that my father was probably as cloſe-fiſted as ever, the bleſſed relief of a bill for a hundred pounds. It came, however, too late to ſave my arm, which, by the ignorance of the ſurgeon appointed to attend me, I had loſt the uſe of; and I had been too poor, till now, to call in other advice: my very ſoul was cheared, however, in remitting half the money to my Agnes, in a letter her father received, but not herſelf, for, oh! this was the anſwer—

LETTER VI.

"Unhappy huſband!—viſited of heaven! —too ſeverely do I ſhare to ſoften as I would the calamity it is my dreadful duty to communicate. The comfort of my age — my darling Agnes, is loſt for ever! — your precious boy too is for ever gone! Let us humbly hope her reaſon failed ere her own raſh hand thus cut ſhort lives ſo precious. — Spare, ſpare me the horrible particulars of an indubitable fact. — Again has the grave of my Llewellyn been opened.—Alas! that ſome pious hand had laid my aſhes there, ere I had ſurvived to read the funeral ſervice over the laſt of my race!—but I reſign myſelf to the will of God: — aſk comfort of him, my ſon—he alone can give it to you!"

"Oh

"Oh no!—nor God—nor man—nor time—nor circumſtances have ever given it to me!" cried the agoniſed Cary, eagerly ſnatching the letters to bury them again in his boſom, as if with them he there could have again buried their contents.—"Such was my frantic deſolation of mind, that the enemy rather choſe to give me back without a cartel, than take charge of ſuch a wild wretch. I found letters announcing a legacy from the General, adequate to my future wants; and in the flaming anguiſh of my ſoul I vented to my father all I felt. I told him, I think I told him, that 'I would ſpare him the added ſin of diſinheriting me —I diſinherited myſelf!—I renounced with horror the poor plot of over-valued earth, where my Agnes, driven by his neglect to deſpair, had ſought with my boy an untimely grave. His ample poſſeſſions were only that in my eyes; and a diſtant land ſhould inhume my bones, where he ſhould

never trace me.—Since his inhumanity had rendered me ſingle in creation, he ſhould find that he had loſt for ever his ſon in the horrible hour when I loſt mine!'—Before it was poſſible my purpoſe ſhould be defeated, I had lodged my legacy in the Dutch funds, under the name I have ever ſince borne, after which I ſailed for America. From that period I have been a citizen of the world—without tie, connection, correſpondence, hope, or wiſh. The only mitigation of ſuffering I have ever found is motion; and had I not full power to ramble and ruminate, I ſhould ſoon become a lunatic. That horrible calamity I have, however, eſcaped: for all the ſingularities that mark my conduct are the fruit of reflection, and of an intelligence"—Cary pauſed, with a bewildered air, and with increaſed ſolemnity added, "Henry, I love you much—I have permiſſion—that power"—Again he abruptly pauſed, and caſt his eager, expreſſive eyes

every

every way around, as if to mark if aught human were within ear-ſhot. From the vacated Indian hut, into which the friends had retreated to reſt themſelves, Henry did the ſame; and ſtruck no leſs with the ſublime ſolitude they had reached than the affecting viſionary with whom his ſoul was ſo powerfully aſſimilating, he ſighed. They were ſtanding on a rocky height, having rounded one yet more elevated, which ſhut from their view the town and harbour. Above and below, far as the eye could reach, rolled in majeſtic windings the river St. Lawrence; while a hundred rills, formed by the melting ſnows, ſhone ſilvery to the ſunbeams, through as many inlets of the rocky banks. The enormous woods behind them, coëval apparently with time itſelf, haughtily ſeemed to ſhake off the white burden of premature old age, and blend the budding verdure of ſpring with icicles but half diſſolved; while the tufts of mould they trod

on, threw up, in almoſt waſteful gaiety, rich half-blown flowerets, even though on their neighbouring maſſes of pointed ſtone the chill froſt lay yet unmelted. This union of contrarieties in nature Henry felt to be like that between himſelf and Cary: but for man there is, alas! no renovation on this ſide of the grave.—'I ſhall go to him, but he ſhall never return to me,' murmured the ſympathetic youth. Even theſe imperfect accents waked Cary from the deep and myſterious meditation into which he had fallen; who thus reſumed his diſcourſe.—"Think not, my young friend, that it would have been poſſible for me thus long to have dragged on exiſtence had I wholly loſt Agnes.—Oh no!" added he, ſtriking his breaſt, while with exultation he raiſed his tone of voice, "mine is an enviable, a triumphant lot.—That purer part of my lovely wife, her diſembodied bleſſed ſpirit, in its ſublime eſſence, deigns yet at intervals to

hover

hover over me in hallowed viſitation: nor can I reconcile to your comprehenſion the appalling fore-knowledge I find of her approach. The adored viſion is at once glorious—indiſtinct—incomprehenſible—ſhadowy—chilling—formleſs. Though this ethereal intercourſe is the ſole delight of my life, imperfect mortality ever ſhudders to meet it; and a dreadful ſtruggle, as of death, announces to me her approach. Almighty power!" exclaimed he, ſpringing paſſionately forward, but in a moment ſhrinking back, he had hardly breath to utter '*Now! now!*'—when, withering as it were in the arms of young Pembroke, he added faintly,—"I feel her now—in every fibre—in every aching pore!—Cold—cold—humid—earthy!" Large drops of ſweat ſtarted upon the forehead of the impreſſive viſionary, and there ſeemed to congeal.—The playful muſcles of his lips ſtiffened in myſtical reverential ſilence, and his fine eyes

became mere orbs without expreſſion. By a painful effort he roſe from his ſupporter, and voluntarily proſtrating himſelf on the cold ground, waved his hand as chuſing to be left there. Henry Pembroke, in almoſt equal horror, wept to ſee

——" That noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
" Like ſweet bells jangled thus, and out of tune."

But to ſhrink from the martyr of ſenſibility was not in his nature. — On the contrary, fully convinced that the malady thus courted muſt be incurable, Henry hardly felt himſelf leſs bound by that than the ties of gratitude to the intereſting ſufferer, over whom he had in all other inſtances an almoſt boundleſs influence.

Cary at length aroſe as from a trance; and having on his knee devoutly offered up a ſilent thankſgiving, turned to Pembroke,

in

in whoſe young eyes ſtill ſwam tears of tender compaſſion. Wiping from his forehead the cold drops that yet hung there, the fond viſionary raiſed his brow with an almoſt celeſtial complacency; while his eyes even lightened with extaſy, and on his ſunburnt cheek ſprung up a rich glow that gave life to many a trace of long-buried manly beauty. Pembroke, on ſeeing the ſoul thus break through the cloud of human calamity, beheld in the grand creature before him a ſeer of ancient days; and now ſurveyed the ſcene, and now the man, with a wonder that made him almoſt envy ſo elevating a malady, and for ever impreſſed on his memory the hour they thus paſſed together on the rocky heights of Canada.

"The ſuffering you have witneſſed," ſaid the recovered wanderer, in a ſolemn and collected voice, "is, you now know, temporary,

rary, but the pure peace it breathes through my nature long and laſting. This holy indulgence was, however, ſo ſudden, that I feared it was to reprove my communication: but the angel ſanctions it."—"I would have known how you obtained ſuch grace, but I had no anſwer.—Doubtleſs, the ſympathy of your generous nature touches hers; though to you ſhe will never be revealed."—"Ah! no, that awful diſtinction is mine—mine only.—You may, perhaps, witneſs more of theſe trances:—let me warn you ever to retire in dévout ſilence:—break them not, I charge you, leſt over-wrought nature ſhould make the life vaniſh with the ſpirit that ſuſpends it."

The holy kind of calm that followed the intellectual error of Cary a little reconciled Henry to it; but he ſecretly reſolved forever, if poſſible, to avoid theſe temporary ſuſ-

ſuſpenſions of mental, and, perhaps, animal life, that he felt it impoſſible to behold without a ſuffering hardly inferior.

"With a reſtleſs mind, and ſpeculative eyes," concluded Cary, "have I, ſince I quitted the army, traverſed almoſt the whole known world,—guarded in ſavage regions,—ſupported in deſert ones,—viſited in ſuch as are not utterly defiled by cruelty, and the train of execrable human paſſions, by the ſpirit of my angel.—Many years did I reſide on the banks of the Ganges, among the pure of heart among the Bramins; and that I might win their regard, I accuſtomed myſelf to diet in their manner. My heavenly viſitations at that period became ſo much more frequent, that I reſolved never again to render myſelf the tomb of any creature that had once known life. But this abſtinence ſprung not from ſuppoſing that the ethereal ſpirit lodged in man, though

ſullied

ſullied by imperfection, or ſtained by vice, can ever be condemned to grovel in an animal.—Oh! no, I had an awful conviction that it takes a higher flight:—if my love for theſe faithful creatures," pointing to his two beautiful ſpaniels, "has countenanced this ſuppoſition, know that it was by command I took—I cheriſhed them:—it is not for me to inquire, but to obey.

"Believe me, Henry, it belongs only to little minds, and ſuch as move in a narrow ſpace, to become decided, and opinionated. The further we extend our progreſs in life, and the more we obſerve upon ſociety at large, the more cautious do we become of pronouncing judgment on others. All countries, nations, and ſects, either naturally, or accidentally differ: yet I have always found this infinity of modes of thinking and acting ſo juſtifiable, whenever I liſtened to the parties immediately governed by them, that

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it appears to me, the only concluſion we can fairly draw from the little we gather in our journey through life, is, that ſo much muſt ever remain unknown to us in the material, as well as immaterial, world as renders human wiſdom in its ampleſt extent only enlightened ignorance. It is not, therefore, the man who knows moſt, but the man who makes the beſt uſe of his knowledge, that is entitled to our admiration:—he who, diſdaining the vain parade of ſcience, ſimplifies all his talents and acquirements into virtue and benevolence, is, whatever may be his country, or opinions, 'the nobleſt work of God.' He darts not, it is true, an eccentric courſe like a comet, whoſe rays, as evaneſcent as they are bright, excite wonder and apprehenſion, but are without utility:—no, like a fixed ſtar he holds his place in the hoſt of heaven; and while he benignly illuminates his own ſphere, he is at once reverentially beheld, and underſtood,

by

by all who live within reach of his influence."

"What a piece of work is man!" ſighed Henry, to himſelf:—"yet this is one well worth ſaving. Yes, Cary, I will ſtruggle hard to bring back to reaſon a mind ſo glorious in its wanderings:—you, too, ſhall live in the innocent ſmiles of Julia;—you, too, ſhall ſee, and ſhare, the benevolence of our father."

The volunteer was yet a mere novice in knowledge of the world, and naturally credulous; he therefore eaſily perſuaded himſelf, that his viſionary friend had too fully relied on a letter, which, however deciſive, was not circumſtantial. Could he, therefore, once induce Cary again to reviſit his own country, the part of it which contained his loſt treaſure would ſoon be diſcovered: and, perhaps, on inquiry, ſome information

tion might occur to lighten his ſenſe of the calamity, if not reſtore the lamented object.

Among Cary's objections to returning, Henry ſoon found that the dread leſt his ethereal viſitations ſhould not be as frequent was predominant: yet great was the ſtruggle between the living and the dead, in the too ſuſceptible ſoul of the ſuppoſed miſanthrope. Long unuſed to the tender intercourſe of friendſhip he now daily held with Pembroke, and relieved from the weight of his own ſecret, by a confidence that ſo endeared the perſon truſted, Cary knew not how to reſiſt the importunate entreaties of the grateful, the affectionate Henry, to go with him,—to ſhare for life his heart—his attachment—his ſituation. The anxiety with which Cary had watched Henry during a dangerous and long confinement, had centred his thoughts and feelings ſo much in the youth, that he

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felt a dread, a horror, at the idea of being ſuddenly left in the worſt of all ſolitude—that of the ſoul;—again to traverſe the vaſt wilds of America, and once more to mingle with ſavages only, whoſe neareſt approach to ſociety is the not offending againſt it. Long conflicts of this kind ſoon brought upon the intereſting viſionary one of his trances, in which he fancied the beatified ſpirit bade him accompany Henry. The youth was juſt on the point of embarking, and ſeized the moment to hurry away with him the friend he knew not how to loſe for ever. In the cloſe intercourſe a ſhip neceſſarily induces, Henry eaſily diſcovered by what means the powerful imagination of Cary had been bewildered; for he found his abſtinence exceſſive, and his uſe of laudanum immoderate. Sometimes the youth was tempted to throw his friend's medicine cheſt overboard; and at others to qualify the drug with water: but Cary was ſo worn out

with

with confinement in the narrow limit of the veſſel, and ſo ſhaken in mind as they approached England, that Henry ventured not to leſſen the veteran's only relief till both ſhould be more at eaſe.

The thoughts of Henry during the whole of the voyage had been wholly devoted to the dear object of his fondeſt affections.—Reduced, and exhauſted in conſtitution,—worn, and wan in look,—his heart had not loſt any of its energy, and each quick throb bore through his ſecret ſoul the name of Julia. Was he ſure he could ſee in this much-loved creature only a ſiſter?—Was he ſure if Vernon ſhould be with her he could conceal the miſery of his mind?—Alas! he was not ſure of any thing but the tumult of expected pleaſure, tempered with dread.

Mr. Pembroke, appriſed of the delicate

ſtate of Henry's health, and the probable time of his arrival, had ſent an eaſy travelling chaiſe, and two truſty ſervants much attached to the youth, to wait his landing at Portſmouth. Their well-known faces inſtantly brought the dear familiar charm of home, the ſweet remembrance of his boyiſh days, before the young volunteer. He was never tired of ſeeing, and of aſking from them a thouſand little domeſtic occurrences correſpondence, even when unreſerved, conveys not. In theſe chearful and eager diſcuſſions Cary could not poſſibly be a party, and inſenſibly his miſanthropy recurred, with the idea of lonelineſs and deſertion.—England had for him too its overwhelming train of recollections; but they breathed no enlivening ſpirit into his nature, and he almoſt ſullenly ſunk again into himſelf. Henry ſaw this with compaſſion; but as it was for the veteran's own relief, not any perſonal gratification, that he had brought him

over,

over, he thought it beſt not to be too quick-ſighted. In truth, he was no longer maſter enough of his own faculties to withdraw them from the dearer objects he was now rapidly approaching:—faſt as poſt horſes with relays could carry the friends they drove to Caſtle St. Hilary; and the eaſe of the carriage made Henry propoſe to his companion proceeding by night, as well as day. Cary made no objection, but added continually to his doſe of laudanum as his fatigue increaſed. At the grey dawn of the ſecond morning, after winding up a high mountain, the carriage ſtopped. Through the gates Henry's eager eyes perceived, in a lighted hall, his father haſtening, newly ariſen; and the lovely Julia in her night-cap and robe-de-chambre. In a moment he ſhot into their arms; and the ſweet tumult of melting emotions abſorbed recollection.—The altered countenance, and thin perſon of Henry, then awakened all Julia's

anxious feelings; and to ſee his arm yet in a ſling ſhocked his father. The gouty limp of that excellent man touched the affectionate heart of Henry; but the rich roſes of Julia's cheek gave him ſweet aſſurance ſorrow was yet far from her heart, conſequently that ſhe knew not love. In a momentary intermiſſion of exquiſite delight, the recollection of Cary flaſhed acroſs the mind of Henry; and ſhame, at the conſciouſneſs of having wanted feeling, as well as politeneſs, tinctured his complexion with a bloom as lovely as Julia's own.—"My friend, Sir!" cried he, ſtarting up,—"where is my friend?"—"Call him *my* friend too," fondly returned Mr. Pembroke, "whoever he is; and a very dear one if his name ſhould be Cary." On inquiry, Henry became yet more diſtreſſed; for he learned that the veteran, in alighting from the chaiſe, had ſlipped down, and greatly hurt his ancle, which the houſekeeper was chafing:

as

as he would not allow any one to interrupt the re-united family, in the moment of ſo joyful a meeting. With Julia in his hand, as his apology, Henry in a moment flew to the ſide of the veteran; who gazed on her with a wild and boundleſs admiration: while to the cordial greeting of Mr. Pembroke he gave little attention, and no anſwer: nor did he even attempt to ſilence the reproaches with which the ingenuous youth loaded himſelf. Henry was ſtruck with the ſecret dread of an approaching trance; but the aſſiduous ſoftneſs of Julia ſoon leſſened this apprehenſion. She had long uſed herſelf to every endearing care of her father in his fits of the gout; nor did ſhe think the man who nurſed, and perhaps ſaved Henry, leſs an object of her attention. On her knees ſhe would bathe the hurt leg, while in mute wonder Cary regarded her; and with her own ſoft ſnowy hand ſhe bound up the injured ancle. It was with difficulty they could prevent

the ſufferer, though ſtill ſilent, from adoring the gracious viſion, for ſuch he ſeemed to imagine her.

The ſervants newly arrived having, by this time, circulated among the reſt how rapidly the travellers had poſted, Mr. Pembroke no longer wondered that a man advanced in life ſhould be exhauſted;—it aſtoniſhed him that the injured conſtitution of his dear Henry could ſuſtain ſuch fatigue: yet the exertion of the heart always has its due weight with the heart. Sentence of bed was paſſed upon the company by Mr. Pembroke; and a moſt happy ſlumber cloſed, after ſo many years of voluntary exile, the eyes of Henry beneath the paternal roof: for to his own ſatisfaction had he ſupported the painful pleaſure of again enfolding Julia to his boſom.

Each following day, for many enſuing ones,

ones, ſeemed too ſhort for the various details, inquiries, and narrations of each incident that had individually occurred to Mr. Pembroke, Henry, and Julia. Cary was for a fortnight neceſſarily confined to his bed, by an inflammation on the muſcles of the leg. Henry and Julia, hand in hand, came conſtantly to ſpend ſome hours by him; and the pleaſure he took in their company brought again to being thoſe latent charms and merits, he would not equally diſcloſe to Mr. Pembroke; who ſaw with aſtoniſhment the partiality of both his young folks to the man he thought a repulſive miſanthrope. The reſt of their time the young people paſſed in viſiting the wild and ſingular ſcenes around St. Hilary: while, ſtill untired, Henry always wanted to ſee ſomething Julia alone could ſhew him; hear ſomething Julia alone could tell him: and, by thoſe little exquiſite artifices the heart ſo well knows how to ſuggeſt and vary, obtained al-

moſt an excluſive monopoly of Julia's company.

Mr. Pembroke, accuſtomed to every benignant exertion of friendſhip and hoſpitality, held its firſt principle to be leaving his gueſts to think and act for themſelves. After, therefore, a few cordial viſits to Cary, with liberal offers of ſuch comfort as an affluent and ſocial home can ſupply to a ſolitary wanderer, he conſidered that gentleman as a part of his family: though not without wondering how it was poſſible a being ſo ſolitary, rugged, and eccentric, ſhould have fixed the friendſhip, and touched the feelings of Henry; whoſe own manners and conduct were marked by ſingular elegance and refinement. To indirect inquiries on this head, Henry gave his father only the general anſwer, that his friend had not been always thus unſocial; and that he owed his life to a tenderneſs a

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ſimilar occaſion would always call out; though at other times it was chilled by recollected misfortunes. The ſad detail Cary had given him, the youth held to be too ſingular and ſacred a confidence ever to paſs his lips, without that friend's previous concurrence.

It was ſoon known through the family that the ſtranger, as he never taſted animal food, ſat not down to the dinner-table. An additional roll, and a couple of hard eggs, were, therefore, uſually ſent to his apartment with his breakfaſt: after which he almoſt always diſappeared, and ate his hermit meal in ſome haunt of the mountains. The cloſe of day, however, brought him home again: and if Henry was accompanying Julia with his clarionet, as was their common employ, while Mr. Pembroke played cheſs with Mr. Benſon his chaplain, Cary would chuſe the moſt remote

mote corner of the ſaloon, and liſten in ſilence till the muſic ended;—a civil good-night was all he then uttered. This conduct ſometimes diſtreſſed Henry: more eſpecially as he had robbed himſelf of all right to remonſtrate from the moment he conferred an obligation. The motive that induced him to bring the incurable ſufferer to England ſtill impelled him to follow, ſoothe, court him: but Mr. Pembroke, not bound by the ſame delicacy to endurance, nor the ſame confidence to ſympathy, daily bewailed the hour that Henry had firſt met this forbidding inmate; and was often painfully ſtruck with the idea of a predominating affection in meritorious exertions of mere humanity from the youth to his friend. The pungent pang of his earlier days then came over him again; and he fancied it at times impoſſible to be truly loved by another man's ſon.

In the delightful hours of unreſerved communication, while Julia was pointing out the various ſcenes of ſolitary beauty around to her brother, each alike indirectly ſought to trace the future plans of the other. Alas! they were of neceſſity ultimately the ſame; — elegant purſuits — unwearied and equal attention to their father—a life of celibacy, and the conſtant ſociety of each other, comprehended their views, and ſeemed to bound their wiſhes.

Mr. Pembroke, who had reſided in Wales at once to indulge Julia, and uſe every means in his power to diſcover the parentage of Henry, having failed in the laſt object, and regained the ſociety of the youth under circumſtances ſo honourable to himſelf as might obviate all his former objections to Farleigh, ſuddenly found himſelf tired of St. Hilary: and complaining of the air of the mountain as too ſharp for a

gouty

gouty habit, had the pleaſure of being urged by Henry as well as Julia to return to his own manſion. Thus ſatisfied of the harmony that would hereafter reign in Farleigh, he would have ſet out for home immediately, had he not been in expectation of a viſit from Lady Trevallyn: who had promiſed herſelf in the company of Mr. Pembroke and his family, a pleaſure ſhe could no otherwiſe find in a place where domeſtic affairs muſt nevertheleſs bring her. Julia obſerved, that were they ready to depart when this charming friend came, they might all ſet out together; and perhaps tempt her to ſtop awhile, on her way home, at Farleigh.

The beautiful month of June was already begun, and its cloſe was the appointed time for the viſit of the engaging widow. A ſeaſon like that would make any place pleaſant; and ſince Henry was for ever to leave

leave St. Hilary, he was reſolved to make the moſt of his ſhort term there. All the mornings, therefore, he uſually ſpent in riding or rambling with Cary, and the afternoons with Julia; while Mr. Pembroke, in the hope that Cary would either take up his abode in ſome cave on a mountain, or, in following the family to Farleigh, aſſociate according to the modes of civil life with them all, endured the preſent plans, though they ſometimes left him alone till late in the evening, except for the company of Mr. Benſon, who attacked him at his favourite game of cheſs, and often kept him up to a late hour.

One night, having waited till twelve, without complaining of fatigue, though riding had almoſt overpowered her, Julia became exhauſted and faint; and Mr. Pembroke, reproaching himſelf for inattention, haſtened her to bed; then, with all

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the family, retired.—Henry having, however, been agitated by hearing Julia ſpeak in terms of high eſteem of young Vernon, could not calm his heart enough to think of ſleep. He therefore attempted not to go to bed, but paced a long while about his chamber. The ſilence of the night was only broken by an owl, who hooted from the tower of the church, once belonging to the priory it adjoined. Henry had been liſtening to this dreary muſician from the caſement, when, drawing his head in, he heard ſo deadly a ſhriek as to transfix him almoſt to the ſpot. The firſt thought of a tender heart is ever on the object moſt dear to it; and Julia in danger was the ſole idea that occurred to Henry—though how, or by whom, he could not imagine. With a piſtol in his hand, and his ſword under his arm, he flew towards her apartment, which was a ſuite of rooms at the end of the long gallery fartheſt from

his

his own. Each ſtep he took, however, leſſened his fears, for he became convinced that he left the ſound behind him. He now doubted whether he ſhould not rather alarm than relieve Julia, did he knock at her door; but with now her eye and now her ear to the key-hole, ſhe was already ſtationary there; and well knowing the ſound of his ſtep, conjured him to wait a moment, when ſhe would bring a light ſhe always burnt, and leſſen her own apprehenſion by going with him. The dreadful and unintelligible ſhrieks increaſed every moment; but Julia, catching his arm as ſhe ruſhed forward, told him ſhe knew the voice to be that of her woman, who ſlept almoſt over Henry's own chamber. As they paſſed through the higher galleries together, each chamber-door exhibited a head variouſly capped, but not one ſhewed the whole body belonging to it. The ſcreamer proved to be ſtruggling in ſtrong fits; and Henry, though of a muſcu-

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lar form, found he could not confine her without further aſſiſtance. The ſervants, ſummoned by Julia, and emboldened by ſeeing a light, emerged. The room was ſoon crowded with curious half-dreſſed figures, whoſe voices made them known rather than their faces.—The poor maid, after a variety of applications, came a little to herſelf, but obſtinately hid her head under the cloaths, and trembled that the bed ſhook with her. Julia twenty times demanded if ſhe did not know who ſpoke, ere ſhe anſwered. "Oh yes, Madam! I know you well enough; but it is *there*—I am ſure it is *there*, and I ſhall die if I ſee it again!" "See what?" cried Henry.—"Oh, Sir! look about—cannot you ſee it?—can nobody ſee it then but me?"—"What are we likely to ſee? or rather what do you imagine you have ſeen, Lucas?" ſaid her lady. "Oh Lord, Madam! what you may all ſee—though, perhaps, I am the only per-

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ſon to have this warning; and this may be a call to me only.—I little thought of my turn coming ſo ſoon." "What call, what warning is this poor thing talking about?" cried Mr. Pembroke, who, ailing as he was, had limped up ſtairs.—"My good girl, tell us what has thus frightened you:—what have you ſeen?"—"Oh! my dear good Sir, I am glad you are come. Send for Mr. Aubrey, and the church bible, for I dare not look up. I ſaw—as ſure as you are alive I ſaw—the ghoſt!"—"Saw what, girl?" exclaimed angrily Mr. Pembroke; while every ſervant, by an involuntary leap, had removed farther from the bed, and all with a ſtifled groan ejaculated "Lord in heaven forbid!" "The *ghoſt!*" after a pauſe ſaid her maſter; "do any of you know—" "Oh! yes, Sir, we all know," cried a dozen voices at once. "Well, at any rate, ſpeak one of you at a time.—Jenkin, you are an old ſervant at the caſtle, what do you

know, and who is the ghoſt?" —"Why, for a matter of that, Sir, there be a power of them, as they tells I; for numbers of folk have ſeen deadly ſtrange ſights here, though, for my part, I never met with any thing; —but for noiſes I muſt ſay—however, Mrs. Lucas ſeems to have ſomething on her mind:—pray tell his honour what ſort of a ſhape the ghoſt appeared in to you."—"I will, Sir, I will," cried the terrified Lucas, raiſing herſelf in her bed, and looking as wildly and wiſtfully round, as if ſhe ſuſpected the ghoſt of the cowardice of ſculking behind the company.—"Sir, I muſt ſay I was in a heavy ſleep, for I never had a thought of a ghoſt: indeed, Mr. Layton had talked me, Lord forgive my preſumption! out of the notion; for he ſays he reads all the wiſe men of old, and knows there's no ſuch thing: but may be the world is worſe than it was, for too ſure there are ghoſts now-a-days.—So, Sir, as I was ſaying,

ing, I cried myself to sleep, not thinking, Lord he knows, of a ghost, but a good-for-nothing, false-hearted—but," bursting into tears, "I will not trouble your honour with my own affairs." —"No, do not just now, there's a good girl," returned her master.—"So, Sir, I waked up in a moment, with the notion of somebody pulling the bed-cloaths:—so I spoke, in a snappish sort of a way, for I made sure it was a frolic of the maids; and I was heavy to sleep again, when, all of a sudden, the Lord protect us! there came, close to my ear, such a hollow groan!—I opened both my eyes wide in a moment, and though it is but a new moon, the nights are so light, that I saw"—"What! what!" in an agony of impatience re-echoed every voice.—"A tall, very tall, thin figure of a woman, holding open the curtains, and looking—oh dear! as if she was just stepped out of her coffin; and I gave such a squall!"—"Yes, as waked the whole

houſe," cried Julia.—"But are you ſure it was a woman?" without ceremony exclaimed all the terrified ſervants, becauſe you know, when it appeared to Rees Howels"—"Oh!" interpoſed Mr. Pembroke, "let us have but one ghoſt at a time; and I thought juſt now we had only one, at leaſt as our own peculiar property; for you called it, by way of diſtinction, *the* ghoſt: but, as Jenkin juſtly obſerves, why ſhould you think it a woman, Lucas?"—"Oh! dear Sir, becauſe ſhe had on a long trailing dreſs of white, pinked all over like a ſhroud, and her cap was tied under her chin with a knot of white ſatin ribbon, as Miſs Julia's is at this moment." Henry could not reſiſt a ſide glance at Julia's *coiffure*, and wondered how even a ghoſt ſhould look ill in what made her look ſo uncommonly pretty.—Mr. Pembroke found his inquiries had opened a new vein of converſation only to himſelf; nor did he think he had any pro-

bability

bability of extending his own conviction to the reſt of the company. Finding, therefore, that Lucas would not be left alone, the heads of the houſe retired to their own apartments; and all the female ſervants remained where they were, fortifying each other in their fears by an exact detail, in twenty various ways, of all the odd noiſes, ſingular figures, and ſupernatural incidents that had cauſed the Caſtle of St. Hilary to remain ſo long untenanted; agreeing, at laſt, that it was a monſtrous ſhame Lady Trevallyn ſhould cajole poor Mr. Pembroke into living here, without communicating what ſhe probably had never heard —the miraculous legends of St. Hilary.

The poor frightened Lucas had, however, ſo bruiſed herſelf as to be confined to her bed for ſeveral days: during this time ſhe never varied in her evidence, nor repeated it without trembling and horror;

in conſequence of which half the beds in the houſe were vacated, as the maids walked off in pairs, and the men ſtole into each other's rooms. With this ſocial arrangement, oiling the locks, adding new bolts, and treating the ghoſt much as Londoners do an expected thief, the ſervants flattered themſelves that the lady apparition was utterly excluded, and things fell into their uſual train at St. Hilary.

Mr. Pembroke now diſpatched ſeveral of his own old ſervants to Farleigh, that all might be ready, ſhould Lady Trevallyn agree to accompany Julia thither: and as ſhe was daily expected, he conſidered what orders he had for the domeſtics around him; and when the footman one morning brought breakfaſt into his ſtudy, where he uſually took it alone, at a later hour than the young people, he bade that man ſend the butler to him. Mr. Pembroke, though in no hurry,

thought

thought he must have employed one of Job's messengers: the bell again brought, however, the same servant.—"Did I not bid you send the butler to me?"—"Yes, your honour, I told Mr. Hopkins so, but he says as how he is busy and can't come."—"Well, if that is the case, Thomas will do—send him." Another long waiting ensued, followed by another application to the bell. The same man unwillingly answered. "Well, and where is Thomas?—Is he busy too?"—"Why, your honour, Thomas is the most busier of the two; for he is looking up all his things, to give an account of to Mr. Hopkins, who is calling over the plate."—"Well, Hopkins and Thomas are great plagues both, with their precise ways:—however, I can talk to the coachman the while—let Samuel come to me."—Alas! no Samuel appeared. Again the bell in a peal announced the wrath of the ringer; and again, with a face yet more dismayed,

the ſame ſervant more ſlowly entered.—"Why you are all paſt tolerating!" exclaimed Mr. Pembroke, angrily:—"muſt I go to my coachman, or my coachman come to me?"—"Why," cried the fellow, as if overjoyed at the propoſal, "if your honour would be ſo good as to ſtep to coachy, he will take it main kind; for his head's all of a confuſion like, and he is in the harneſs-room, looking over the bridles and ſaddles."—"And pray, may I know how this ſudden fit of exactneſs came over you all?" "Why, your honour, as there is no ſleeping in this houſe for any but you great quality, we poor folks cannot live by keeping our eyes always open, ſo, pleaſe God, we all means to ſleep out of it this bleſſed night." "That's a civil intention, truly; and for what reaſon, I pray?"—"Why I know your honour wo'n't believe me; but laſt night, as I am a living man, we all ſaw the ghoſt!—Nay, pray your honour, it is

no laughing matter; for our Marget ſays the fright has turned one ſide of her hair all grey like a badger."—"Nay, if this is the caſe, I wiſh ſome of you may not be better acquainted with the tall thin lady than you chuſe to own: but ſince ſhe has found her way into the butler's pantry and the harneſs-room, in defence of my own property I ſhall ſummon the ghoſt into open court: ſet the old juſtice's chair in the hall, and bid every creature that has ſeen this ſpirit attend.—I ſhould have left the aërial lady," concluded he with a laugh, "to glide about the garrets unmoleſted; but apparitions that pilfer ſpoons, and filch bridles, ought to be made examples of."

This tale, that at firſt appeared a jeſt of ſome kitchen wag, now wore the air of impoſture in a wider extent; and excited Mr. Pembroke's contempt at once and diſpleaſure. He reſolved to ſift all the parties,

and

and convict the knaves on the evidence of the fools. His inquiry for Henry and his friend, who were on the mountains, brought Julia to him; who begged to be of his jury, as the trial of a ghoſt promiſed to be new and entertaining. They found, it is true, the juſtice's chair in the hall, but not one creature attending. "I told you, my love, how it would be," cried Mr. Pembroke peeviſhly:—"numerous as our ſcared fools are, no two of them, you find, can agree in their account of this buſineſs.—Why, where are you all?" concluded he, opening a door that led to the inner hall.—"Here, your honour!" replied a whole choir of diſcordant voices.—"And why do you not attend me where I ordered?"—"Oh Lord! your honour, do not ax us to come there," cried the coachman, juſt popping in a jolly round face, white as his cloſe-curled wig with terror, "becauſe—becauſe"—"Becauſe what, fool?" cried his maſter—"Becauſe,

Lord

Lord forgive us all our ſins! that is the purciſe place the apparition do hold his revels in, as we knows to our ſorrow." "So it is a *be* after all.—Come in for a pack of fools, and I will inſure you from the company of the ghoſt, who will never venture into mine I think I can ſwear." "Why, to be ſure, I never heard as any thing have appeared to your honour yet; and I hope you will never be ſo misfortunate as to ſee any thing badder than yourſelf, as we poor ſouls have, worſe luck ours."—"Is that poſſible?" ſaid Mr. Pembroke, ſmothering a pleaſant ſmile:—"Come in, I tell you."

And now, holding each other's hand, as children do when playing thread my grandmother's needle, a whole ſet of gawky fellows crept ſlowly in; and by their number convinced Mr. Pembroke, that unleſs he could quell the inſurrection raiſed by the ghoſt, he ſhould not have one bumpkin left

to

to ſaddle his horſe or ſet his breakfaſt. Nor did the ſtring conſiſt merely of the men: laſt, as the moſt timid, followed all the maids; ſave Mrs. Lucas, whoſe teſtimony was fully eſtabliſhed already by her midnight tête-a-tête with the aërial viſitant.—This long ſtring of fooliſh and appalled faces ſo ſtruck Mr. Pembroke, that he burſt into an immoderate fit of laughter, which lengthened to ghaſtlineſs the countenances around him. "It was," they whiſpered one another, "ſo preſumptuous!"—"Well," cried he, trying to recover himſelf, "which of this numerous aſſembly ſaw the ghoſt?"—"Oh! all, all!" echoed the whole body.—"Indeed! then one ghoſt has, I find, more courage than my whole family. And pray where might he catch you all ſo pleaſantly together?"—"Here, in this very ſpot!" almoſt groaned a fellow, of a height and ſize to have recommended him to the King of Pruſſia's tall regiment, while he ſtood quaking

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ing like a ſchool-boy over whom the rod impends. Something ſeriouſly ſurpriſed, Mr. Pembroke now demanded, "Is there any of my ſervants who did *not* ſee the ghoſt?"—"Only old Mrs. Sleaford, and ſhe is always poring over the bible, and Mr. Layton, your honour's own gentleman, and he ſays there is no ſuch thing, for he is a philoſopher of the new ſchool, as he calls it, and a new ſchool it is; for he ſays as how he underſtands mathephyſicians, and reads Bacon: for my part, I only eats him."—"Mark down the philoſopher of the new ſchool, Julia, as the knave; theſe ſeem of a very different deſcription. And pray when did this apparition take you all thus by ſurpriſe?"—"Exactly at twelve, laſt night:—we can't miſtake the hour," ſaid the butler with a ſagacious nod, "we all know it for a particular reaſon."—"And if your reaſon, Hopkins, is not a profound ſecret, tell it to your maſter." The butler purſed up his mouth

mouth importantly, and fixed his eyes with peculiar meaning on a rosy wench, who hid her face directly with her apron. During this inquiry it had ſtruck Mr. Pembroke, that however the philoſopher of the new ſchool might meditate miſchief in the family, it could not be of a ghoſtly kind; for he, it was plain, had denied the exiſtence of ſpirits, and had been ſent the morning before to a town at ſuch a diſtance that he was not yet returned; and muſt bring ſome papers to prove that he went, which would clear him of this impoſture. This meditative ſilence on both ſides gave a ſerious air to the buſineſs. Among the ſervants it was obvious ſomething was to be told, that impeached ſomebody; and honour to each other ſeemed to preclude ſincerity to their maſter. Luckily, Mr. Pembroke juſt then recollected, that mercy is the better part of juſtice.—"Come, my lads," ſaid he, "I ſee you have all had a

dreadful

dreadful fright; and ſo I will not be angry at any prank that has brought with it ſo ſevere a puniſhment—ſpeak out." This amneſty, however, encouraged not any one to become ſpokeſman. "Hopkins," reſumed Mr. Pembroke, after a pauſe, "I know you for a ſenſible man—tell me what brought you all together in this hall at ſo late an hour laſt night." Hopkins turned an eye of ſelf-importance on the ſheepiſh fellows around him, which ſaid, you ſee our maſter knows how to diſtinguiſh a man of merit; and clearing his harſh voice, began—"Why, pleaſe your honour, the wiſeſt of us are fools ſometimes, as you will ſay of your humble ſervant, when I tells all. Evan, our groom, goes a ſweethearting to—Lord, Win, don't bluſh, and look ſo fooliſh—maſter, and miſs Julee, has more ſenſe than to think it a crime to have a mind to be married. You muſt know, Sir, Evan has hung back a little, and we all found out—that I ſhall not tell—no mat-

ter

ter how—we all found out as how Win was to go, laſt night, into the garden, to ſow hemp-ſeed."—"And to all human appearance the moſt uſeful thing ſhe could have ſown in my garden," ſarcaſtically obſerved Mr. Pembroke; "but how came this to enter her head?"—A riſing tee-hee ended in a ſtifled ſort of univerſal groan, and fearful Lord have mercy upon us!—"Bleſs your honour!" continued Hopkins, "why I thought every child knowed that:—ſhe was to go out exactly as the clock ſtruck twelve, and throw the ſeed over her right ſhoulder—no her left—was it her right or her left?" "Prithee get on, and let her throw it over both ſhoulders rather than fail." "Well then, ſhe was to throw it over *one* of her ſhoulders, we wo'n't ſay which, and then ſhe was to ſee the man ſhe is to marry, coming after her with a ſcythe in his hand." "A ſcythe!" interrupted Mr. Pembroke; "a ring I ſhould have thought more to the purpoſe." "So,

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we thought, your honour, it would be fine fun if Evan, his own self, would go out; and Owens offered him the lent of his scythe: but Evan was so hen-hearted that we could not work him up to it, and it is God's mercy we did not, for I am afraid it will go hard with the poor lad, he takes on so. Desperate bad he has been all night, and says it is a judgment on him, and that Win saw his own apparition; when, Lord, he knows the figure was no more like him than an apple's like an oyster." "Truce with your similitudes, good Mr. Witwoud," said Mr. Pembroke, significantly smiling at Julia, "and get on with your tale. You very prudently then, I find, set my gates open at midnight; and I may be glad nothing worse than a ghost came." "Why, Sir, there was no chance of any thing else coming, nor that neither: or, icod, we would have shut the gates fast enough: but we were all full of fun, for, being Midsummer

eve, I had handed about a little of the beſt ale, your honour; and not a ſoul of us all once thought of the ghoſt—that is, not the real ghoſt; and you will ſay that is the more wonder, as we axed him in a manner to frighten us; and, to do him juſtice, he did not need to be axed twice. Well, as I was a ſaying, we were all *perdue*, peeping through the crevice there of our own hall-door, for I had put out the lamp within, and left the little one burning here on purpoſe; and bye and bye we ſees poor Win creeping along, with the ſeed in her apron, and one hand there, holding it ready:—ſo what does we all do, John, and Thomas, coachy, Owens, Evan, Rees Howels, Jenkin, and all the maidens, but ſteal out, and divide behind the gates, as they were thrown back—that we might ſally forth upon poor Win and make fun of her. Preſently we heard the poor ſoul panting, and running, as if the devil was behind her, as indeed he was;

was; and when we all jumped out, ſhe was ſo deadly fluſtered that ſhe dropt down, as though ſhe had no life in her: and while we were in a puzzle what this could mean, we heard an odd heavy underground ſort of a noiſe as if coming in. — Lord, I thought every ſoul of us would have ſwounded, like poor Win!—for, ſure enough, we all remembered, too late, that we had been playing with edge tools, as the ſaying is.—Tall Thomas happened to be firſt, and he was as weak—as weak as a thread paper, ſo down he fell; and all of us after him, juſt like a pack of cards when you ſend the jack of an errand."—"So, after I have liſtened to your preaching all this time, I find you ſaw only the ſet of fools I now ſee," ſaid their maſter. "Ay, marry did we," exclaimed the whole tribe;—we ſaw a tall, tall outlandiſh horrible figure, juſt in the firſt porch—he had eyes like two flambeaux, and would have made ſix of our coachy, fat

as he is.—Oh! Lord, how we trembled, prayed, and hid our faces. He went round the hall with the ſame unſufferable lumbering noiſe, and as ſlow as King Pepin in the poppet-ſhow, only he did not carry his head under his arm; and after that he very coolly ſtepped up into his place again. To be ſure, we were all rare ninnies when we came into the hall not to take notice he was out of it." "His place!" cried Mr. Pembroke, gazing around, without being able to gueſs at their meaning; "where, pray, might this big gentleman's place be?" "Why, *there*, Sir," cried Magos the handſome dairy-maid, in a ſhrill pipe, that might have frightened the ghoſt, as it did her maſter.—"*There*, Sir!" was echoed by the whole train; and, turning round, Mr. Pembroke ſaw their trembling fingers were all pointed towards a grim gigantic ſtone ſtatue of an ancient Briton, who had a counterpart on the other ſide to ſupport the well-carved oaken gallery,

ry, once the ſeat of the minſtrels and harpers, when the feaſt of knighthood was held in this hall. The outrageous ſuperſtition and extravagance of the ſervants entirely overpowered the gravity of Mr. Pembroke and his daughter; while the whole train, ſhocked at this new provocation to their midnight viſitant, knelt around, and offered to take their oaths that they ſaw the figure mount up there again—while their appalled faces ſhewed an expectation that they ſhould be juſtified by the deſcent of one or other of the fierce Britons, from whom they never long removed their eyes.

Mr. Pembroke would have concluded the men drunk, if men only had been the parties; but the vehement declarations of the women perplexed him. With all the mildneſs of reaſon, when it condeſcends to ignorance, he argued on the improbability that diſembodied ſpirits ſhould be permitted to

quit a ſtate of either bleſſedneſs or puniſhment, only to add to our follies, or our fears; and ſtill more how incompatible would be ſuch a re-union of our ſeparated natures, when we know the groſſer part to have become duſt and bones, and the cuſtomary garments in which fancy enwraps its own viſion are always indiſputably under lock and key, in ſome cheſt or wardrobe. To this rational repreſentation, modified, as Mr. Pembroke ſuppoſed, to their capacities, no one attempted to give an anſwer. "He was," they all cried, "very wiſe, and very good, and, well they knowed, never did any thing ſhould prevent *his* reſting in his grave, but that was not the caſe with ſome folks; and if he knew half the tales they did about this old caſtle, he would not wonder."—"If ever I know any thing to the prejudice of the dead," interrupted Mr. Pembroke authoritatively, "one of that body ſhall riſe to tell it me." "Well,"

they

they all cried, "they had nothing more to ſay; but, for their parts, they had rather live in a barn, and have it all to themſelves, than in a caſtle full of gold and diamonds, if they muſt pop on a ghoſt, or a goblin, at every corner: therefore, if his honour pleaſed, they were all ready to go."

At any other time Mr. Pembroke would, in mere vexation, have indulged them, and poſted away to Farleigh himſelf; but while hourly expecting Lady Trevallyn, it was impoſſible to go. For could he affront her with the information that his ſervants had dragged in imagination her anceſtors from the grave, and circulated reports always odious, and frequently injurious?—Were he able to quiet this one alarm, he thought it probable that he ſhould either trace the trick—for a trick he fully believed it—to the right author, or quit the ſcene of action before the ghoſt had courage to come

forward again. He therefore reſolved to try a laſt experiment with the obſtinate ignorant race around him. "Well then," concluded he, "ſince I cannot convince, I do not wiſh you to remain here in apprehenſion:—as to the poor fooliſh girl whoſe hempen ſpell conjured up a phantom I wiſh had its produce round his neck, it is not fair that ſhe ſhould loſe her place, and her huſband too; ſo tell Evan if he has a mind to make a match with Win, I will give them five guineas to begin the world with." This bounty of five guineas electrified the whole family:—each eye forſook the ſtatues, on which all had been hitherto fixed, to conſult that of the perſon it liked beſt; and Coachy edging up to the cook, who receded not, obſerved, that, "ſince his honour was ſo generous to Win, who made them all loſe their places, by running huſband hunting at twelve o'clock at night, he hoped he would remember other folks might like

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to be married quite as well as Evan." Mr. Pembroke half ſmiled at his own ingenuity; and, hinting that if they would marry, and live well together in their places, they ſhould all have the ſame compliment, a few words ſettled the matter; and couple after couple, with a nod (the reſpectful ſalutation of that country), walked off: till only Magos, the dairy-maid, who was the beauty of her own circle, remained; and that only becauſe ſhe held herſelf ſo high, for tall Thomas paſſionately implored her to take him and the five guineas. To be left alone was however more than her ſpirits could long ſtand.—"To pe ſure," ſhe ſaid, "cee little treamt ven cee refuſed my Lord Trefallyn's valie, and Tavy Jones the ſopkeeper, and Mr. Auprey's own clerk, cee soud ever take up with a footman:—howſever, a lifing huſbant was petter tan a ted goſt at any time, ſo cee thanked his honour," and, with Thomas, added to the

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matrimonial cavalcade. Julia, retiring, congratulated her father on ſo ingeniouſly making every one forget the ghoſt. He might have ſaid, except himſelf, and poor Lucas; who, from her fright, and being croſſed in love, ſeemed to be in the way of increaſing the family of ghoſts at St. Hilary.

Peace being now reſtored in the parlour, and Hymen reigning in the hall, Mr. Pembroke looked out impatiently, as evening came on, for Henry and his friend, to adviſe with them on the beſt means of detecting this daring impoſture. Underſtanding that on coming in they had adjourned to the library, Mr. Pembroke joined them there. The nature of Cary was ſoftened by a day of almoſt unremitting attention from Henry; and, hearing that Mr. Pembroke wiſhed him to ſtay, and conſult with them on a point of importance, he attempted not, as uſual, to retire. When Henry heard his father's account

account of the general alarm, and its ſuppoſed cauſe, he caſt a look of deep chagrin on Julia, and compaſſion towards Cary; well knowing, that to diſcuſs the inviſible world would wake to him "the nerve where agony is born." It happened, however, at this juncture, that his mind had taken that high and ſolemn tone which always impreſſed on all around him a native grandeur, and firmneſs of character, calculated to enforce his opinions, which he had a fund of obſervation and reading to ſupport. Far from adopting Mr. Pembroke's idea, that this was an impoſture among the domeſtics, the veteran enlarged on the poſſible intelligence of one world with the other, in a flow of eloquence and information that Mr. Pembroke had ſeldom or ever heard; and with an almoſt divine complacency. Awe-ſtruck with his elevated viſitant, the moment that gentleman choſe to be known, Mr. Pembroke no longer was ſurpriſed that

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the young heart of Henry, yet in the glow and energy of paſſion, unfolded itſelf in the warmeſt affection to a being he almoſt bowed to. The ſweet Julia, drawing her chair cloſer to her brother's, whiſpered him, that ſhe wiſhed they had been ſo vulgar as to have danced among the happy hymeneal party; for this glorious friend of his had ſtrangely ſhaken her nerves, if not her underſtanding. Henry, who beſt knew the wild charm a diſordered mind gives to whatever it can at all connect, ſtill recommended the conſidering the whole ghoſtly buſineſs as a trick; unleſs they ſhould have, in their own perſons, any cauſe to think otherwiſe: and ſince the hall was the ſcene of apparition action, inſtead of going to bed, he propoſed, that his father, Mr. Benſon, and his friend Cary, ſhould, with himſelf, ſecretly aſſemble there at midnight; and throwing the gate open, leave a lamp burning, while they ſat in ſilence and darkneſs in the dining parlour:

this

this figure, if palpable to touch, ſhould thus, if they ſaw it, be the moſt frightened of the company. To this plan none of the gentlemen objected; and, for that night, and two following ones, they watched, but in vain:—all was profoundly quiet. They all then agreed, that Cupid had taken in maſquerade the figure of the enormous Briton, and Hymen, in the ſhape of Mr. Aubrey, had laid the ſpirit.

On the day before Lady Trevallyn was to arrive at St. Hilary, Mr. Pembroke began to fear that he ſhould not, as he had purpoſed, leave it in her company; for ſome little cold his midnight watching had given him, occaſioned thoſe flying twinges of the gout which uſually fore-ran a ſerious fit. The partiality he had for the ſociety of the ſprightly widow made this idea particularly vexatious: to drive off the apprehended evil, he took a medicine that ſometimes had

that

that effect, and retired early to his own apartment. In the reſtleſs irritable ſtate he was in, Henry became the ſole object of his thoughts: ſuch is the power of conſcience, deſtined thus to counteract error by an equal ſway in the heart with its fondeſt feeling. Yet had he exerted every effort to diſcover the ſingular ſpot on which he ſaved the half-drowned child in vain. Whether he ſhould venture to communicate this circumſtance to the youth, or whether ſuch a confeſſion would not wholly attach him to Cary, for whom already he ſhewed a reverence and affection equal to that he, when thought his father, obtained, was a queſtion often agitated in his boſom, but never decided. After lying awake till he found himſelf feveriſh and exhauſted, he dropt into a ſleep, heavy but not refreſhing. In the dead of night he was rouſed from it by a groan, ſo deep and hollow, that it ſeemed to iſſue from a ſoul in torture. The

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remembrance of the awful diſcourſe on life, death, and immortality, in the library the other evening, flaſhed with all the force of powerful but disjointed ideas acroſs his mind—his pulſes beat in a manner audibly —his ſpirits faltered—his limbs were without motion:—in a room that communicated with his own his valet always ſlept, and a lamp was burning there, which, through the door that ſtood ajar, caſt only a faint and ſtreaming light acroſs a part of his chamber. He now, though with an appalled and trembling hand, drew aſide the bed-curtain, when a figure, all in white, ſeemed as it were to grow out of the floor to an amazing height:—ſight and hearing inſtantly deſerted Mr. Pembroke; and, when he at laſt recovered both, he fixed his eyes on Henry, with his valet, holding him, and Julia, half undreſt, bathing his temples with hartſhorn, and other volatiles. With bewildered looks he gazed around, but had

preſence of mind enough not to declare his cauſe of alarm. He only inquired who had waked his ſon and daughter, and how they came there: Layton ſaid, "that he had been ſtartled with his groans, and haſtened to call Mr. Henry; Miſs Julia heard his voice, for he was obliged to ſpeak very loud to the young gentleman through the door, and was ſo frightened ſhe would come too." "Did you find my door open or ſhut?" inquired Mr. Pembroke with a trembling voice, and anxious glance around. "Shut, Sir, I think —I was in ſuch an alarm I really cannot be ſure how I found it." "Conſider a moment— it is of great importance." Henry, by an expreſſive look, ſuggeſted to Julia that their father was certainly delirious. "No—no," ſighed Mr. Pembroke, ſhaking his head, "I am as rational as you are—I heard it as plainly as I did the ruſtle of theſe damaſk curtains, when I drew them aſide to look at it." "What, my dear—dear father, did

you

you hear?" exclaimed Julia. "Nothing, my ſweet girl—go to bed—you will get a ſad cold." Henry, however, would not quit his father till commanded; and then made Layton watch by his bedſide in the arm chair: a greater trial could hardly have been deviſed for this philoſopher of the new ſchool; as Mr. Pembroke, who ever till now diſbelieved in the return of ſpirits, had certainly indirectly owned having ſeen one. Neither he nor his maſter could cloſe an eye the remainder of the night, though wholly unmoleſted. "Poor harmleſs wretches!" ſaid Mr. Pembroke to himſelf, while recalling the terror of his ſervants, "how I laughed at, and diſcredited your report; yet why to you ſhould the dead return?—you never ſtole—you never baſely appropriated the child of other parents.—Alas! thoſe I vainly have ſought in this world, were early ſent, perhaps, by broken hearts to the other;

and now hover round me and the noble boy they can no longer claim."

With day-light, however, the vigour of the mind, to a certain degree, always returns. That Mr. Pembroke had heard and ſeen ſomething he was aſſured; but, as he could hardly ſhape into any form the indiſtinct image that yet ſoared before his eyes, the poſſibility of impoſture again recurred. Magnanimouſly reſolving to impute to himſelf the weakneſs he had cenſured in others, he ordered his chamber-door to be left unfaſtened, that he might take his chance for another viſitation; which, thus prepared for, he thought he ſhould meet with manly courage.

Mr. Pembroke's taciturnity to his family, however, availed not; for Layton had, early in the morning, publiſhed an account of his groans,

groans, his wild inquiries, and the long reveries in which he ſtill was plunged. "Maſter, himſelf, has ſeen the ſpirit then"—"that comes of being fool-hardy"—"I wonder whether he ſpoke to it,"—was the talk of one ſervant to another; while all, with anxious inquiring eyes, examined the pale and penſive countenance that no longer heeded them. The ſhock of the night had, however, relieved Mr. Pembroke from preſent danger of the gout; for, at the ſound of Lady Trevallyn's carriage, Henry was hardly quicker in the offer of aſſiſtance than his father. "I have a hand for an old friend, and another for a new one," cried ſhe, extending a pair, white as ſnow, to Mr. Pembroke and Henry, which the latter reſpectfully kiſſed, in token of his gratitude for offered friendſhip. "Julia, my dear, I have a hundred embraces for you—I hope," ſhe added, in an audible whiſper, "you have made up your mind to letting me be your

ſiſter-in-law, though you was ſo ill-natured that you would not have me for a ſtep-mother: I really think I ſhall never be able to get down my abominable frightful native mountain in any other conveyance than a chariot drawn by doves; and as they are apt to miſtake their way, I think that fine black-eyed Henry of yours—Henry, I think you call him?—muſt undertake to guide them." That youth, who was already enchanted with the intelligent countenance, elegant figure, and prepoſſeſſing manners of the lively widow, was wholly won by the affectionate careſſes ſhe laviſhed on his ſiſter. As Mr. Pembroke led her into the ſaloon, ſhe turned aſide a moment, to lean upon Julia's ſhoulder; then daſhing away the tears her ſweet eyes were ſurcharged with, ſhe reached out her hand to Henry. "Come, you creature, be but half as agreeable as you look, and I will endeavour to loſe the painful remembrance of many a ſcene long paſt,

and

and many a friend for ever vaniſhed:—but every object I look on brings ſo much to my mind"—Again ſhe ſwept away the tears with her white hand, as if ſhe would not be a fatigue to her friends; and running to Julia's harp, ſtruck a chord.—"Oh you ſophiſticated mountaineer!—a French harp in the land of David!—How do you think Talieſſen, Modred, and the reſt of the brethren, who ſit in the clouds above here, will take the compliment?—Come, let me try if it will give me a native ſtrain for the genius of our mountain;" and with exquiſite ſkill and taſte, ſhe played—"Of a noble race was Shenkin."

Pleaſure and affection, in all their beauteous iris hues, diverſified the hours to the younger two, while Mr. Pembroke blended delight with a gnawing recollection of what he ought to do, and what he might have to

dread. His ſilence and abſtraction ſuggeſted to the delicate mind of Lady Trevallyn, that ſhe had not been as attentive to him as ſhe uſed to be when Henry was far away. Starting up, ſhe ſeiſed the cheſs-board, and placing it on the table Mr. Pembroke ſat by—"Now will I lay my life, papa, by that air of gravity, you fancy I have done flirting with you, ſince I have got this fine young fellow to amuſe me—not at all—I intend to keep you both in play. To ſhew my amazing regard, and how often I have thought of you ſince we parted at Bath, I made an idle wretch teach me ſo much of this game, that I ſhall beat you moſt unmercifully if you do not look about you—ſo be upon your guard." Sitting down at once to cheſs, ſhe made gay ſigns to Henry and Julia, that ſpeech on her part would be treaſon; while Mr. Pembroke gladly engaged with ſuch a charming opponent in

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the amuſement that moſt withdrew his thoughts from one dear, but oppreſſive ſubject.

Henry now impatiently expected the coming home of Cary, that he might diſpoſe him to pleaſe, and be pleaſed, with their fair gueſt, who already was curious to ſee him: with the cloſe of evening he uſually returned; but it hardly cloſed at all, ſo brightly roſe the moon, now at its full. Julia took her work-baſket, and whiſpered Henry, that in ſo ſweet a night it would be delightful to walk, and meet their ſolitary friend;—fain, fain, would he have had her company, but politeneſs obliged her to ſtay at home. Thinking no ſpot ſo likely by this light, and at this hour, to attract a viſionary as the ruined priory, Henry bent his ſteps thither; but, though its ſolemn beauty charmed one ſenſe, and the profuſion of plants and flowers gratified another, it was

not the haunt of Cary. Sighing that Julia was not with him, the youth wandered onward.

The ruins of the priory were of great extent, beſide that part ſo ſweetly embelliſhed, and carefully preſerved by the lords of St. Hilary; they ended in the village; whither Henry now betook himſelf: for though ſociety was ſhunned by Cary, poverty he conſtantly ſought, and relieved with an unſparing hand, as though it held the widow's cruiſe of oil. Henry called to mind that his friend had taken the addreſs of a maimed labourer, who had ſent in the morning to aſk aid at the Caſtle. The ſufferer he eaſily found, and aſſiſted; but heard no tidings of Cary. Having in vain ſearch protracted his ſtay as long as he thought he could, without being deficient in politeneſs to his father's gueſt, the youth turned to haſten home through the ſhorteſt path. This led

led by the parish church, which, though long since separated from the priory, proved they had once been united, by the imperfect fragments of massy walls which every where presented irregular projections, overgrown with ivy; that alone held, or appeared to hold, together the tottering and ragged abutments. Suddenly Henry missed a little favourite dog of Julia's, whom he had courted to follow him; and calling aloud, the creature ran out of the porch of the church; but as quickly ran back again. Invited by a bright moon, and a door half open, Henry followed:—a bold projection of the ivy-bound wall left the chief part of the church in solemn shadow; but that only gave effect to the radiant beams of the moon, as aslant, from a painted window over the communion table, they shone full on a recumbent figure Henry at first concluded to be marble. A second glance shewed him it was Cary; thrown negligently at his length

on the ſlab of a raiſed tomb, his elbow reſting on that, and his head on his hand. The injured arm lay on the neck of one faithful ſpaniel, who, like a conſcious favourite, with eyes fondly fixed on his maſter, had crept almoſt into his boſom. His companion, with equal, but humbler devotion, remained couched at his feet. That fine care-worn countenance Henry's eyes ever loved to contemplate, was ſolemnly inclined upward. On the ſound of approaching ſteps he, by a haſty turn of his head, threw back thoſe grey locks that hung in their uſual "careleſs deſolation;" and the moon-beam gemmed the tear which he haſtily daſhed from his cheek, while his eyes ſtruck fire at the intruſion. Henry was ſhocked—he ſtopped reverentially, and gazed as though on a man of other days—a viſion of the mournful ſons of Oſſian.—Hardly could he reſiſt the impulſe to fall at the feet of ſo ſingular, ſo grand a creature. Cary, ſeeing who it

was, ſtarted up abruptly, and walked away with him.—"You will diſcover all my haunts in time," ſaid he, in a broken moody kind of voice;—"I was always fond of a church by moon-light." Henry was too well acquainted with the uſual tone of his friend's mind in ſcenes like this, and felt too much awe in his own, abruptly to propoſe his joining a ſocial party; where, if he added not to the gaiety, he muſt infallibly caſt a gloom.—He led to the invitation by ſpeaking of the lively and elegant Lady Trevallyn; declaring that he had never ſeen ſo faſcinating a creature; and regretting ſhe was a dozen years older than himſelf, as the only reaſon why he was not wholly enchained by her. He then came upon his commiſſion, and urged his mournful friend to attend to the entreaties of Julia, and join the company.—"What can be ſo natural as your finding a handſome lively woman pleaſant company?" ſighed the veteran,

teran, wringing affectionately the hand of Henry:—"go—enjoy the charms of life while yet it has charms; but remember, dear lad, our compact in America; and do not, from miſtaken kindneſs, inſiſt on my being happy any way but my own." He was near a deep thicket when he ſpoke, and turned into it abruptly; nor did Henry venture to purſue him.

The ſound of the piano-forte, and harp, made Henry, on re-entering, ſenſible that he was wanted. His clarionet was produced,—the candles were put out,—and to the light of the moon they had what Lady Trevallyn called "a dear romantic concert," where memory gave one part, and taſte the other. The caſtle clock chimed twelve ere any of the party were tired; but Lady Trevallyn then cried out on Julia for keeping town hours; and declared ſhe had never ſat up ſo late in this part of the world before.

Mr.

Mr. Pembroke ordered his door, as he had pre-determined, to be left unfastened, and bade his valet retire to his own room; who, in spite of the philosophy of the new school, would not have been sorry to have joined the happy hymeneal party, and had a spouse of his own, either to share or relieve his fears. Worn out with restlessness, Mr. Pembroke descended in the morning; and condoled with Lady Trevallyn on seeing her swoln eyes and pale cheeks shew that she had not rested better. "I had but a poor chance of sleeping here, my kind friend," returned she, "at any rate; and that I lost by the idle prate of your servants to mine. I find you have frightful and strange stories concerning our poor old mansion,—mortifying ones to me.—No," added she, sighing, and turning her thoughts inward, "we are an unfortunate, but not guilty family: and it is dreadful thus to rake up the ashes of the honoured dead."

Mr.

Mr. Pembroke, incenſed at the intolerable impertinence of his ſervants, ſought to ſoothe her wounded feelings. "Ah! my dear Sir," ſaid ſhe, with a melancholy ſmile, "how ſhall we ſeal up the loquacious lips of thoſe who can never know the truth, and are, therefore, ſo fruitful in invention?—I can only ſhorten my viſit." Julia then acknowledged having ſtayed at St. Hilary merely to receive it; and preſſed the charming widow to let the whole family attend her to Farleigh. Lady Trevallyn ſaw that to deny was to involve them in the cenſure ſhe caſt on their ſervants, and therefore acquieſced. "One viſit here I muſt, however, pay," ſaid Lady Trevallyn, "and only one—I can go to good Mr. Aubrey almoſt directly; and then, my ſweet girl, let us immediately leave this hateful place; which was the ſcene of miſery during my youth, and will become a cauſe of contention to the laſt hour of my life. — Ah! Julia, you too

have a great fortune; but your wiſe father will not do as mine did, who threw me away merely to ſave that:—they married me when I was little more than a child, only for fear I ſhould be capable of the delicacy of choice; and Lord Trevallyn almoſt forgot I was ever to be out of my nonage.

Time made me a woman, and my huſband made me a wretched one:—he never treated me with confidence or kindneſs; and always expected a new gown, or a kiſs, ſhould appeaſe all the pangs of a generous and tender heart, that found itſelf unvalued. In reality, he had married me only to unite the two fineſt eſtates in the county,—but my poor father at laſt grievouſly diſappointed him, by ſettling this on my ſecond ſon; from whom the elder, poſſeſſed by his guardians with the idea that he was wronged in the arrangement, threatens to claim it, as ſoon as he comes of age: and, what is worſe, my counſel ſay he can do it, and leave

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my ſweet Cecil pennyleſs. But this is a wretched way of paſſing our time, my Julia; and if I frighten you into a vow of celibacy, I ſhall have a legion of lovers in arms againſt me."

Miſs Pembroke finding they were almoſt immediately to depart for Farleigh, left it to her father to attend Lady Trevallyn to Mr. Aubrey's, that ſhe might give due orders through the family: and Henry, by a hint of hers, ſet out on an uncertain peregrination after Cary; anxious to appriſe him of this haſty determination, and induce him to accompany the family.

Although Mr. Pembroke did not heſitate to eſcort Lady Trevallyn, the rector was to him a ſtranger. Age and infirmity had prevented Mr. Aubrey from waiting on him at the Caſtle, and he was himſelf ſubject to cold, therefore avoided a chilling country church.

church. Mr. Benſon, therefore, had always officiated at the Caſtle. How much did Mr. Pembroke regret having been governed by a mere form, when he ſaw the intereſting venerable rector of St. Hilary: who, bowed by age, raiſed his ſilvered head with a patriarchal dignity, as by the aſſiſtance of a ſtick he got out of his arm chair to greet Lady Trevallyn. She ſunk gracefully at his knees, as to thoſe of a revered parent, in ſilent tenderneſs: a mutual guſh of ſorrow, too poignant for words, made Mr. Pembroke feel his company an oppreſſion to them. He, therefore, opened a glaſs door, and paſſed into a ſmall, but beautiful flower-garden, which led to a ſecond, filled with roots and vegetables. Beyond he ſaw a paddock with a cow; and an orchard invited him on the other hand.

Many years were gone by ſince Mr. Aubrey and Lady Trevallyn had met, and much had

they to ſay: but hardly had they entered on an intereſting ſubject, ere diſmal outcries for help came from the orchard. Mr. Aubrey could hardly move, and the lady would have been of no uſe. The ſervants who luckily waited with Mr. Pembroke's coach, ran, on hearing the cries, nimbly onward; and ſoon, to the horror of thoſe in the parlour, returned almoſt as haſtily; bearing Mr. Pembroke ſtreaming with water, and in a manner lifeleſs. Lady Trevallyn entreated they would bring the body in; but conforming to the orders of Cary, who was with them, the ſervants carried the lifeleſs Mr. Pembroke to his own coach; into which the veteran, equally wet, jumped, and it drove rapidly away to the Caſtle. Lady Trevallyn took a haſty leave of Mr. Aubrey, to follow on foot, attended by his ſervant.

Julia ſhe found in a ſtate little ſhort of diſtraction. Henry and Cary were employed

ployed in ſtripping the body, and uſing whatever means might reſtore it to life.—The latter, inured to the contingencies and inconveniences of the world, was always prepared for them. He, therefore, produced a lancet, and inſtantly opened a vein in Mr. Pembroke's arm; which bled, though with difficulty. Henry haſtened to lighten with this news the apprehenſions of Julia, and anxiouſly implored Lady Trevallyn to ſuſtain the ſorrowing daughter.—The activity, recollection, and tenderneſs of Cary, had done almoſt every thing that could be done for Mr. Pembroke, ere the doctor and ſurgeon arrived. But, alas! a misfortune had happened that Cary could not be aware of. The chill of the water into which Mr. Pembroke by accident ſlipped, had ſeized on nerves ſo delicate, and the gout flying about in his habit had cauſed a paralytic ſeizure, from which it was poſſible he might recover, but merely poſſible:

his ſpeech was gone.—What an affliction was this for his children!—what a ſurpriſe to his ſervants! who found in this event a confirmation of their extravagant notions; and not one now doubted but that the diſturbed ghoſt announced the preſent calamity.

Julia and Henry united to implore Lady Trevallyn, ſince ſhe could neither ſhare their duty, nor lighten their ſorrows, to conſider her own immediate comfort, by quitting this deteſted Caſtle, into which, Julia, in bitterneſs of grief, every moment exclaimed, ſhe had brought her father only to die. But they did not know the warm and generous heart of Lady Trevallyn; who ſcorned to indulge a ſelfiſh pride or feeling, where friendſhip was concerned: and, uſeleſs as ſhe muſt be, and odious as ſhe found the place, there would ſhe ſtay, to ſhare the anxieties ſhe was not able to relieve.

A long,

A long, long night paſſed away in medical, and vain experiments; while the ſtreaming eyes of the kneeling Julia, fixed on the almoſt motionleſs orbs of her father, vainly ſought in them recognition.

In the courſe of the following day Mr. Pembroke came enough to himſelf to recollect his deeply afflicted children, as by looks, and vain efforts to ſpeak, he ſhewed; but not a diſtinct ſound could he utter. A few hours more made his conſciouſneſs of the imperfection of his organs a miſery indeed: eſpecially when he turned to Henry; who duteouſly was ſtationed on one ſide of his bed, as Julia was on the other. Her hand he claſped inceſſantly in his cold and clammy one, as if no feeling but affection remained towards her; while on Henry he fixed looks of ſuch ſad and anxious intelligence, that the youth involuntarily laboured with the ſenſe of ſome unrevealed circum-

ſtance immediately concerning himſelf.—Oh! what fervent prayers did he put up, that the ſufferer might be able to tell him the ſecret, though both were to die one hour after. Julia, however melancholy her ſituation, had only a father to loſe—Henry in his father ſeemed to loſe his fate.

On the third morning, when worn out with watching, and utterly without hope, Henry and Julia were, as uſual, liſtening to the diſturbed breathing of their father, they heard his well-known voice imperfectly ſay, "Who is there?"—"Your children! your miſerable children!" both anſwered on their knees, and bathing his hands with their tears in a moment. He caſt a fond parental glance on their haggard looks, and ſoiled habiliments; well knowing how to eſtimate the love that would not allow them to leave him for an hour.—"My beloved children," faltered the good man, "life is always brief,—

brief,—mine has nearly flown from me in a moment: nor know I now whether heaven will leave me another. I have much to do; and muſt do it well. Let me diſcharge my mind firſt of its greateſt duty. I am ſorry Mr. Benſon is already gone to Farleigh; but ſend, and entreat Mr. Aubrey to officiate. The ſtate I am in warrants the liberty; and, till he arrives, leave only a ſervant in my room, that my agitated feelings may not rob me of the due recollection."

Oh! with what gratitude to Heaven did Julia impart to Lady Trevallyn, and Henry to Cary, this favourable change. The veteran had not once left his room ſince the ſad accident which he alone preſerved Mr. Pembroke from periſhing by. The place was among his haunts; and, on ſeeing that gentleman reel into the water, he inſtantly plunged in himſelf; nor could a man leſs ſtrong,

or leſs courageous, have borne him up ſo long, or called ſo loudly for help.

Painful as the venerable Aubrey found the religious ſummons, it was his duty to obey, and he had long learned to conquer every emotion inconſiſtent with that. He found at the bedſide of Mr. Pembroke Lady Trevallyn ſeated, and the two young people devoutly kneeling: all three, with due reverence, and tearful anxiety, united in the holy rite, which, with determined ſanctity, the infirm Aubrey adminiſtered. A ſhort pauſe afterwards the ſick man required, to collect himſelf;—he then ordered his whole train of ſervants to be ſummoned, who, now perſuaded that he was the culprit who had rouſed the dead from their graves, entered with fear and trembling—wondering what crime he had to confeſs. Mr. Pembroke caſt his eyes over the group, and miſſing Cary, would have him called. Henry foreſaw it was

poſſible

poſſible that he might not, ſo ſummoned, attend, and therefore engaged to invite the veteran himſelf:—even he ſeemed not likely to ſucceed; for though, where he could be of uſe, Cary would have contended with the elements to effect his purpoſe, where he could not be of any he held it an oppreſſion to be urged to come. Henry, however, ſo implored him that he yielded to weakneſs, not reaſon, and followed the youth. Lady Trevallyn, as they entered, caſt a curious eye on the ſun-burnt viſage of the ſtranger; but he gave her opportunity for nothing more, by abruptly haſtening to a corner of the room yet darker than the reſt, where he might witneſs all that paſſed without being himſelf a party.

Mr. Pembroke, apparently much revived by the pious duty he had performed, attentively ſurveyed the anxious and inquiſitive faces ſurrounding his bed, and more articulately

lately began:—"The ſolemn rite, my friends, by which I have juſt ſealed my faith in a better world, and made my peace in this, will I hope fully convince thoſe preſent, that, though my organs of ſpeech are not perfect, I am in full poſſeſſion of all my underſtanding: a general conviction of this is neceſſary, to give credence to a painful and extraordinary diſcloſure I have for ſome time meditated, but may no longer be ſilent upon, leſt an important ſecret ſhould ſuddenly go down to the grave with me."—He pauſed, as wanting breath; but his eye had been too intently fixed on Henry to leave any doubt either in the youth's boſom, or thoſe of the ſpectators, that the ſecret, whatever it might be, related ſolely to him. Was it happineſs or miſery? thought Henry—an ague ſhook him at the mighty queſtion of his own ſoul. He had knelt by Julia's ſide, to ſave the ſick man turning from one to the other; and now, as if to

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aſcertain his hold on Mr. Pembroke's affection, would divide with Julia the fond parental graſp of the cold hand, or thus enfolding hers with it, ſought perhaps to make an equal claim to both. "The circumſtance my ſoul labours with is ſo ſingular, ſo unexpected," ſlowly reſumed the ſick man, "and its conſequence will ſo aſtoniſh—" He had overſtrained his newly recovered and weak powers, nor could he utter another ſyllable. Expectation ſat on the ſharp arch of every brow:—a ſingle breath drawn might have been heard, and each perſon preſent hung on tiptoe over the one before him. A little cordial revived the invalid, and he again purſued his diſcourſe. "Henry, my dear Henry, it is you who muſt now fortify your mind; for I am under the direful neceſſity of, at laſt, owning that you are no ſon of mine." A deadly paleneſs increaſed for a moment on the cheeks both of Henry and Julia; when a glance each half-raiſed,

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and neither wholly ventured to fix on the other, enriched their cheeks alike with a bloom that ſweetly interpreted the emotion within. Julia then dropped her eyes on the ground, and Henry turned his with deep intenſeneſs on thoſe of his languid friend, as though he would through them drag forth the diſcovery his failing ſpeech thus painfully prolonged. "Imagine not, beloved Henry," continued Mr. Pembroke, "that it was to lower your pride, or wound your feelings, I meditated this ſolemn acknowledgment:—it is a relief I am obliged to give my own conſcience; and I call upon the God, whoſe mercy I have ſupplicated, to witneſs that I never ſaw your mother—that you came a helpleſs ſtranger to theſe arms, and therefore can be no ſon of mine:—but I have told you this, my Henry, only to make you ſo."

A burſt of delight, even to agony, that overflowed

overflowed the bosom of the youth, as he fell in a manner prostrate before his boundless benefactor, was too mighty for both. Mr. Pembroke, when able, drew his daughter fondly towards him, and tenderly whispered—"I have for some time guessed at my Julia's objection to matrimony—has she any now?" The subdued, but soul-touched Julia, lifted her modest eyes from the bedclothes, in which dread and uncertainty had caused her to bury them, and her look made the gracious inclination of her head needless. By an irresistible impulse Henry caught her in his arms, and her cheek found a sweeter resting place on his shoulder; while the fond father made an effort to seal, with his blessing, those sacred, those delightful vows, each beating heart was for the first time making to the other. "I have been aware this moment would come for some time past," said Mr. Pembroke, to the venerable clergyman, though I foresaw not

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the awful circumſtance that was likely to have ſhut me from my portion of delight. Take this, Sir," and he gave Mr. Aubrey a ſpecial license:—"open again your holy book, and this very moment unite the hands of this young couple—now, while I have life to give them to each other."

Henry, at a hearing ſo bleſſed, ſprung from his knees, as though light enough to ſoar up to Heaven; and eagerly raiſing, with moſt endearing tenderneſs, the abaſhed and trembling Julia, looked to Lady Trevallyn, who kindly advanced to ſupport her. From that fair friend's finger he ſoftly drew the wedding ring, which his fond eyes contemplated in unſpeakable rapture. The aged Aubrey once more aroſe, and, aſſuming his ſurplice, opened at the marriage ceremony. What a moment!—The ſick man again uncovered devoutly his head—the ſervants ſunk in ſolemn ſilence upon their knees—

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and Cary, at ſome little diſtance, aroſe with that impreſſive air of dignity by which he was always diſtinguiſhed when himſelf—ſhaking diſdainfully from his cheek the indubitable mark of an incurable ſenſibility yet melting at his heart.

A few, a very few minutes, to the aſtoniſhment even of the immediate parties, united for ever two lovers, who one hour before had never breathed a ſound like impaſſioned tenderneſs, although in ſecret they mutually conſecrated to celibacy the heart neither dared give to the other. Oh! how ſweet were the blended tears of gratitude and delight, that each poured over the generous but failing hand that had united theirs!—In nature's, finely touched with the pure ſpirit of Heaven, it is hard to diſcover which feels moſt gratification—the obliger, or the obliged: yet, in her father's eyes, it added a charm to the many comprehended

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in Julia to perceive that she would not have it remembered she made at once the fortune and the happiness of Henry; who, on his part, proud only with the mean, felt it but as an added enjoyment to owe every good to Julia and her bountiful father.

A little time stemmed in each bosom its conflux of passions, and the fair Julia suddenly recollected the very singular circumstances under which she had been married. She cast a surprised eye on her *robe de chambre*, nor did she forget her little morning cap; but glancing over the dishevelled hair and careless attire of Henry, she thought she had never seen him look so handsome; and though woman enough to prefer propriety, she was angel enough to know that virtue makes it.

"I have now," resumed Mr. Pembroke, "my beloved children, acquitted myself of

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half my duty—and only half: had I ventured this diſcovery one week ago, my Henry, when I had told you that I was not your father, I ſhould have been obliged to add, that in the whole world I knew not where you might find that fortunate man—for never in a courſe of years could I diſcover even the ſpot where I ſaved you. An elucidation almoſt ſupernatural, though it may eventually ſhorten my days, clears up this myſtery."

Henry implored the generous man not to exhauſt himſelf in a vain attempt to add to perfect felicity, ſince, in making him really his ſon, and the huſband of his adored Julia, he had crowned his every wiſh; nor would he ſeek in new affinities but doubtful bleſſings.

"However pleaſing this glowing tranſport may be to my heart, my Henry," returned,

returned, with a ſigh, Mr. Pembroke, "it adds a keen pang to the many my conſcience has for years given me; ſince I have ſelfiſhly appropriated a good heaven beſtowed on others, who may have deplored through life your loſs. Yet a liberal education your parents could not have afforded you; for you will probably find them, my ſon, among the pooreſt of the poor; and it will be your happy fortune to make their latter days eaſy. I did not convene all theſe domeſtics as mere ſpectators of my diſcourſe or conduct, but becauſe there muſt be ſome among them that can end our doubts the moment I give them a detail of the means by which you became mine. Eighteen years ago I was parted from my company, and rode through a ſolitary dell in this country, where it was the will of providence that I ſhould ſave the life of this youth, then a little creature in petticoats, and entirely alone: the love I had for him made me de-

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lay ſo long inquiring to whom he belonged, that when I did, either my ignorance of the name of the particular ſpot, or ſome unaccountable change in the face of the country, rendered it impoſſible for me to trace his parentage. I had totally given up the hope, nor would I rob him of the ſweet ties of natural affinity as my own ſon, unleſs I could have enſured to him a larger as well as juſter portion of natural affection: yet my heart and my conſcience have long been at variance on his account, and it was only by reſolving to give him my Julia, that I could find out how to reconcile them. When I accompanied Lady Trevallyn to Mr. Aubrey's the other day, I ſaw in their eyes a wiſh for unreſerved diſcourſe, that made me, through delicacy, wander into the parſonage garden: beyond it was an orchard; and, towering over the fruit trees, at the extremity, I diſcovered a ſingular circle of irregular ſtones, that appeared to me to be a Druidical

dical monument. Aſtoniſhed that ſo remarkable an object in a proſpect ſhould be no where viſible from the Caſtle, I advanced to ſurvey it more accurately. I then ſaw it was naked rock, waſhed bare by time and ſtorms. It was not, however, leſs a curioſity for being natural; and I ventured down between a cleft in the ſtones, where ſteps were cut to a pool of water, wide and deep, whence I gueſſed the family drew their daily ſupply. Though the ground became declining and ſlippery, I reached the verge of the water ſafely, nor would my feet then have failed me, had I not ſuddenly caſt my eyes on the object where Henry very nearly loſt his little life, and mine would certainly have terminated but for the inſtantaneous plunge and vigorous exertions of his melancholy friend—though how he got there I know not. The object I mean is, the rude and ſingular bridge which croſſes the cheeks of rock where the water overflows, and forms

another

another pool below:—from that bridge the ſweet child muſt have fallen, when I dragged him out of the lower water."

"Almighty God!" cried the venerable Aubrey, ſinking feebly on his knees, and raiſing his eyes and hands with meekly impreſſive devotion to Heaven, "thou who never utterly forſakeſt thoſe who humbly rely on thee, let the gratitude of thy ſervant become acceptable in thy ſight!—leſs for reſtoring this youth to the name and honours of his ancient family, though great in that is thy mercy, than for relieving my aged heart from the weight of miſery, the dread of guilt—my darling child was then only unfortunate, not ſinful—ſhe ſunk into the pool in the maternal act of attempting to ſave her lovely boy, and roſe a ſpotleſs angel to thy preſence! Bleſſed art thou in what thou giveſt and what thou takeſt away!—Son of my beloved Agnes—"

A deep convulſive groan ſilenced the excellent man, and from its reſemblance in ſound to that Mr. Pembroke heard in the dead of night, ſeemed to him a ſummons from the other world. He haſtily ſigned to the ſervants, who drew open the bed-curtains, and all eyes fixed at once on Cary —pale, agoniſed, heart-wrung, yet making, with outſtretched arms, his ſpeechleſs claim to Henry. The name of Agnes had told all to the affectionate youth; he flew to his father's knees, and received his head upon his boſom. "Son of my angel Agnes! ever intuitively the object of my tendereſt affections," ſobbed the veteran with a kind of heart-broken joy, "have I then thus ſtrangely, thus bleſſedly, found thee!—Life flows back too rapidly, and chokes me with exceſs of happineſs—I feel the debility of very childhood.—Yet proudly now, my Edmund, I reſume the long abjured name of Powis, ſince I can give it thee—ſince even the

the grave reſtores half of my buried treaſure. Yes, I now behold without abhorrence this manſion; for it will henceforward have a maſter who might grace a throne.—Julia!—generous Julia! you are become the lovely owner of this borrowed home, and with Edmund Powis bid us all welcome here."

"And have I no claim to make?" interrupted Lady Trevallyn, with enchanting ſweetneſs:—"unkind brother, to ſuffer us all ſo long to number you among the dead. Henry," added ſhe, affectionately, holding out her hand, "you loved me when I had no claim upon your heart—love me not the leſs when you know me for your aunt."

"Father ever revered!—ever beloved!" cried the veteran, dropping with deep devotion at the feet of Mr. Aubrey, "reproach

not my ſilence:—had I loved you leſs I ſhould long, long ſince have ſought you; for I have exiſted only in the precincts of your dwelling, lain whole days by the ſide of the pool that ingulphed all my worldly hopes, and yours: but could I dare to preſent to the lonely, venerable father of Agnes, the wretch who had in her loſs utterly impoveriſhed him?—Take then, in this precious boy, my only, my rich compenſation—and you too, glorious-minded Pembroke, muſt, in the right of this our mutual ſon, pardon me thoſe harſh repulſive manners I dared not alter. To have yielded but a little was, to a nature like mine, to have yielded all—for I am a frail wretch compounded of extremes. Neither in this houſe could I venture to mingle in ſociety:—total abſtraction alone could ſave me from diſcovery. Had I not lived, though I know not why, on our Edmund's looks, I ſhould inſtantaneouſly have turned, with abhor-

rence,

rence, from this gate when it opened not to me as its maſter. Great indeed muſt be my involuntary paternal tenderneſs, to induce me to wander about my natural home ſo long, a diſinherited outcaſt."

"Brother!" cried Lady Trevallyn, burſting into tears, "treat not ſo hardly our poor father's memory; whom, without cauſe, you now condemn. You have not, perhaps, peruſed his will: it was made, we afterwards found, on the day following that when your lovely and pious wife, ſo ſweetly and humbly, preſented your ſon in the church to thoſe eyes that never would, till that moment, ſee him. Conſcience and religion ſeconded ſo judicious a claim on Sir Hubert's feelings, and, deſtroying all former wills, he then made the one ſome years ſince eſtabliſhed. It gives to you, it is true, a limited income, and no power; but to your child the whole of the eſtates are bequeathed, without

without reſtriction, ſhould he reach one-and-twenty. My ſecond ſon was, if Edmund died, to become the next heir; but I was not then marriageable, nor did I ever think I ſhould rear a ſecond ſon, for I loſt three in as many years; ſo that I thought Heaven viſited on me the ſins of my forefathers. When Edmund, with his mother, was forever loſt, the cry of the people was againſt our poor father's cruelty, in driving her to ſuch deſpair — for, alas! no circumſtance came to light to leſſen the horror and miſery we all felt in ſuppoſing the deſperate act her own. Your father ſuffered, I believe, almoſt as much as Mr. Aubrey. Never from that moment could he endure to be ſeen: he thought every finger made him its mark—every voice whiſpered, as he paſſed, execration; and, too ſurely, much of evil he knew not was from that moment imputed to him. Your letter from Flanders, whatever its contents, was a death-ſtroke to your father — never from

that

that hour did he utter your name: but I have ſeen, from involuntary recollection, many and many a tear ſtream in ſilence down his aged cheek. The horror he had of the rocks and waterfall, (till then, you well know, his favourite object, in our view from the back of the Caſtle) made him order the poplar plantation to be enlarged, that now ſhuts it quite out; and acroſs the dell he threw a wide ſtone bridge, with a high parapet; which, choking up the road below, made the wood unite; and it is now ſo ſhot up, that thoſe who are not previouſly told, can never ſuppoſe that they are paſſing over a bridge at all.—Thus, but for an almoſt miraculous intervention of providence, which gathered together on this only ſpot all the parties concerned, might Mr. Pembroke have left the country, utterly ignorant of the long ſought dell, though daily croſſing it. It was a great ſurpriſe, I well remember, to us all, that Edmund's body could

could never be found; ſince that of his dear unfortunate mother was ſoon dragged up, holding ſtill in her hands his little ſhoes, which ſhe no doubt was going to put on, when, eſcaping from her, the heedleſs babe ran to the ſpot which coſt her a life ſhe would not have wiſhed prolonged if he had periſhed. But the pool is ſeated in the ſolid rock, which has many fiſſures, and it was concluded ſome one of them had been wide enough to ingulph a child ſo young."

"Alas! had I not been poor even to diſtreſs," ſighed Mr. Aubrey, "I would have had the water drained off: though I doubted not for a moment that the precious child was lodged where his mother was found: but, alas! I had not the means. Yet, though the ſweet ſufferer had long been lonely and unhappy, ſhe had always ſeemed patient and pious. Terrible was it to me to be obliged to conclude that ſhe had at laſt

laſt deſpaired.—How brightly did the ſun ſhine on the diſmal morning!—I had a ſmall patch of corn yet uncut on the far ſide of the mountain, and our only ſervant was ſent at break of day thither. Before I followed I juſt looked into my poor girl's room, and ſaw her with the babe at her knees, hearing him his prayers in Welſh, for ſhe had taught him no other language, that ſhe might give him the more chance of winning Sir Hubert's affections. I kiſſed them both, and gave Agnes, with my bleſſing, ſuch comfort as my God gave me. Alas! I returned to a deſolated home—from that moment ever ſolitary and chearleſs."

"If I had ſtaid but one day longer at St. Hilary," ſaid an old waiting woman of Lady Trevallyn's, "I might have told ſomething—though not much neither; and then one never dares to ſpeak to one's betters of their ſorrows, though one's heart is ready

to

to break for them. That very morning my old lady had diſcharged me, only becauſe, as ſhe ſaid, Miſs Caroline was too fond of her poor ſervant; and ſo, God bleſs her, ſhe is perhaps at this bleſſed moment, for ſhe took me again as ſoon as ſhe married. I was a light body then, all but my heart, and that Heaven knows was heavy enough. Jogging behind Jerry over the ſide of the mountain, that looks down upon the parſonage, I was gaping every moment back at the caſtle, when, all of a ſudden, I heard a moſt diſmal ſcreech, and the echoes there made it quite fearful. I looked into the orchard, and ſaw Maſter Powis, for ſo we all called the ſweet child, though Sir Hubert would not allow of it, running along as hard as he could ſet foot to ground, and his poor mamma was in full chaſe of him in, as I then thought, a deſperate paſſion; but I doubt now, ſweet young lady, it was only of terror. However,

ever, Jerry and the horſe jogged on, and I loſt ſight of them both among the apple-trees in a moment. The coach wasj uſt ſetting off for London, and I had been months there before I heard of this melancholy misfortune. I little thought till now, that it was the very day I went by, or I would have ſpoke—not that my ſpeaking would have done any good."

"Misjudging woman!" interrupted the ſilver-headed Aubrey, "ſincerity ever does good. It is at leaſt the ſolemn acquittal of our own conſciences.—From what horrors of mind would you have ſaved both me and the hard-hearted Sir Hubert, could we have been ſure that the loſt Agnes had not been impelled by deſpair to fly in the face of her God, and drag down my grey hairs with ſorrow almoſt to the grave!"

"Let us not deſtroy the univerſal ſatis-

faction

faction of this bleſſed diſcovery," ſaid Mr. Pembroke, "by reverting to miſeries no care of ours could prevent, and all have ſo ſeverely ſuffered by. And now, good people, you may retire.—Go, prepare the marriage dinner you ſhall partake: and ſince you are aſſured Caſtle St. Hilary has rather been the ſeat of misfortune than guilt, let me never from this moment hear of another ghoſt or goblin."

In the full perſuaſion that this diſcovery would give repoſe to the dead as well as the living, the domeſtics withdrew;—impatient to publiſh whatever they had been told, and open the cellar, alike for the recovery of the heir, and the marriage of Miſs Pembroke.

"Of ghoſts or goblins in this place we never more, I believe, ſhall hear," ſaid Sir Hubert, ſighing; "for could I have diſſipated the general alarm without implicating myſelf,

myself, I could have told you three nights ago, that the perturbed ſpirit, who walked the caſtle at midnight, was not my father's, but my own. Recollect my extraordinary ſituation, and this will not ſurpriſe you.—When the entreaties of my beloved ſon won me, againſt all my prior determinations, to return with him to England, I knew none of his family—cared not for them or their reſidence. We found Mr. Pembroke's carriage and ſervants waiting for us at Portſmouth; and the impatience of Henry urged him to poſt night as well as day. I was almoſt overwhelmed with fatigue, while, buoyed up by youth and tender expectation, his conſtitution failed not. The ſervant who rode before us, paid all the charges; we therefore drove through the towns without heeding them; and I naturally ſuppoſed Farleigh, where I had been accuſtomed to direct my letters, muſt be the manſion to which we were thus eagerly poſting. I had

ſunk into a ſtupor that had all the effect of ſleep but its comfort, when the chaiſe ſlowly began to aſcend this mountain, nor do I know how long it continued to do ſo, as I was half rouſed only by its ſtopping. I ſaw Henry leap out, and happy, happy ſtrangers fondly flew to claim him: while I, unnoticed by all, unintereſting to any one, prepared cautiouſly to alight.—The grey dawn was now peeping; and as I ſet my foot upon the ſtep of the chaiſe, I coldly raiſed my eyes to—my father's caſtle! Had he ariſen from the grave and ſtood before me at the gate, hardly could I have felt more ſenſibly the ſhock!—my intellects, my knees, my very life ſeemed to fail me!—I was in this ſtate borne into the breakfaſt-room, and, on reviving, found myſelf ſeated in that loſt father's well-known gouty chair.—Too complicated were my feelings to admit of deſcription.—The pangs of filial love—the conſciouſneſs of being an alien—the conviction that the

honours

honours of my family were no more—when the manſion was tenanted, and I, I myſelf was become a ſtranger in the houſe I was born in!—an accumulation of diſtracting feelings almoſt made a maniac of me.—Whether to ſpring up, and at once execrate, abjure the ſcene of ſo many ſorrows, or, for the ſake of the generous youth I had ſo far followed, bury the knowledge in my own boſom, was the ſtruggle—a tremendous ſtruggle I found it!—The ſervants, having no idea that my ſuffering was mental, imputed my ſighs, my groans, my inward agony, only to a hurt on my ancle, with which they arouſed Henry.—Bringing this angel of light in his hand, and followed by her benignant father, the beloved youth flew to inquire into my ailments, and by the generous ſoftneſs of his nature, bound me for ever to the ſcene of my miſery.—Julia too, by I know not what charm, arreſted my attention.—Never, ſince I laſt looked on

Agnes, had my eyes dwelt with pleaſure on the face of woman, till they fixed on that of Julia:—I was tempted to worſhip her as a viſion of heaven.—I knew not how to bring ſo ſympathetic, ſo angelic a being, down to the level of mere mortality.—During my confinement, often with Henry did his lovely bride watch by my bedſide, and ſoon they divided all that remains of an exhauſted heart.—So powerful was their mutual influence, that I began to fancy it a mournful pleaſure to wander round the domains I ſhould have inherited. The firſt peaſant I met at a word informed me of all that I could wiſh to learn; for to what ruſtic was the death of the lovely Agnes and my infant heir unknown?—Having obtained this important agoniſing recital from an unobſerving ſtranger, I ſhut myſelf up in almoſt impenetrable gloom and abſtraction: devoured by bitter recollections each ſurrounding object fed.—Nor did I dare to impute

impute my flight from ſociety to its true motives, for that would have drawn every eye upon me, and made me now the object of idle wonder, and now the wretch of importunate kindneſs. — Solitude became my only ſafety, ſilence my reſource. Mr. Pembroke, with his uſual indulgence, allowed me to purſue that courſe his ſon told him was habitual; and I again procured a key to the well-known church, where I paſſed days and nights on the cold ſtone that covers my angel and her brother. The pool where ſhe periſhed was another of my haunts, and that I found to be wholly my own; for never foot approached it, till heaven, in its own good time, ſent Mr. Pembroke thither. With a burning brain and bleeding heart, it was not very likely I ſhould get wholeſome reſt; and my comfortleſs nights generally elapſed in vain viſions of the paſt. Sometimes, in all the ſecrecy of our bridal

love, and the bloom of her virgin beauty, I ſeemed to claſp my Agnes to my unſwerving heart; and then, no doubt, I unconſciouſly aroſe, and ſoftly paced, as I once had been uſed to do, to the chamber my wife occupied: for that was the one Miſs Pembroke's maid firſt fancied ſhe ſaw the ſpirit in. — When more dreary images took poſſeſſion of me in my ſleep, I am apt to ſuppoſe I trod at midnight the path to the church, wrapt, perhaps, only in a looſe gown; for I ſometimes found myſelf in the morning chilled, worn, and weary:— from thence, I imagine, I muſt have been returning, when the ſervants took the alarm, and gave it by their extravagant deſcriptions, which were 'the very coinage of their fears.'—The other night, though of the intruſion no one complained, I fancied I knelt at the bedſide of my father; and, ere I reached my own, by ſome ſtrange chance

or

or noiſe awaked: after which I conſidered how I ſhould avoid in future cauſing this frightful alarm."

"It was then *you*," ſaid Mr. Pembroke after a pauſe, "whoſe midnight viſitation ſo ſhook my nerves, and ſeemed even to me of another world."—'Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all!' Yet happy, perhaps, was it that you threw me upon mine, which never from that moment allowed me reſt or comfort till this hour—an hour that has, I think, enriched every body but this ſweet lady's ſecond ſon."

"What my Cecil muſt loſe in wealth," returned Lady Trevallyn, "his elder brother and I ſhall gain in peace; for it is dreadful to ſee your children, when bleſſed with enough, unnaturally ſtruggling for too much!—yet Lord Trevallyn was taught by his father to conſider the prefer-

ence

ance mine gave to his brother, as an act of weakneſs and injuſtice: he has, therefore, always declared his intention of trying his claim by law; and as to loſe the inheritance of Powis would leave my younger child deſtitute, I have had the firſt legal opinions on the tenure by which it is held for him.—All agree that there is an error in the wording of my father's will, which muſt give the whole property to his next heir.—Moſt ſtrangely is that heir reſtored to us in his only ſon; and long may Sir Hubert Powis enjoy, and fully may he bequeath the eſtates of his anceſtors!"

"Your Cecil, my Caroline," rejoined Sir Hubert, "ſhall rather gain than loſe by the re-appearance of his uncle; for I will at once equally divide between him and my own Edmund the accumulated rents of the intervening years, as an immediate proviſion for both: nor ſhall more be wanting

to

to my nephew's future welfare:—we will teach him that a little wealth will ſuffice, with content and virtue: the riches of the eaſt cannot ſave thoſe from poverty who are without them."

The bleſſing of heaven, from this moment, deſcended on all the relatives ſo fortuitouſly aſſembled at Caſtle St. Hilary.—Sir Hubert Powis, reſtored to his rank and rights, ſoon loſt, in the endearing habits of ſocial life and exerciſed benevolence, thoſe wild trances ſolitude and ſorrow had dignified as ſupernatural.—With Lady Trevallyn and Mr. Pembroke, he formed one family, under the direction of Edmund and Julia. They all three bore as ſponſors to the font the infant ſon of that amiable pair; and the venerable Aubrey lived to baptiſe another heir to the Powis name: then, full of years and honour, he was contentedly gathered to his Agnes and Llewellyn.

THE

THE POET'S CONCLUSION.

"The voice of my moſt favourite companion ſuddenly ceaſed, and I awoke—yes, reader, courteous or uncourteous, I really awoke—from a ſpecies of day-dreams to which I have all my life been ſubject: and if you ſhould find this as pleaſant as I have done, why we may henceforward recite tales without going to Canterbury, and travel half the world over, without quitting our own dear fire-ſides."

S. L.



THE END.